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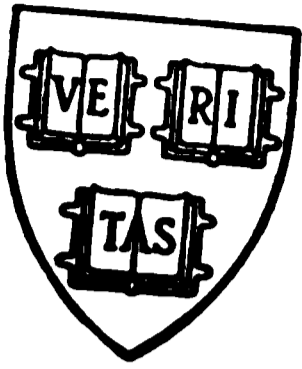
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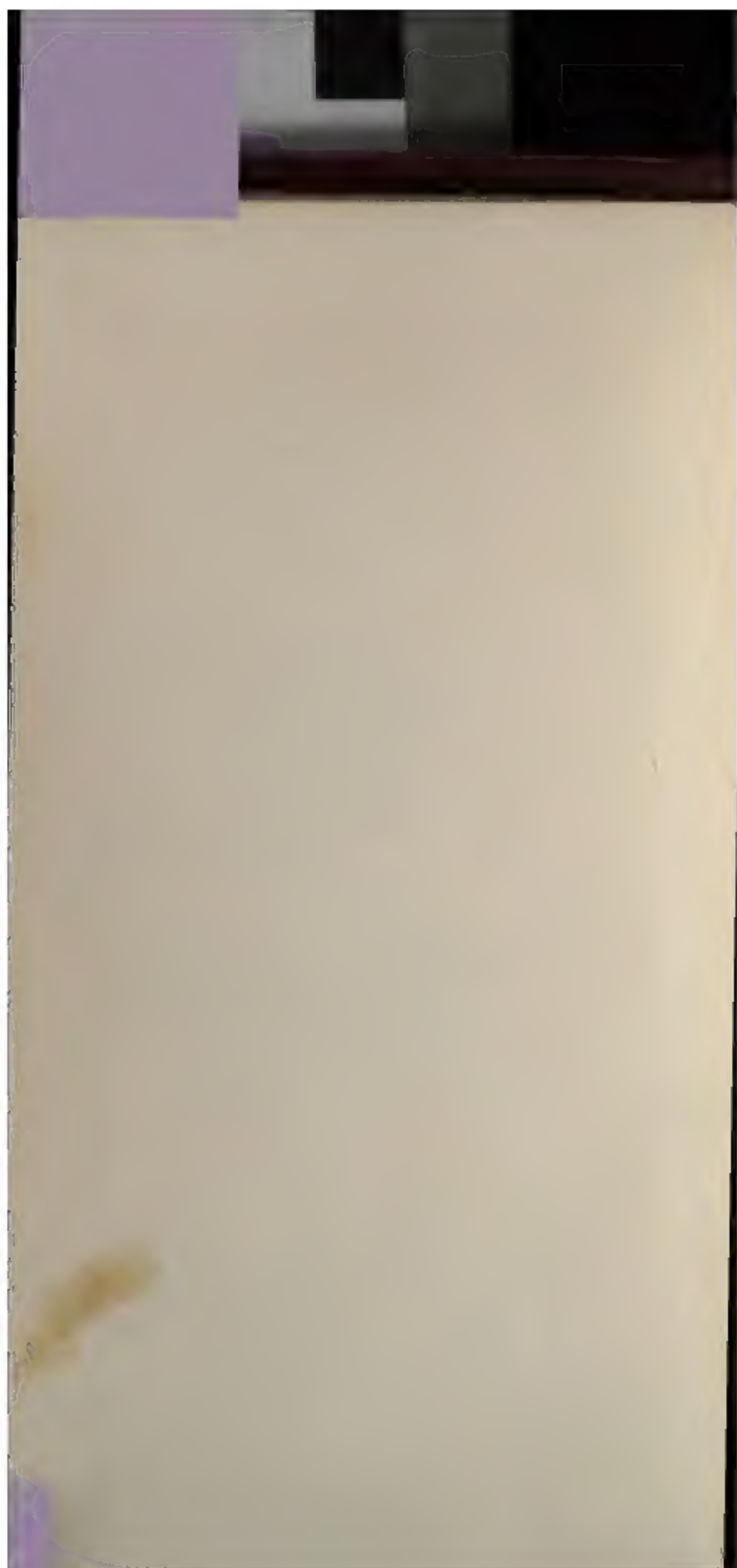
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**CANTERBURY TALES.**

By **GEOFFREY CHAUCER.**

*From the Text*

AND WITH THE NOTES AND GLOSSARY  
OF  
**THOMAS TYRWHITT.**

CONDENSED AND ARRANGED UNDER THE TEXT.

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**A NEW EDITION.**

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Feb. 12, 1925

# THE CANTERBURY TALES.

## THE PROLOGUE

1—8.

WHANNE that April with his shoures sote<sup>1</sup>  
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,  
And bathed every veine in swiche<sup>2</sup> licour,  
Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;  
Whan Zephirus eke with his sote brethe  
Enspired hath in every holt<sup>3</sup> and hethe  
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne  
Hath in the Ram<sup>4</sup> his halfe cours yronne,

<sup>1</sup> Sweet.

<sup>2</sup> Such.

<sup>3</sup> Grove.

<sup>4</sup> It seems to have been the intention of Chaucer, in the first lines of the Prologue, to mark with some exactness the *time* of his supposed journey. But it is hardly the two circumstances of his description, which are most likely to answer that purpose, are each of them irregular in the construction. When he tells us that "the shoures of April bathed the rote of the drought of March," we must suppose, in order to give effect to such an operation, that April was far advanced; and when he tells us that the place of the sun, "having just run half his course in the Ram," restrains us to some day in the very latter end of March, or the vernal equinox, in the age of Chaucer, according to his computation, the Aries was reputed to happen on the 12th of March, or the 21st of May, and I think should be removed by reading *the last of the April*, or *the last of the Ram*. All the parts of the description

are, however, so well connected, that we shall be frequently indebted, for the explanation of the poet's expressions, to this conjecture, remarking, that the sun runs less than two ways round, standing the seventh and eighth lines of the Prologue as to be perfectly in accordance with the intention of the poet. The sun, we know, enters the sign Aries at the vernal equinox, and is not really equal in the place of day of the year, but it is equal in the place of day of the year to the other to April, and the other, by the "halfe cours yronne," meant the *last of the April*, half of the sign Aries. But I think a more probable sup-

## THE CANTERBURY TALES.

And smale foules<sup>1</sup> maken melodie,  
That slepen alle night with open eye,  
So priketh hem nature in hir corages;  
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,  
And palmeres for to seken strange strondes  
To serve halwes couthe<sup>2</sup> in sondry londes;  
And specially, from every shires ende  
Of Englelond, to Canterbury they wende,  
The holy blisful martyr for to seke,  
That hem hath holpen, whan that they wei  
Befelle, that, in that seson on a day,  
In Southwerk at the Tabard<sup>3</sup> as I lay,  
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage  
To Canterbury with devoute corage,  
At night was come into that hostelrie  
Wel nine and twenty in a compaignie

position still would be to imagine the month of April, of w  
was speaking, to be divided into two 'halfe cours,' in one  
sun would be in Aries, and in the other in Taurus; as  
Chaucer says that 'the yonge sonne had in the Ram  
yronne,' he meant that the *Aries half of the month of Apr*  
through, thereby indicating, in *general terms*, some time  
the middle of April." The same writer observes, that "t  
opening of the Prologue, down to verse 19, is descriptive  
ticular days, but of the usual season of pilgrimages; and  
plainly declares, by the words 'in *that* season, on a day  
as yet indefinite." See also, *ibid.*, p. 515, and the note

<sup>1</sup> Birds.

<sup>2</sup> Kno

<sup>3</sup> They who are disposed to believe the pilgrimage  
and to have happened in 1383, may support their opi  
ing inscription, which is still to be read upon the i  
Talbot, in Southwark: "This is the Inn where Sir  
the twenty-nine Pilgrims lodged in their journey to  
1383." Though the present inscription is evident  
date, we might suppose it to have been propagated  
of faithful transcripts from the very time; but unluc  
reason to be assured that the first inscription of thi  
than the last century. Mr. Speght, who appears to  
concerning this inn in 1597, has left us this accoun  
v. Tabard: "A jaquet, or slevelesse coate, worne  
men in the warres, but now onely by heraults, an  
of armes in servise. It is the signe of an inne in  
within the which was the lodging of the Abbot  
This is the hostelrie where Chaucer and the othe  
and, with Henry Baily their hoste, accorded ab  
journey to Canterbury. And whereas through  
decaied, it is now by Master J. Preston, with

Of sundry folk, by aventure yfalle  
 In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,  
 That toward Canterbury wolden ride.  
 The chambres and the stables weren wide,  
 And wel we weren esed<sup>2</sup> atte beste.

And shortly, when the sonne was gon to rest,  
 So hadde I spoken with hem everich on,<sup>3</sup>  
 That I was of hir<sup>4</sup> felawship anon,  
 And made forword erly for to rise,  
 To take sure way ther as I you devise.

But natheles, while I have time and space,  
 Or that I forther in this tale pace,  
 Me thinketh it accordant to reason,  
 To tellen you alle the condition  
 Of ech of hem, so as it seemed me,  
 And whiche they weren, and of what degree;  
 And eke in what arais that they were inne;  
 And at a knight than wol I firste beginne.

A knight<sup>5</sup> ther was, and that a worthy man,<sup>6</sup>  
 That fro the time that he firste began

bynded, newly repaired, and with convenient rooms much increased,  
 "the receipt of many guests."

If any inscription of this kind had then been there, he would hardly  
 we omitted to mention it; and therefore I am persuaded it has been  
 it up since his time, and most probably when the sign was changed  
 on the Tabard to the Talbot, in order to preserve the ancient glory of  
 a house, notwithstanding its new title. Whoever furnished the date,  
 not be allowed to have at least invented plausibly.

While I am upon the subject of this famous hostelry, I will just add,  
 as it was probably parcel of two tenements which appear to have been  
 conveyed by William de Ladegarsale to the abbot, &c. *de Hyde Jure*  
*Regis*, in 1306, and which are described, in a former conveyance there  
 cited, to extend in length, "a commun fossato de Sothwerke versus  
 Austem, usque Regiam viam de Sothwerke versus Occidentem."—*Ha-*  
*stern de Hyde*, MS. Harl. 1781. fol 165—173. If we should ever be  
 happy as to recover the account-books of the Abbey of Hyde, we may  
 surely learn what rent Harry Bailly paid for his inn, and many other  
 important particulars.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>1</sup> Fallen. <sup>2</sup> Accommodated. <sup>3</sup> Every one of them. <sup>4</sup> Their.

<sup>5</sup> Why Chaucer should have chosen to bring his knight from *Mar-*  
*shale* and *Letoure* rather than from *Cravey* and *Pecklers*, is a problem  
 difficult to remove, except by supposing that the slightest services  
 past infidels were in those days more honourable than the most  
 splendid victories over Christians.—*Tyrwhitt*.

To riden out, he loved chevalrie,  
 Trouthe and honour, freedom and curtesie.  
 Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,  
 And therto hadde he riden, no man ferre,<sup>1</sup>  
 As wel in Cristendome as in Hathenesse,  
 And ever honoured for his worthinesse.

At Alisandre he was whan it was wonne.<sup>2</sup>  
 Ful often time he hadde the berd begonne<sup>3</sup>  
 Aboven alle nations in Pruce  
 In Lettowe hadde he reyse<sup>4</sup> and in Ruce,  
 No cristen man so ofte of his degre.  
 In Gernade<sup>5</sup> at the siege eke hadde he be  
 Of Algesir, and ridden in Belmarie.<sup>6</sup>  
 At Leyes<sup>7</sup> was he, and at Satalie<sup>8</sup>,  
 Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete see<sup>9</sup>  
 At many a noble armee hadde he be.  
 At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,  
 And foughten for our faith at Tramissene  
 In listes threes, and lay shan his fo

Thi's like worthy knight hadde ben also  
 Somtime with the lord of Palatie,<sup>10</sup>  
 Agen another hethen in Turkei.  
 And evermore he hadde a sovereign pris.  
 And though that he was worthy he was wise,  
 And of his port as meke as is a mayde.  
 He never yet no vilanie ne sayde  
 In alle his lif, unto no manere<sup>11</sup> wight.  
 He was a veray parfit gentil knight.

Farther. So *deere* for dearer, v. 1450.

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, in A.D. 1305, by Pierre de Lusignan, King of Cyprus, who, however, immediately abandoned it.

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.*, he had been played at the head of the table; the usual compliment to extraordinary merit. When our military men wanted employment it was usual for them to go and serve in *Pruce*, or Prussia, with the knights of the Teutonic order, who were in a state of constant warfare with their heathen neighbours in *Lettow* (Lithuania), *Ruce* (Russia), and elsewhere. A pagan king of *Lettow* is mentioned by Walsingham, p. 180, 345 — *Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>4</sup> Journeyed

<sup>5</sup> The city of Algazir was taken from the Moorish King of Granada in 1314.

<sup>6</sup> Probably in Africa.

<sup>7</sup> Lavas, in Armenia.

<sup>8</sup> Attala.

<sup>9</sup> Better, *the "Grékhis sea," i.e.*, the part of the Mediterranean, from Sicily to Cyprus. See Lysons's notes.

<sup>10</sup> Palatia, in Asia.

<sup>11</sup> Meaner, inferior.

## THIS PROLOGUE

But first to tellen you of his arais,  
 His hars was good, but he ne was not gale.  
 Of fastian he wared a gipon,<sup>1</sup>  
 Alle bearmotred<sup>2</sup> with his habergeon,  
 For he was late ycome fro his viage,<sup>3</sup>  
 And waste for to don his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone a yonge squier,  
 A lover, and a lusty bachelor,  
 With lockes crull<sup>4</sup> as they were laide in pume.  
 Of twenty yere of age he was I geene.  
 Of his stature he was of even lengthe,  
 And wonderly deliver,<sup>5</sup> and grete of strengthe.  
 And he hadde be somtime in chevachie,  
 In Flaunders, in Artois, and in Picardie,  
 And borne him wel, as of so litel space,  
 In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.

Embroded was he, as it were a mede  
 Alle ful of freshe floures, white and rede.  
 Singing he was, or floyting<sup>6</sup> alle the day,  
 He was as freshe, as is the moneth of May.  
 Short was his goune, with sleeves long and wide.  
 Wel coude he sitte on hors, and sayre ride.  
 He coude songes make, and wel endite,  
 Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.  
 So hote he loved, that by nightertale<sup>7</sup>  
 He slep no more than doth the nightingale.  
 Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,  
 And carf before his fader at the table.<sup>8</sup>

A yeman<sup>9</sup> hadde he, and servantes no mo  
 At that time, for him luste to ride so ;

<sup>1</sup> A short cassock.

<sup>2</sup> Scattered.

<sup>3</sup> Journey.

<sup>4</sup> Curled.

<sup>5</sup> Agile, nimble.

<sup>6</sup> Playing on the flute.

<sup>7</sup> Night time.

<sup>8</sup> It was anciently the custom for squires, of the highest quality, to ree at the dres' tables.

<sup>9</sup> Yeman, or yeoman, is an abbreviation of yeongeman, as gentle is of ingele. Young men being most usually employed in service, servants so, in many languages, been denominated from the single circumstance of age; as puer, garçon, boy, groom. As a title of service or ice, yeoman is used in the Stat. 37 E. III. c. 2 and 11, to denote a vassal of the next degree above a garçon, or groom; and at this day, in rural departments of the royal household, the attendants are distributed into three classes of *serjeants* or *squires*, *yeomen*, and *grooms*.—*runbitt*.

And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene.  
 A shufe of peacock arwes<sup>1</sup> bright and keene  
 Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.  
 Wel coude he dresse his takel<sup>2</sup> yemanly:  
 His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe.  
 And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.

A not-hed<sup>3</sup> hadde he, with a broune visage.  
 Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage.  
 Upon his arme he bare a gale bracer,  
 And by his side a sword and a bokeler,  
 And on that other side a gale daggere,  
 Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere;  
 A Cristofre<sup>4</sup> on his brest of silver shene.  
 An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene.  
 A forster was he sothely as I gese.

There was also a Nonne, a Prioress,  
 That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy;  
 Hire gretest othe n'as but by Seint Eloy;  
 And she was cleped madame Eglentine.  
 Ful wel she sange the service divine,  
 Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;  
 And Frenche she spake ful fayre and solially,<sup>5</sup>  
 After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,  
 For Frenche of Paris<sup>6</sup> was to hire unknowne.  
 At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle;  
 She lette no morsel from hire lippes falle,  
 Ne wette hire fingers in hire sauce depe.  
 Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kope,  
 Thatte no drope ne fell upon hire brest.  
 In curteisie was sette ful moche hire lest.<sup>7</sup>  
 Hire over lippe wiped she so clepe,  
 That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sone  
 Of grease, whan she drunken hadde hire draugh.  
 Ful seemly after hire mete she raught.

<sup>1</sup> Arrows with peacock feathers.

<sup>2</sup> Armes

<sup>3</sup> *I. e.* round, like a nut, probably from being cropped.

<sup>4</sup> I do not see the meaning of this ornament. By the stat. 5 games are forbidden to wear any ornaments of gold or silver.—

<sup>5</sup> Neatly, cleverly.

<sup>6</sup> It has been mentioned before, that Chaucer thought but in the English-French spoken in his time. It was proper, howe the prioress should speak some sort of French; not only as a of fashion, a character which she is represented to affect, *rev. 1* but as a religious person.—*Tyrwhitt.*

<sup>7</sup> Delight, please

And sikerly she was of grate disport,  
 And ful plesant, and amiable of port,  
 And peined hire to contrefeten<sup>1</sup> there  
 Of court, and ben estatelich of manere,  
 And to ben holden digne of reverence.

But for to speken of hire conscience,  
 She was so charitable and so pitous,  
 She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous  
 Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.  
 Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde  
 With roasted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.  
 But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,  
 Or if men smote it with a yerde<sup>2</sup> smert.<sup>3</sup>  
 And all was conscience and tendre herte.

Ful semely hire wimple<sup>4</sup> ypinched was;  
 Hire nose tretis,<sup>5</sup> hire eyen grey as glas;  
 Hire mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red;  
 But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehed.  
 It was almost a spanne brode I trowe;  
 For hardily she was not undergrowe.

Full fetise<sup>6</sup> was hire cloke, as I was ware.  
 Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare  
 A pair of bedes, gauded<sup>7</sup> all with grene;  
 And theron heng a broche of gold ful shene,  
 On whiche was first ywriten a crowned A,  
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

Another Nonne also with hire hadde she,<sup>8</sup>  
 That was hire chapelleine, and Preestes thre.

A Monk ther was, a fayre<sup>9</sup> for the maistrie,  
 An out-rider, that loved venerie;<sup>10</sup>  
 A manly man, to ben an abbot able.  
 Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in stable:

She took great pains to assume.

<sup>2</sup> A stick.

<sup>3</sup> Hardly.

A covering for the neck.

<sup>5</sup> Long and well proportioned.

Neat, tasteful.

<sup>7</sup> Decked.

This and the following line have been condemned by Tyrwhitt as  
 rious. See his Discourse, p. 78.

We should say, *a fair one*; but in Chaucer's time such tautology  
 is not, I suppose, elegant. So below, ver. 189:

Therefore he was a prickasoure a right.

As to the phrase *for the maistrie*, I take it to be derived from the  
*med pour la maistrie*, which I find, in an old book of Physick, applied  
 to medicines as we usually call *Sovereigns*, excellent above all others.  
*Med. 761. Secrets à Samp de Clouburnet*, fol. 17 b. *Cirougnie bone*  
*de maistrie a bruler et a meurer apostemes*, &c.—Tyrwhitt.

<sup>10</sup> Hunting.

And when he rode, men mighte his bridel here  
 Gingesling in a whistling wind as clere,  
 And eke as loude, as doth the chapell belle,  
 Ther as this lord was keper of the cello.

The rule of saint Maure and of saint Benet,  
 Because that it was olde and soudele streit,  
 This ilke monk lette olde thinges pace,  
 And held after the newe world the trace.

He yave not of the text a pulled hen,<sup>1</sup>  
 That saith, that hunters ben not holy men;  
 Ne that a monk, when he is rekkeles,<sup>2</sup>  
 Is like to a fish that is waterles; . . .

This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.  
 This ilke text held he not worth an oistre.

And I say his opinion was good.

What shulde he studie, and make himselven wood,  
 Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,

Or swinken with his honde, and labour,

As Austin bit<sup>3</sup> how shal the world be served?

Let Austin have his swink<sup>4</sup> to him reserved.

Therefore he was a prickasoure<sup>5</sup> a right:

Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight;

Of pricking and of hunting for the hare

Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.

<sup>1</sup> *I. e.*, he cared not a straw. One MS. reads a *pullishen*, which seems more intelligible, unless it refer to the supposition that a plucked hen cannot lay eggs.—*Tyrwhitt*, *gl*

<sup>2</sup> *Rekkelles*. MS. C. reads *Chierelles*; to which the only objection is, that if it had been the true reading there would have been no occasion to explain or paraphrase it in *ver.* 161. The text alluded to is attributed by Gratian, *Dever* P. II. Can. xvi. Q. 2. c. viii. to a Pope Eugenius.—*Sicut puer sine equo caret viâ, sic sine monasterio monachus.* In P. P. according to MS. *Cotton*. *Veap*. B. xvi. (for the passage is omitted in the printed editions), a similar saying is quoted from Gregory.

Gregori the grete clerk garte write in booke  
 The rule of alle religious riyful and obedient  
 Ryt as fishes in a flood when hem faileth water  
 Dreen for drowthe when thei drie tighen  
 Ryt so religious roten and sterven  
 That out of covent or cloistre corceten to dwelle.

As the known senses of *rekkelles*, viz., *careless*, *negligent*, by no means suit with this passage, I am inclined to suspect that Chaucer possibly wrote *regheles*, i. e., without rule. *Regel*, from *Regula*, was the same word for a rule, and particularly for a monastic rule.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>3</sup> *Biddeth*.

<sup>4</sup> *Labour*.

<sup>5</sup> *A hard rider*, from *prick*, to spur on a horse.

I saw his sleeves purfled at the hond  
 With gris,<sup>1</sup> and that the finest of the lond.  
 And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,  
 He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne:  
 A love-knotte in the greter end ther was.  
 His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,  
 And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.  
 He was a lord ful fat and in good point.  
 His eyen stepe,<sup>2</sup> and rolling in his hed,  
 That stemed as a forneis of a led.  
 His botes souple, his hors in gret estat,  
 Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.  
 He was not pale as a forpined<sup>3</sup> gost.  
 A fat swan loved he best of any roost.  
 His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

A Frere ther was, a wanton and a mery,  
 A Linatour,<sup>4</sup> a ful solempne man.  
 In all the ordres foure is non that can  
 So moche of daliance and fayre langage.  
 He hadde ymade ful many a mariage  
 Of yonge wimmen, at his owen cost.  
 Until his ordre he was a noble post,  
 Ful wel beloved, and familier was he  
 With frankelens<sup>5</sup> over all in his contree,  
 And eke with worthy wimmen of the toun:  
 For he had power of confession,  
 As saide himselfe, more than a curat,  
 For of his ordre he was licenciat.  
 Ful swetely herde he confession,  
 And plesant was his absolution.  
 He was an esy man to give penance,  
 Ther as he wiste to han a good pitance:  
 For unto a poure ordre for to give  
 Is sene that a man is wel yshrive.  
 For if he gave, he dorste make avant,<sup>6</sup>  
 He wiste that a man was repentant.  
 For many a man so hard is of his herte,  
 He may not wepe although him sore smerte.

<sup>1</sup> The habit of wearing fur trimmings was forbidden the monks by Cardinal Wolsey, in 1519.

<sup>2</sup> Sunk deep in his head.

<sup>3</sup> Wasted, tormented.

<sup>4</sup> I.e., one licensed to beg within a certain district.

<sup>5</sup> Wealthy landholders; country gentlemen of good estate.

<sup>6</sup> Boast.

Therefore in stede of weping and praiere,  
Men mote give silver to the poure freres.

His tippet was ay farsed<sup>1</sup> ful of knives,  
And pinnes, for to given fayre wives.  
And certainly he hadde a mery note.  
Wel coude he singe and plaien on a rote.<sup>2</sup>  
Of yeddinges<sup>3</sup> he bare utterly the pris.  
His nekke was white as the flour de lis.  
Therto he strong was as a champion,  
And knew wel the tavernes in every town,  
And every hosteler and gay tapstere,  
Better than a lezar or a beggere,  
For unto swiche a worthy man as he  
Accordeth nought, as by his faculte,  
To haven with sike lazars acquaintance.  
It is not honest, it may not avance,  
As for to delen with no swiche pouraille,<sup>4</sup>  
But all with riche, and sellers of vitaille.

And over all, ther as profit shuld arise,  
Carteis he was, and lowly of service.  
Ther n'as no man nowher so vertuous.  
He was the beste begger in all his hous:  
And gave a certaine ferme for the grant,  
Non of his bretheren came in his haunt.  
For though a widewe hadde but a shoo,  
(So pleasant was his *In principio*)<sup>5</sup>  
Yet wold he have a ferthing or he went.  
His pourchas was wel better than his rent.  
And rage he coude as it hadde ben a whelp,  
In lovedayes,<sup>6</sup> ther coude he mochel help.  
For ther was he nat like a cloisterere,  
With thredbare cope, as is a poure scolere,  
But he was like a maister or a pope.  
Of double worsted was his semicope,  
That round was as a belle out of the preme.  
Somwhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,  
To make his English swete upon his tonge;  
And in his harping, when that he hadde songe,

<sup>1</sup> Stuffed.

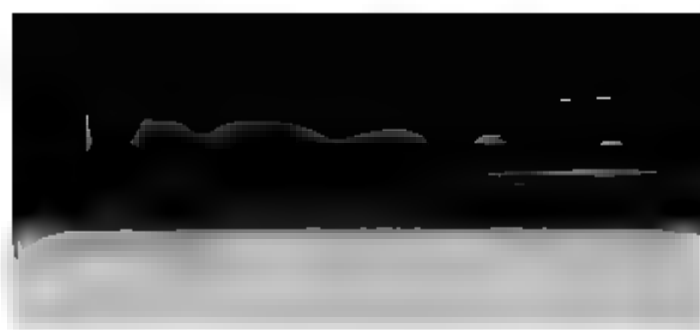
<sup>2</sup> By rote, by heart.

<sup>3</sup> A kind of ox

<sup>4</sup> *I. e.*, communally, poor people.

<sup>5</sup> The beginning of the Latin text either of Genesis or of St. . Gospel.

<sup>6</sup> Days appointed for the amicable settlement or arbitration of disputes.



His eyen twinkled in his hed aright;  
As don the starres in a frosty night.  
This worthy Maritor was claped Haberd.

A Marchant was ther with a forked berd,  
In mottelee,<sup>1</sup> and highe on hors he sat,  
And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.  
His botes clapsed fayre and fetisly.  
His rezons spake he ful solempnely,  
Sounding<sup>2</sup> alway the encrease of his winning.  
He wold the see were kept<sup>3</sup> for anything  
Betwixen Middelburgh and Orewell.<sup>4</sup>  
Wel coude he in exchanges sheldes<sup>5</sup> selle.  
This worthy man ful wel his wit besette;  
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,  
So stedefastly didde he his governance,  
With his bargeines, and with his chevissance.<sup>6</sup>  
Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,  
But soth to sayn, I n'ot how men him calle.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenforde also,  
That unto logike hadde long ygo.  
As lene was his hors as is a rake,  
And he was not right fat, I undertake;  
But loked holwe, and therto soberly.  
Ful thredbare was his overest courtpey,<sup>7</sup>  
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,  
Ne was nought worldly to have an offic.  
For him was lever han<sup>8</sup> at his beedes hed  
A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,  
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,  
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mixed, various colours, motley.

<sup>2</sup> Sounding.

<sup>3</sup> Guarded. The old subsidy of tonnage and poundage was given to the king *per la sauf garde et custodia del mar*, 13 E. IV. c. 3.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>4</sup> A seaport in Essex.

<sup>5</sup> French crowns, so called from their having a shield stamped on one side.

<sup>6</sup> An arrangement for borrowing money.

<sup>7</sup> A sort of short upper cloak.

<sup>8</sup> I. e., he had rather, he preferred.

<sup>9</sup> Psaltery. It may be observed, that although organ-builders have substituted reed stops, purporting to represent the sacbut, clarion, ptery, shalm, and other instruments mentioned in Scripture, we are totally ignorant what they were. The psaltery was probably a stringed instrument, and perhaps the same as the "rote" spoken of elsewhere.

But all be that he was a philosophre,  
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre,  
 But all that he might of his frendes hente,<sup>1</sup>  
 On bokes and on lerning he it spenta,  
 And besily gan for the soules prais  
 Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolais.<sup>2</sup>  
 Of studie toke he mooste cure and hede.  
 Not a word spake he more than was nede;  
 And that was said in forme and reverence,  
 And short and quike, and ful of high sentence.  
 Souning in moral vertue was his speche,  
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A sergeant of the lawe ware and wise,  
 That often hadde yben at the parvis,  
 Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.  
 Discrete he was, and of gret reverence:  
 He semed swiche,<sup>3</sup> his wordes were so wise,  
 Justice he was ful often in assise,  
 By patent, and by pleine commissioun;  
 For his science, and for his high renoun,  
 Of fees and robes had he many on.  
 So grette a pourchasour was nowher non.  
 All was fee simple to him in effect,  
 His purchasing might not ben in suspect.  
 Nowher so besy a man as he ther n'as,  
 And yet he semed besier than he was.  
 In termes hadde he cas and domes<sup>4</sup> alle,  
 That fro the time of king Will. weren falle.  
 Therto he coude endite, and make a thing,  
 Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing.  
 And every statute coude he plaine by rote.  
 He rode but homely in a medlee cote,  
 Girt with a seint of silk, with barres<sup>5</sup> smale;  
 Of his array tell I no longer tale.

A frankleyn was in this compaignie;  
 White was his berd, as is the dayeysie.  
 Of his complexion he was sanguin.  
 Wel loved he by the morwe<sup>6</sup> a sop in win.  
 To liven in delit was ever his wont,  
 For he was Epicures owen son.

Get.  
Opinions.

<sup>1</sup> To attend school.  
<sup>2</sup> Stripes.

<sup>3</sup> South.  
<sup>4</sup> Morning.

That held opinion, that plain delit  
Was veraily felicite parfitte.  
An housholder, and that a grete<sup>1</sup> was he;  
Seint Julian<sup>2</sup> he was in his contrea,  
His brede, his ale, was alway after on;<sup>3</sup>  
A better envyned<sup>4</sup> man was no wher non.  
Withouten bake mete never was his hous,  
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,  
It shewed in his hous of mete and drinks,  
Of alle deintees that men coude of think,  
After the sondry seasons of the yere,  
So changed he his mete and his soupera.  
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,  
And many a breme, and many a lucc<sup>5</sup> in stowe.  
Wo was his coke, but if<sup>6</sup> his sauces were  
Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.  
His table dormant in his halle alway  
Stode redy covered alle the longe day.  
At sessions ther was he lord and sire.  
Ful often time he was knight of the shire.  
An anelace<sup>7</sup> and a gipciere<sup>8</sup> all of silk,  
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe<sup>9</sup> milk.  
A shereve hadde he ben, and a countour.<sup>10</sup>  
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, a great one.

<sup>2</sup> St Julian was eminent for providing his votaries with good lodgings and an accumulation of all sorts. In the title of his *Legende*, MS. Bod. 1896. fol. 1, he is called "St. Julian, the gode herberjour." It ends thus:

Therfore yet to this day thei that over lond wende,  
Thei biddeh St. Julian anon that go'e herborw he hem sende,  
And St. Julianes Pater noster ofte seggeth also,  
For his fader soule and his moderes, that he hem bring therto.

*Tyrwhitt.*

St. Julian was a patron of pilgrims, and also of *lenones*. See Brand's *Antiquities*, v. i. p. 359, of Sir Henry Ellis's edition.

<sup>3</sup> One o'clock.

<sup>4</sup> Better stocked with wine.

<sup>5</sup> Pike.

<sup>6</sup> *I.e.* If it were not.

<sup>7</sup> A kind of knife or dagger, usually worn at the waist.

<sup>8</sup> A purse.

<sup>9</sup> Morning.

<sup>10</sup> This word has been changed in Ed. Urr., upon what authority I know not, to *Coroner*. The MSS all read *Countour*, or *comptour*. At the same time it is not easy to say what office is meant. I have a notion, that the foreman of the inquest in the Hundred-court was called a *Countour*, but the law glossaries do not take notice of any such sense of the word.—*Tyrwhitt.*

<sup>11</sup> A kind of middle-class landholder. See *Tyrwhitt.*

An haberdasher, and a carpenter,  
 A webbe,<sup>1</sup> a deyer, and a tapisier,<sup>2</sup>  
 Were alle yclothed in a livere,  
 Of a solempne and grete fraternite.<sup>3</sup>  
 Ful freshe and newe hir gere ypiked was.  
 Hir knives were ychaped not with bras,  
 But all with silver wrought ful clene and wel,  
 Hir girdeles and hir pouches every del.<sup>4</sup>  
 Wel semed eche of hem a fayre burgeis,  
 To sitten in a gild halle, on the deis.<sup>5</sup>  
 Everich,<sup>6</sup> for the wisdom that he can,  
 Was shapelich for to ben an alderman.  
 For catel hadden they ynough and rent,  
 And eke hir wives wolde it wel assent:  
 And elles<sup>7</sup> certainly they were to blame.  
 It is ful fayre to ben ycleped madame,  
 And for to gon to vigiles all before,  
 And have a mantel reallich<sup>8</sup> ybore.

A coke they hadden with hem for the nones,<sup>9</sup>  
 To boile the chikenes and the marie bones,  
 And poudre marchant, tart and galingale,<sup>10</sup>  
 Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.  
 He coude roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,  
 Maken mortrewes,<sup>11</sup> and wel bake a pie.

<sup>1</sup> A weaver.

<sup>2</sup> A tapestry-worker.

<sup>3</sup> An evident reference to the guilds of the middle ages. The epithet "solempne" probably refers to the initiation into a species of freemasonry, which was bestowed upon the licensed workers in a particular department. Compare Palgrave's "Merchant and Fryar," ch. iii.

<sup>4</sup> Every bit.

<sup>5</sup> Days.

<sup>6</sup> Each one of them.

<sup>7</sup> Otherwise.

<sup>8</sup> Royally.

<sup>9</sup> The nones, the occasion.

<sup>10</sup> What kind of ingredient this was I cannot tell. Cotgrave mentions a *Poudre blanche* and a *Poul' re de dur*, which seem both to have been used in cookery. I must take notice, that the epithet *tart*, in most of the MS., is annexed to *poudre marchant*, and I rather wish I had left it there, as, for anything that I know, it may suit that as well as *Galingale*.

*Tyrwhitt.*

<sup>11</sup> Lord Bacon, in his Nat. Hist. i. 48, speaks of "a *mortress* made with the brawn of capons stamped and strained." He joins it with the *cullies* (*coulis*) of cocks. It seems to have been a rich broth, or soupe, in the preparation of which the flesh was stamped, or beat, in a mortar; from whence it probably derived its name, *une mortresse*; though I cannot say that I have ever met with the French word.—*Tyrwhitt.*



But gret harm was it, as it thoughte me,  
That on his chynne a mormal<sup>1</sup> hadde he.  
For blane manger<sup>2</sup> that made he with the best.

A shipman was ther, woned fer by West:  
For ought I wote, he was of Dertemouth.  
He rode upen a rouncie,<sup>3</sup> as he couthe,  
All in a gonne of falding to the knee.  
A dagger hanging by a lns hadde hee  
About his nekke under his arm adoun.  
The hote sommer hadde made his hewe al broun.  
And certainly he was a good felaw.  
Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw  
From Burleux ward, while that the chapman slope.  
Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.  
If that he faught, and hadde the higher hand,  
By water he sent hem home to every land.  
But of his craft to reken wel his tides,  
His streemes and his strandes him beides,  
His herberwe,<sup>4</sup> his mone, and his lodemanage,<sup>5</sup>  
Ther was non swiche, from Hull unto Cartago.  
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake:  
With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake.  
He knew wel alle the havens, as they were,  
Fro Gotland, to the Cape de finistere,  
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine.  
His barge ycleped was the Magdelaine.

With us ther was a doctour of phisike,  
In all this world ne was ther non him like  
To speke of phisike, and of surgerie:  
For he was grounded in astronomie.  
He kept his patient a ful gret del  
In houres by his magike naturel.  
Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent<sup>6</sup>  
Of his images for his patient.

He knew the cause of every maladie,  
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,  
And wher engendred, and of what humour,  
He was a veray parfite practisour.

<sup>1</sup> A gangrene.

<sup>2</sup> Different from our evening party composition. One of the fragments is described as "the browne of a capon, tressed small."—*Tyrwhitt, gl.*

<sup>3</sup> A common hack.

<sup>4</sup> The place of the sun.

<sup>5</sup> Pilotship.

The cause yknowe, and of his harm the rote,  
 Anon he gave to the sike man his bote.<sup>1</sup>  
 Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries  
 To send him dragges, and his lettuaries,<sup>2</sup>  
 For eche of hem made other for to winne;  
 Hir friendship n'as not newe to beginne.  
 Wel knew he the old Esculapius,  
 And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus;  
 Old Hippocras, Hali,<sup>3</sup> and Gallien;  
 Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen;  
 Averrois, Damascene, and Constantin;  
 Bernard, and Gatiaden, and Gilbertin.  
 Of his diete mesurable was he,  
 For it was of no superfluitee,  
 But of gret nourishing, and digestible.  
 His studie was but litel on the Bible.  
 In sanguin and in perse<sup>4</sup> he clad was alle  
 Lined with taffata, and with sendalle.<sup>5</sup>  
 And yet he was but eay of dispenco:  
 He kepte that he wan in the pestilence.  
 For gold in phisike is a cordial;  
 Therfore he loved gold in special.

A good wif was ther of beside Batha,  
 But she was som del<sup>6</sup> defe, and that was scatha.  
 Of cloth making she hadde swiche an haunt,<sup>7</sup>  
 She passed hem of Ipres, and of Gaunt.  
 In all the parish wif ne was ther non,  
 That to the offring<sup>8</sup> before hire shulde gon,  
 And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,  
 That she was out of alle charitee.  
 Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground;  
 I dorste swere, they weyeden a pound;  
 That on the Sonday were upon hire hede.  
 Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,  
 Ful streite yteyed, and shoon ful moist<sup>9</sup> and newe.  
 Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew.  
 She was a worthy woman all hire live,  
 Housbondes at the chirche dore had she had five,

<sup>1</sup> Remedy.<sup>2</sup> An Arabian physician.<sup>3</sup> A kind of thin silk.<sup>4</sup> Persia, custom.<sup>5</sup> Fresh.—See Tyndale.<sup>6</sup> Electuaries.<sup>7</sup> Sky-coloured, blue.<sup>8</sup> A little.<sup>9</sup> The offertory at mass.

Withouten other compaignie in youth,  
 But therof nedeth not to speke as nouthe.<sup>1</sup>  
 And thries hadde she ben at Jerusaleme.  
 She hadde passed many a strange streme.  
 At Rome she hadde ben, and at Boloine,  
 In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine.  
 She coude moche of wandring by the way.  
 Cat-tothed<sup>2</sup> was she, sothly for to say.  
 Upon an ambler esily she sat,  
 Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede an hat.  
 As brode as is a bokeler, or a targe.  
 A fote-mantel about hire hippes large,  
 And on hire fete a pair of sporres sharpe.  
 In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe  
 Of remedies of love she knew parchance,  
 For of that arte she coude<sup>3</sup> the olde dance.

A good man ther was of religioun,  
 That was a poure persone<sup>4</sup> of a toun:  
 But riche he was of holy thought and werk.  
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk,  
 That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche.  
 His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.  
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,  
 And in adversite ful patient:  
 And swiche he was ypreved often sithen.  
 Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,  
 But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,  
 Unto his poure parishens aboute,  
 Of his offring, and eke of his substance.  
 He coude in litel thing have suffisaunce.  
 Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,  
 But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,  
 In sikenesse and in mischief to visite  
 The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,<sup>5</sup>  
 Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.  
 This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,  
 That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.  
 Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,  
 And this figure he added yet therto,  
 That if gold ruste, what shuld iren do?

<sup>1</sup> Now.<sup>2</sup> Tyrwhitt confesses himself unable to explain this strange expression.<sup>3</sup> Knew.<sup>4</sup> Parson, rector.<sup>5</sup> High and low.

For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,  
No wonder is a lewed man to rust.  
And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe,  
To see a whitten shepherd, and cleene shepe:  
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yere,  
By his clenenesse, how his shepe shulde live.

He sette not his benefice to hire,  
And lette his shepe acombred in the mire,  
And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,  
To seken him a chanterie<sup>1</sup> for soules,  
Or with a brotherhede to be withold:  
But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,  
So that the wolf ne made it not miscaria.  
He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.<sup>2</sup>  
And though he holy were, and vertuous,  
He was to sinful men not dispitous,  
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,<sup>3</sup>  
But in his teching discrete and benigne.  
To drawen folk to heaven, with fairenesse,  
By good ensample, was his besinnesse:  
But it were any persone obstinat,  
What so he were of highe, or low estat,  
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.<sup>4</sup>  
A better preest I trowe that nowher non is.  
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,  
Ne maked him no spiced conscience,<sup>5</sup>  
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,  
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.

With him ther was a plowman, was his brother,  
That hadde ylaide of dong ful many a fother.  
A trewe swinker,<sup>6</sup> and a good was he,  
Living in pees, and parfite charitee.  
God loved he beste with alle his herte  
At alle times, were it gain or smerte,  
And than his neighebour right as himselve.  
He wolde threab, and therto dike, and delve,  
For Cristes sake, for every poure wight,  
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.

<sup>1</sup> Thirty-five of these chantries were established at St. Paul's, being served by fifty-four priests.—Dugdale, *Hist. pref.* p. 41.—Tyrwhitt, *gl.*

<sup>2</sup> An obvious allusion to John, x. 12 13.

<sup>3</sup> Proud.

<sup>4</sup> Occasion.

<sup>5</sup> Probably meaning, that he did not care to flavour his lectures with obliging phrases, to make them palatable. In verse 8017 it appears to be used in a different sense.

<sup>6</sup> Labourer.

His tithes paid he ful fayre and wel  
Both of his propre swinke, and his catel.  
In a tabard<sup>1</sup> he rode upon a mere.

Ther was also a reve,<sup>2</sup> and a millere,  
A compunour,<sup>3</sup> and a pardoner also,  
A manciple,<sup>4</sup> and myself, ther n'ere no mo.

The miller was a stout carle for the nomen,  
Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones;  
That proved wel, for over all ther he came,  
At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.  
He was short shuldered brode, a thikke guarre,<sup>5</sup>  
Ther n'as no dore, that he n'olde heve of barre,  
Or breke it at a renning with his hede.  
His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,  
And therto brode, as though it were a spade.  
Upon the cop<sup>6</sup> right of his nose he hade  
A wart, and theron stode a tuft of heres,  
Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres.  
His nose-thirles blacke were and wide.  
A swerd and bokeler bare he by his side.  
His mouth as wide was as a forneis.  
He was a jangler,<sup>7</sup> and a goliardeis,<sup>8</sup>  
And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.  
Wel coude he stelen corne, and tollen thries.  
And yet he had a thomb<sup>9</sup> of gold parde.  
A white cote and a blew hode wered he.  
A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and souna,  
And therwithall he brought us out of touna.

<sup>1</sup> See above, on verse 70.

<sup>2</sup> Steward.

<sup>3</sup> An officer appointed to summon delinquents to appear in ecclesiastical courts, now called an apparitor.

<sup>4</sup> One who has the office of purchasing provisions for a college, or inn of court.

<sup>5</sup> A hard knot in a tree.

<sup>6</sup> Top.

<sup>7</sup> A prater, babbler.

<sup>8</sup> *Un goliardeis*, Fr.: *Goliardus*, or *Goliardensis*, Lat. This jovial sect seems to have been so called from Gollas, the real or assumed name of a man of wit, towards the end of the xiiith century, who wrote the *Apocalypsis Gollie*, and other pieces in burlesque Latin rimes, some of which have been falsely attributed to Walter Map. See Tanner's *Bibl. Brit.* in v. Gollas, and Du Cange in v. Goliardus.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>9</sup> If the allusion be, as is most probable, to the old proverb, *Every honest Miller has a thumb of gold*, this passage may mean that our miller, notwithstanding his thefts, was an honest miller, i. e. as honest as his brethren.—*Tyrwhitt*.

A gentil manciple was ther of a temple,  
 Of which achatoours<sup>1</sup> mighten take ensample  
 For to ben wise in bying of vitaille.  
 For whether that he payde, or toke by taile,  
 Algate he waitid so in his achate,  
 That he was ay before in good estate.  
 Now is not that of God a ful fayre grace,  
 That swiche a lewed mannes wit shal pace  
 The wisdom of an hepe of lered men!

Of maisters had he mo than thries ten,  
 That were of lawe expert and curious:  
 Of which ther was a dosein in that hous,  
 Worthy to ben stewardes of rent and lond  
 Of any lord that is in Englelond,  
 To maken him live by his propre good,  
 In honour detteles,<sup>2</sup> but if he were wood,  
 Or live as scarcely, as him list desire;  
 And able for to helpen all a shire  
 In any cas that mighte fallen or happe;  
 And yet this manciple sette hir aller cappe.<sup>3</sup>

The reve was a slendre coletike man,  
 His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can.  
 His here was by his eres round yshorne.  
 His top was docked like a preest beforne.  
 Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,  
 Ylike a staff, ther was no calf ysene.  
 Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne:  
 Ther was non auditour coude on him winne.<sup>4</sup>  
 Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the rain,  
 The yelding of his seed, and of his grain.  
 His lordes shepe, his nete, and his deiris,  
 His swine, his hors, his store, and his pultrie,  
 Were holly in this revs governing,  
 And by his covenant yave he rekening,  
 Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age;  
 Ther coude no man bring him in arerage.  
 Ther n'as baillif, ne herde, ne other hine,  
 That he ne knew his sleight and his covine:<sup>4</sup>  
 They were adradde of him, as of the deth.  
 His wonning was ful fayre upon an heth,

<sup>1</sup> Buyers.<sup>2</sup> Free from debt.<sup>3</sup> Set all their caps, i. e. made fools of them. See verse 2145.<sup>4</sup> Secret contrivances.

With grane trees yashadewed was his place.  
 He coude better than his lord pourchace  
 Ful riche he was ystored privily.  
 His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,  
 To yeve and lene<sup>1</sup> him of his owen good,  
 And have a thank, and yet a cote and hood.  
 In youthe he lerned hadde a good mistere.  
 He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.  
 This reve sate upon a right good stot,<sup>2</sup>  
 That was all pomelee<sup>3</sup> grey, and highte Scot.  
 A long surcote of perae<sup>4</sup> upon he hade,  
 And by his side he bare a rusty blade.  
 Of Norfolk was this reve, of which I tell,  
 Beside a toun, men clepen Baldeswell.  
 Tucked he was, as is a frere, aboute,  
 And ever he rode the hinderest of the route.

A sompnour was ther with us in that place,  
 That hadde a fire-red cherubinnes face,  
 For sausefleme<sup>5</sup> he was, with eyen narwe.  
 As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,  
 With scalled browes blake, and pilled berd:  
 Of his visage children were sore aferd.  
 Ther n'as quiksilver, litarge, ne brimston,  
 Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,  
 Ne oinement that wolde clense or bite,  
 That him might helpen of his wheelkes white,  
 Ne of the knobbes sitting on his chekes.  
 Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,  
 And for to drinke strong win as rede as blood.  
 Than wolde he speke, and crie as he were wood.  
 And whan that he wel dronken had the win,  
 Than wold he speken no word but Latin.

<sup>1</sup> Lend.<sup>2</sup> A stallion.<sup>3</sup> Dappled.<sup>4</sup> Blue.

<sup>5</sup> I find this word in an old Fr book of Physick, which I have quoted  
 fore in n. on ver. 105. "Oignement magistrel pur sausefleme et pur  
 rescune manere de roigne."—*Roigne* signifies any scorbutic eruption. So  
 the *Thousand notable things*, B. i. 70. "A sausefleme or red pimpled  
 ce is helped with this medicine following."—Two of the ingredients are  
*sickstoe* and *brimstone*. In another place, B. ii. 20, *Oyle of Tartar* is  
 sd to take away clenne all spots, freckles, and filthy *wheales*. These  
 st, I suppose, are what Chaucer calls *wheelkes*. The original of the word  
 was to be pointed out in the following passage. Vit. R. ii. a Mon.  
 vesh. p. 169. "facies alba—interdum sanguinis foetore viciata.—  
 pruritit."

A fewe termes coude he, two or three,  
That he had lerned out of som decree;  
No wonder is, he herd it all the day  
And eke ye knowen wel, how that a jay  
Can clepen watte, as wel as can the pope.  
But who so wolde in other thing him gropa.  
Than hadde he spent all his philosophie,  
Ay, *Questio quid juris*,<sup>1</sup> wolde he erie.

He was a gentil harlot and a kind;  
A better felaw shulde a man not find.  
He wolde suffre for a quart of wine,  
A good felaw to have his concubine  
A twelve month, and excuse him at the full.  
Ful prively a finch eke coude he pull.<sup>2</sup>  
And if he found owhere a good felawe,  
He wolde techen him to have non awe  
In swiche a cas of the archedekenes curse;  
But if a mannes soule were in his purse;  
For in his purse he shulde ypunished be.  
Purse is the archedekens helle, said he.  
But wel I wote, he hed right in dede.  
Of cursing ought eche gilty man him drede.  
For curse wol sle<sup>3</sup> right as assailing<sup>4</sup> saveth,  
And also ware him of a *synnefull*.<sup>5</sup>

In danger<sup>6</sup> hal le he at his owen gise  
The yonge gurler<sup>7</sup> of the diocise,  
And knew hir conseil, and was of hir rede.  
A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,  
As gret as it were for an alestake.<sup>8</sup>  
A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.

With him ther rode a gentil Pardonere<sup>9</sup>  
Of Rouncevall, his frend and his compere,<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A customary question in old law-writings, after the statement of a case.

<sup>2</sup> "I.e. pluck a pigeon," as we should say. <sup>3</sup> Slay. <sup>4</sup> Absolution.

<sup>5</sup> I.e. of a writ de excommunicate capiendo, which usually began, *Significavit nobis venerabilis pater* &c.

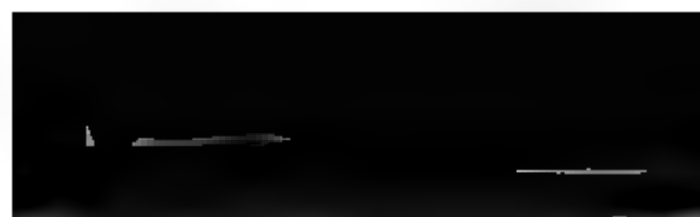
<sup>6</sup> Within the reach or control of his office.

<sup>7</sup> This word is applied to both sexes in Chaucer, and therefore may mean the young men as well as the young women.

<sup>8</sup> A high post in front of an ale house.

<sup>9</sup> A seller of indulgences. See below, on verse 710.

<sup>10</sup> I can hardly think that Chaucer meant to bring his Pardonere from Roncevaux in Navarre, and yet I cannot find any place of that name in England. An *Hospital Beati Marie de Roncevalle* in Charing, London, is mentioned in the *Monast.* t. ii. 448 and there was a Runceval Hall in Oxford. So that perhaps it was the name of some fraternity.—



That streit was comen from the court of Rome,  
 Full loude he sang, "Come hither, love, to me."<sup>1</sup>  
 This sompneur bare to him a stiff burdoun,  
 Was never trompe of half so great a soun.  
 This pardoner had here<sup>2</sup> as yelwe as wax,  
 But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax:  
 By unces heng his lokkes that he hadde,  
 And therwith he his sholders overspradde.  
 Ful thinne it lay, by culpons<sup>3</sup> on and on,  
 But hode, for jolite, ne wared he non,  
 For it was trussed up in his wallet.  
 Him thought he rode al of the newe get,<sup>4</sup>  
 Dishevele, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare.  
 Swiche glaring eyen hadde he, as an hare.  
 A vernicle<sup>5</sup> hadde he sewed upon his cappe.  
 His wallet lay beforne him in his lappe,  
 Bret-fal of pardon come from Rome al hote.  
 A vois he hadde, as smale as hath a got.  
 No berde hadde he, ne never non shulde have,  
 As smothe it was as it were newe shave;  
 I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.

But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware,  
 Ne was ther swiche an other pardonere.  
 For in his male he hadde a pilwebere,<sup>6</sup>  
 Which, as he saide, was oure ladies veil:  
 He saide, he hadde a gobbet<sup>7</sup> of the seyl  
 Thatte seint Peter had, whan that he went  
 Upon the see, till Jesu Crist him hent.<sup>8</sup>  
 He had a crois of laton<sup>9</sup> ful of stones,  
 And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.  
 But with these relikes, whanne that he fond  
 A poure persone dwelling up on lond,  
 Upon a day he gat him more monele  
 Than that the persone gat in monethes twele.  
 And thus with fained flattering and japes,  
 He made the persone, and the peple, his apes.

<sup>1</sup> Probably the beginning of some love-ditty popular in those days.

<sup>2</sup> Hair.

<sup>3</sup> Shreds.

<sup>4</sup> Fashion.

<sup>5</sup> A miniature copy of the picture of Christ, which is said to have been miraculously imprinted upon a handkerchief, preserved in the Church of St. Peter at Rome. The Pardoner, therefore, brings this in token of his pilgrimage to Rome. See Du Cange, v. *Feronion*.

<sup>6</sup> A pillow-case.

<sup>7</sup> Morsel.

<sup>8</sup> Took hold of him.

<sup>9</sup> A sort of mixed metal, of the colour of brass.

But trewely to tellen atte at last,  
 He was in chirche a noble ecclesiast.<sup>1</sup>  
 Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie,  
 Rut alderbest he sang an offertorie.  
 For wel he wiste, whan that song was songed,  
 He muste preche, and wel wikk his tonge,  
 To winne silver, as he right wel coude:  
 Therefore he sang the merier and loude.

Now have I told you shortly in a clause,  
 Th' estat, th' arais, the nombre, an leke the  
 Why that assembled was this compaignie  
 In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie,  
 That lighte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.  
 But now is time to you for to telle,  
 How that we baren us that ilke night,  
 Whan we were in that hostelrie alght.  
 And after w I telle of our viage,  
 And all the remenant of our pilgrimage.

But firste I prye you of your cortesie,  
 That ye ne arrete<sup>2</sup> it not my vilanie,  
 Though that I plainly speke in this matere,  
 To tellen you hir wordes and hir chere;  
 Ne though I speke hir wordes proprely.  
 For this ye knowen al so wel as I,  
 Who so shall telle a tale after a man,  
 He muste rehearse, as neigh as ever he can,  
 Everich word, if it be in his charge,  
 All speke he never so rudely and so large;  
 Or elles he muste tellen his tale untrew,  
 Or feinin thinges, or finden wordes newe.  
 He may not spare, although he were his bro,  
 He muste as wel sayn o<sup>3</sup> word, as an other.  
 Crist spake himself ful brode in holy writ,  
 And wel ye wote no vilanie is it.

It appears from hence that the Pardoner was an itinerant  
 clerk of much the same stamp with *Frater Cyprian* in the Decretals.  
 By the Stat. 22 H. VIII. c. 12, all proctors and pardoners going  
 any country without sufficient authority are to be treated as  
 Their impositions upon the credulity of the poor have been  
 several times. See Du Cange, in v. 9's *stern* and *Qu*  
 under which general names the vendors of indulgences are included.

<sup>1</sup> Polish.<sup>2</sup> Impute it to.<sup>3</sup> Or.

Eke Plato sayeth, who so can him rede,  
 The wordes mooste ben cosin to the dede.<sup>1</sup>  
 Also I praye you to forgive it me,  
 All have I not<sup>2</sup> sette folk in hir degree,  
 Here in this tale, as that they shulden stonde.  
 My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.

Oret chere made oure hoste us everich on,  
 And to the souper sette he us anon:  
 And served us with vitaille of the beste.  
 Strong was the win, and wel to drinke us leste.<sup>3</sup>  
 A amely man our hoste was with alle  
 For to han ben a marshal in an halle,  
 A large man he was with eyen stepe,<sup>4</sup>  
 A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe:  
 Bold of his speche, and wise and wel ytaught,  
 And of manhood him lacked righte naught.  
 Eke therto was he right a mery man,  
 And after souper plaien he began,  
 And spake of mirthe amonges other thinges,  
 Whan that we hadden made our rekeninges;  
 And saide thus; Now, lordinges, trewely  
 Ye ben to me welcome right hertily:  
 For by my trouthe, if that I shal not lie,  
 I saw nat this yere swiche a compaignie  
 At ones in this herberwe,<sup>5</sup> as is now.  
 Fayn wolde I do you mirthe, and I wiste how.  
 And of a mirthe I am right now bethought,  
 To don you ese, and it shall coste you nought.  
 Ye gon to Canterbury; God you spede,  
 The blisful martyr quite you your mede;  
 And wel I wot, as ye gon by the way,  
 Ye shapen you to talken and to play:  
 For trewely comfort ne mirthe is non,  
 To riden by the way dombe as the ston:  
 And therefore wold I maken you disport,  
 As I said erst, and don you some comfort.  
 And if you liketh aile by on assent  
 Now for to stonden at my jugement:

<sup>1</sup> This saying of Plato is quoted again v. 17,156. Our author probably got it from Boethius, B. iii. Pr. 12. See also *Rem. de la R.* ver. 7465.

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.* If I have not. Cf. *va.* 3477. "All be ye not of o complexion."

<sup>3</sup> It pleased us well.

<sup>4</sup> Harbour, *i.e.* inn, hostel.

<sup>5</sup> See on v. 291.

And for to werchen<sup>1</sup> as I shal you say  
 To-morwe, whan ye riden on the way,  
 Now by my faders soule that is ded,  
 But ye be mery, smiteth of my hed.  
 Hold up your hondes withouten more speche.

Our conseil was not longe for to seche :  
 Us thought it was not worth to make it wise,<sup>2</sup>  
 And granted him withouten more avise,  
 And bad him say his verdit, as him leste.

Lordinges, (quod he) now herkeneth for the beste;  
 But take it nat, I pray you, in disdain;  
 This is the point, to speke it plat and plain,  
 That eche of you to shorten with youre way,  
 In this viage, shal tellen tales tway,  
 To Canterbury ward, I mene it so,  
 And homeward he shall tellen other two,  
 Of aventures that whilom han befalla.  
 And which of you that bereth him best of alle,  
 That is to sayn, that telleth in this cas  
 Tales of best sentence and most solas,<sup>3</sup>  
 Shal have a souper at youre aller cost  
 Here in this place sitting by this post,  
 Whan that ye comen agen from Canterbury.  
 And for to maken you the more mery,  
 I wol myselven gladly with you ride,  
 Right at min owen cost, and be your gide  
 And who that wol my jugement withsay,  
 Shall pay for alle we spenden by the way.  
 And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,  
 Telle me anon withouten wordes mo,  
 And I wol erly shapen me therfore.

This thing was granted, and our othes swore<sup>4</sup>  
 With ful glad herte, and praiden him also,  
 That he wold vouchesauf for to don so,  
 And that he wold be our governour,  
 And of our tales juge and reportour,  
 And sette a souper at a certain pris;  
 And we wol reuled ben at his devise,  
 In highe and lowe : and thus by on assent,  
 We ben accorded to his jugement.

<sup>1</sup> To do. <sup>2</sup> I.e. To give it a long deliberation. <sup>3</sup> Comfort, pleasure.

<sup>4</sup> I.e. we swore our oaths, and prayed him. Our author too frequently omits the governing pronoun before the verb. Cf. *var.* 1731, 5017, 5054, &c.

And therupon the win was sette anon.  
 We drunken, and to reste wanten eche on.  
 Withoute any longer taryng.

A-morwe when the day began to spring,  
 Up rose our hoste, and was our aller cok,<sup>1</sup>  
 And gadred us togeder in a flock,  
 And forth we riden a litel more than pas,  
 Unto the watering of Saint Thomas:  
 And ther our hoste began his bore areset,  
 And saide; lordes, herkeneth if you list.  
 Ye wote your forword,<sup>2</sup> and I it record.  
 If even-song and morwe-song accord,  
 Let so now who shal telle the first tale.  
 As ever mote I drinken win or ale,  
 Who so is rebel to my jugement,  
 Shal pay for alle that by the way is spent.  
 Now draweth<sup>3</sup> cutte, or that ye forther twinne.<sup>4</sup>  
 He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.

Sire knight, (quod he) my maister and my lord,  
 Now draweth cutte, for that is min accord.  
 Cometh nere, (quod he) my lady prioress,  
 And ye, sire clerk, let be your shamefastness,  
 Ne studieth nought, lay hand to, every man.

Anon to drawen every wight began,  
 And shortly for to tallen as it was,  
 Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,  
 The sothe is this, the cutte felle on the knight  
 Of which ful blith and glad was every wight;  
 And tell he must his tale as was reson,  
 But forword, and by composition,  
 As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?  
 And whan this good man saw that it was so,  
 As he that wise was and obedient  
 To kepe his forword by his free assent,  
 He saide; sithen I shal begin this game,  
 What? welcome be the cutte a<sup>5</sup> goddes name.  
 Now let us ride, and herkeneth<sup>6</sup> what I say.

And with that word we riden forth our way;  
 And he began with right a mery chere  
 His tale anon, and saide as ye shul here.

<sup>1</sup> I. e. acted as cook for us all, woke us in time.      ●  
 You know your promise.      <sup>2</sup> Draw. It is the second person plural.  
<sup>3</sup> Before ye proceed further.      <sup>4</sup> In.      <sup>5</sup> See on v. 537.



## The Knightes Tale

861—890.

WHILOM, as olde stories tellen us,  
Ther was a duk that highte Theseus.<sup>1</sup>  
Of Athenes he was lord and governour,  
And in his time swiche a conquerour,  
That greter was ther non under the sonne.  
Ful many a riche contree had he wonne.  
What with his wisdom and his chevalrie,  
He conquerd all the regne of Feminie,<sup>2</sup>  
That whilom was ycleped Scythia;  
And wedded the freshe quene Ipolita,  
And brought hire home with him to his contree  
With mochel glorie and gret solempnitee,  
And eke hire yonge suster Emelie.  
And thus with victorie and with melodie  
Let I this worthy duk to Athenes ride,  
And all his host, in armes him beside.  
And certes, if it n'ere<sup>3</sup> to long to here,  
I wolde have told you fully the manere,  
How wonnen was the regne of Feminie,  
By Theseus, and by his chevalrie;  
And of the grete bataille for the nones  
Betwix Athenes and the Amasones;  
And how asseged was Ipolita  
The faire hardy quene of Scythia;  
And of the feste, that was at hire wedding,  
And of the temple at hire home coming.  
But all this thing I moste as now forbere.  
I have, God wot, a large feld to ere;  
And weke ben the oxen in my plow.  
The remenant of my tale is long ynow.

<sup>1</sup> For a copious account of the Theseida of Boccace, of which Chaucer has largely, but with excellent judgment, availed himself, see Tyrwhitt Introduction, § ix.

<sup>2</sup> Womanhood, i. e. the kingdom of the Amazons.

<sup>3</sup> If it were a







Y. Knight's Tale.



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I wil not letten eke non of this route,  
 Let every felaw telle his tale aboute,  
 And let us now who shal the souper winne.  
 Ther as I left, I wil agen beginne.  
 This duk, of whom I made mencionn,  
 Whan he was comen almost to the toun,  
 In all his wele and in his moeste pride,  
 He was ware, as he cast his eye aside,  
 Wher that ther kneled in the highe way  
 A compaignie of ladies, twey and twey,  
 Eche after other, clad in clothes blake:  
 But swiche a crie and swiche a wo they make,  
 That in this world n'is creature living,  
 That ever herd swiche another waimenting.  
 And of this crie he wolde they never stenten,<sup>1</sup>  
 Till they the reines of his bridel henten,<sup>2</sup>

What folk be ye that at min home coming  
 Perturben so my feste with crying?  
 Quod Theseus, have ye so grete envie  
 Of min honour, that thus complaine and crie?  
 Or who hath you misboden,<sup>3</sup> or offended?  
 Do telle me, if that it may be amended;  
 And why ye be thus clothed alle in blake?

The oldest lady of hem all than spake,  
 Whan she had swouned, with a dedly chere,<sup>4</sup>  
 That it was reuthe<sup>5</sup> for to seen and here.  
 She sayde; lord, to whom fortune hath yeven  
 Victorie, and as a conquerour to liven,  
 Nought greveth us your glorie and your honour;  
 But we beske you of mercie and socour.  
 Have mercie on our woe and our distresse.  
 Som drope of pitee, thurgh thy gentillesse,  
 Upon us wretched wimmen let now falle.  
 For certes, lord, ther n'is non of us alle,  
 That she n'hath ben a duchesse or a queene;  
 Now be we caitives, as it is wel sene:  
 Thanked be fortune, and hire false whole,  
 That non estat ensureth to be wele.  
 And certes, lord, to abiden your presence  
 Here in this temple of the goddessse Clemence  
 We han ben waiting all this fourteenight:  
 Now helpe us, lord, sin it lieth in thy might.

<sup>1</sup> So in *Romeo and Juliet*: "She *sainted*, and cried aye," i. e. left off weping. <sup>2</sup> *Seized*. <sup>3</sup> *Injured*. <sup>4</sup> *Appearance*. <sup>5</sup> *Piteous*.

I wretched wight, that wepe and waile thus,  
 Was whilom wif to king Capaneus,  
 That starfe<sup>1</sup> at Thebes, cursed be that day:  
 And alle we that ben in this aray,  
 And maken all this lamentation,  
 We losten alle our liabondes at that toun,  
 While that the sege therabouten lay.  
 And yet now the olde Creon, wala wa!<sup>2</sup>  
 That lord is now of Thebes the citee,  
 Fulfilled of ire and of inquitee,  
 He for despit, and for his tyrannie,  
 To don the ded bodies a vilanie,  
 Of alle our lordes, which that ben yslawe,  
 Hath alle the bodies on an hepe ydrawe,  
 And will not suffren hem by non assent  
 Neyther to ben yleried, ne ybrent,  
 But maketh hem indea ete hem in despite.

And with that word, withouten more respite  
 They fallen groff,<sup>3</sup> and crien pitously;  
 Have on us wretched wimmen som mercy,  
 And let our sorwe sinken in thin herte.

This gentil duk doun from his courser sterte<sup>4</sup>  
 With herte pitous, whan he herd hem speke.  
 Him thoughte that his herte wolde all to-breke,<sup>5</sup>  
 Whan he saw hem so pitous and so mate,<sup>6</sup>  
 That whilom weren of so gret estate.  
 And in his armes he lem all up hente,  
 And hem comforted in ful good entente,  
 And swore his oth, as he was trewe knight,  
 He wolde don so toforthly<sup>7</sup> his might  
 Upon the tyrant Creon hem to wreke,  
 That all the peple of Grece hadde speke,  
 How Creon was of Theseus yserved,  
 As he that hath his deth ful well deserved.

And right anon withouten more abode  
 His banner he displaide, and forth he rode  
 To Thebes ward, and all his host beside:  
 No nere Athenes u'olde he go ne ride,

<sup>1</sup> Died.

<sup>2</sup> Well a day! an old Saxon interjection. The classical allusion should compare Sophocles' Antigone, and the Suppliants and Phœnissians of Euripides; but I have no space for classical parallels.

<sup>3</sup> Flung on the earth.

<sup>4</sup> Prostrated, half dead with grief.

<sup>5</sup> Leaped.

<sup>6</sup> Far forth, there.

He take his ese fully half a day,  
 But onward on his way that night he lay:  
 And sent anon Ipolita the quene,  
 And Fieshe hire yonge sister shene<sup>1</sup>  
 Unto the town of Athenes for to dwell:  
 And forth he rat; ther n'is no more to tell.

The real statue of Mars with spere and targe  
 So shineth in his white banner large,  
 That all the feldeas ghteren up and down:  
 And by his banner borne is his penon  
 Of gold ful riche, in which ther was ybete<sup>2</sup>  
 The Minotaure which that he slew in Creta.  
 Thus rit this duk, thus rit this conquerour  
 And in his host of chevalrie the flour,  
 Til that he came to Thebes, and alight  
 Payre in a feld, ther as he thought to fight.  
 But shortly for to speken of this thing,  
 With Creon, which that was of Thebes king,  
 He fought, and slew him manly as a knight  
 In plaine bataille, and put his folk to flight:  
 And by assaut he wan the citee after,  
 And rent adoun bothe wall and sparre,<sup>3</sup> and rafter;  
 And to the ladies he restored again  
 The bodies of hir housbondes that were slain,  
 To don the obsequies, as was the the gise.<sup>4</sup>

But it were all to long for to devise  
 The grete clamour, and the waimenting,  
 Whiche that the ladies made at the brenning  
 Of the bodies, and the gret honour,  
 That Theseus the noble conquerour  
 Doth to the ladies, whan they from him wente:  
 But shortly for to telle is min entente.

Whan that this worthy duk, this Theseus,  
 Hath Creon alaine, and wonnen Thebes thus,  
 Still in the feld he toke all night his reate,  
 And did with all the contree as him leste.  
 To ransake in the tas<sup>5</sup> of bodies dede,  
 Hem for to stripe of harneis and of wede,  
 The pillours<sup>6</sup> dide hir beainesse and cure,  
 After the bataille and discomfiture.  
 And so befell, that in the tas they found,  
 Thurgh girt with many a grevous bloody wound,

<sup>1</sup> Beautiful, bright.

<sup>2</sup> As was then the custom.

<sup>3</sup> Stamped.

<sup>4</sup> Heap.

<sup>5</sup> Bar.

<sup>6</sup> Pillagers.

Two yonge knightes ligging by and by,  
 Bothe in on armes, wrought ful r chey:  
 Of whiche two, Arc ta highte that ou,  
 And he that other highte Palamon.  
 Not fully quik, ne fully d<sup>el</sup> they were  
 But by hir cote-armure, and by hir gere,  
 The leraules knew hem wel in special,  
 As tho that weren of the blood real<sup>1</sup>  
 Of Thebes, and of s<sup>istren</sup> two y<sup>l</sup>orne.  
 Out of the tas the pall<sup>ers</sup> han hem torne,  
 And han hem caried soft unto the tente  
 Of Theseus, and he ful s<sup>one</sup> hem souste  
 To Athenes, for to dwellen in prison  
 Perpetu<sup>el</sup>, he l<sup>o</sup>l<sup>le</sup> no raunson.  
 And whan this worthy duk l<sup>o</sup>l<sup>le</sup> thus ydon,  
 He toke his host, and home he rit anon  
 With laurer crowned as a con<sup>our</sup>;  
 And ther he liveth in joye and in honour  
 Terme of his lif, what nedeth wordes mo<sup>1</sup>  
 And in a tour, in angual, and in we,  
 Dwellen this Palamon and heke Arcite.  
 For evermo, ther<sup>2</sup> may no gold hem quite.

Thus passeth yere by yere, and day by d<sup>ay</sup>  
 Till it felle ones in a morwe of May  
 That Emelie, that fayrer was to sene  
 Than is the lile upon his stalke grene,  
 And fresher than the May with floures new<sup>3</sup>  
 (For with the rose colour strof hire hewe;  
 I n<sup>o</sup>t which was the finer of hem two)  
 Er it was day, as she was wont to do,  
 She was arisen, and all redy d<sup>ight</sup>.  
 For May wol have no slogardie a-night.  
 The soun priketh every gentil herte,  
 And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte,  
 And sayth, arise, and do than observance.

This maketh Emelie han remembrance  
 To don honour to May, and for to rise.  
 Yclothed was she freshe for to leveise.  
 Hire yelwe here was broided in a tresse,  
 Behind hire back a yerde long f<sup>o</sup> gesse.  
 And in the garden at the soun uprist<sup>4</sup>  
 She walketh up and down wher as hire list

<sup>1</sup> Royal.<sup>2</sup> Sisters.<sup>3</sup> Where.<sup>4</sup> Rise.

She gathereth floures, partie white and red,  
 To make a sotel<sup>1</sup> gerlond for hire bed,  
 And as an angel hevenlich she song.  
 The grette tour, that was so thikke and strong,  
 Which of the castel was the cheif dongeon,  
 (Wher as these knyghtes weren in prison,  
 Of which I tolde you, and tellen shal)  
 Was even joyned to the gardin wall,  
 Ther as this Emelia had hire playing.

Bright was the sunne, and clere that mornynge,  
 And Palamon, this woful prisoner,  
 As was his wone, by love of his gylar  
 Was risen, and romed in a chambre on high,  
 In which he all the noble cites sigh,  
 And eke the gardin, ful of branches grene,  
 Ther as this freshe Emelia the shene<sup>2</sup>  
 Was in hire walk, and romed up and down.

This sorweful prisoner, this Palamon  
 Goth<sup>3</sup> in his chambre roming to and fro,  
 And to himselfe complaining of his wo:  
 That he was borne, ful oft he sayd, alas!

And so befell, by aventure or cas,  
 That thurgh a window thikke of many a barre  
 Of yren gret, and square as any sparre,  
 He cast his eyen upon Emelia,  
 And therwithal he blent<sup>4</sup> and cried, a!  
 As though he stongen were unto the herte.

And with that crie Arcite anon up sterte,  
 And saide, cosin min, what eyleth thee,  
 That art so pale and dedly for to see!  
 Why cridest thou? who hath thee don offence?  
 For goddes love, take all in patience  
 Our prison, for it may non other be.  
 Fortune hath yeven<sup>5</sup> us this adversite  
 Some wikke<sup>6</sup> aspect or disposition  
 Of Saturne, by som constellation,  
 Hath yeven us this, although we had it sworn,  
 So stood the heven whan that we were born,  
 We moete endure: this is the short and plain.

This Palamon answerde, and sayde again;

<sup>1</sup> Subtle, cunningly devised.

<sup>2</sup> Goth.

<sup>3</sup> Given.

<sup>4</sup> Beautiful.

<sup>5</sup> Blinded, struck, started with.

<sup>6</sup> Evil.

Cosin, forsoth of this opinion  
 Thou hast a vaine imagination.  
 This prison caused me not for to crie.  
 But I was hurt right now thurghout min eye  
 Into min herte, that wol my hane be.  
 The fayrnesse of a lady that I se  
 Yond in the gardin roming to and fro,  
 Is cause of all my crying and my wo.  
 I n'ot wher she be woman or goddessse.  
 But Venus is it, sothly, as I gesse.

And therwithall on knees adoun he fill,  
 And sayde: Venus, if it be your will  
 You in this gardin thus to transfigure,  
 Beforn me sorweful wretched creature,  
 Out of this prison helpe that we may scape.  
 And if so be our destince be shape  
 By eterne word to chien in prison,  
 Of our lignage<sup>1</sup> have som compassion,  
 That is so low ybrought by tyralnie.

And with that word Arcite gan espie  
 Wher as this lady romed to and fro.  
 And with that sight hire beautee hurt him so,  
 That if that Palamon were wounded sore,  
 Arcite is hurt as moche as he, or more.  
 And with a sigh he sayde pitously:  
 The freske beautee sleth<sup>2</sup> me sodenly  
 Of hire that rometh in the yonder place.  
 And luf I have<sup>3</sup> hire mercie and hire grace,  
 That I may seen hire at the leste way,  
 I n'am but ded,<sup>4</sup> ther n'is no more to say.

This Palamon, whan he these wordes herd,  
 Disputously he loked, and answerd:  
 Whether sayest thou this in earnest or in play?

Nay, quod Arcite, in earnest by my fay.<sup>5</sup>  
 God helpe me so, me lust full yvel pley.

This Palamon gan knit his browes twey.  
 It were, quod he, to thee to gret honour  
 For to be false, ne for to be traytour  
 To me, that am thy cosin and thy brother  
 Ysworne ful depe, and echo of us to other,

<sup>1</sup> Lineage.<sup>2</sup> Slayeth.<sup>3</sup> If I have not.<sup>4</sup> I am nought but a dead man.<sup>5</sup> Faith.

That never for to dien in the peine,  
 Til that the deth departen' shal us tweina,  
 Neyther of us in love to hindre other,  
 Ne in non other cas, my leve<sup>3</sup> brother;  
 But that thou shuldest trewely forther me  
 In every cas, as I shuld forther<sup>4</sup> thee.

This was thin oth, and min also certain;  
 I wot it wel, thou darst it not withsain.  
 Thus art thou of my conseil out of doute,  
 And now thou woldest falsly ban aboute  
 To love my lady, whom I love and serve,  
 And ever shal, til that min herte sterve.

Now certes, false Arcite, thou shalt no so.  
 I loved hire firste, and tolde thee my wo  
 As to my conseil, and my brother sworne  
 To forther me, as I have told beforne.  
 For which thou art ybounden as a knight  
 To helpen me, if it lie in thy might,  
 Or elles art thou false, I dare wel sain.

This Arcite full proudly spake again.  
 Thou shalt, quod<sup>5</sup> he, be rather false than I.  
 And thou art false, I tell thee utterly.  
 For *par amour*<sup>6</sup> I loved hire first or thou.<sup>7</sup>  
 What wolt thou sayn? thou wisted nat right now  
 Whether she were a woman or a goddessse.  
 Thin is affection of holinesse,

And min is love, as to a creature:  
 For which I tolde thee min aventure  
 As to my cosin, and my brother sworne.

I pose, that thou lovedest hire beforne:  
 Wost thou not wel the olde clerkes sawe,  
 That who shall give a lover any lawe?  
 Love is a greter lawe by my pan,<sup>8</sup>  
 Then may be yeven of any erthly man:  
 And therefore positif lawe, and swiche decrees  
 Is broken all day for love in eche degree.  
 A man mooste nedes love maugre his hed.  
 He may not fleeen it, though he shuld be ded,

<sup>1</sup> So in Froissart, v. i. c. 206. Edward III declares that he will not  
 stirre "Jacques & tant qu'il auroit fui de guerre, ou paix & sa suffisance,  
 & à son grand honneur, ou il mourrait en la peine."—*Tyrant's*.

<sup>2</sup> Separate.

<sup>3</sup> Dear.

<sup>4</sup> Forward.

<sup>5</sup> Quoth.

<sup>6</sup> With love.

<sup>7</sup> Before thou didst.

<sup>8</sup> Skill.

All be she maid, or widewe, or elles wif.

And eke it is not likely all thy lif  
To stonden in hire grace, no more shal I:  
For wel thou wost thyselfen veraily,  
That thou and I be damned to prison  
Perpetuel, us gaineth no raunson.

We strive, as did the houndes for the bone,  
They fought all day, and yet hir part was none.  
Ther came a kyte, while that they were so wrothe,  
And bare away the bone betwix hem bothe.  
And therefore at the kinges court, my brother,  
Eche man for himself, ther is non other.  
Love if thee lust; for I love and ay shal:  
And sothly, leve brother, this is al.  
Here in this prison mosten we endure,  
And everich of us take his aventure.

Gret was the strit, and long betwix hem twey,  
If that I hadde leiser for to sey:  
But to th' effect. It happed on a day,  
(To tell it you as shortly as I may)  
A worthy duk that highte Perithous,  
That felaw was to this duk Theseus  
Sin thilke day that they were children lite.<sup>1</sup>  
Was come to Athenes, his felaw to visite,  
And for to play, as he was wont to do,  
For in this world he loved no man so:  
And he loved him as tendrely again.  
So wel they loved, as olde bokes sain,  
That whan that on was ded, sothly to telle,  
His felaw wente and sought him doun in helle:  
But of that storie list me not to write.

Duk Perithous loved wel Arcite,  
And had him knowe at Thebes yere by yere:  
And finally at request and praiere  
Of Perithous, withouten any raunson  
Duk Theseus him let out of prison,  
Frely to gon, wher that him list over all,  
In swiche a gise, as I you tellen shall.

This was the forword,<sup>2</sup> plainly for to endite,  
Betwixen Theseus and him Arcite:  
That if so were, that Arcite were yfound  
Ever in his lif, by day or night, o stound

<sup>1</sup> Little.

<sup>2</sup> Agreement, covenant.

In any contree of this Theseus,  
And he were caught, it was accorded thus,  
That with a sword he shulde lesse his hed ;  
Ther was non other remedie ne rede.<sup>1</sup>  
But taketh his leve, and homeward he him spedde ;  
Let him beware, his neere lieth to wedde.<sup>2</sup>

How gret a sorwe suffereth now Arcite ?  
The deth he feleth thurgh his herte smite ;  
He wepeth, wailleth, crieth pitously ;  
To sleen himself he waiteth prively.  
He said ; Alas the day that I was borne !  
Now is my prison worse than beforre :  
Now is me shape eternally to dwelle  
Not only in pargatorie,<sup>3</sup> but in helle.  
Alas ! that ever I knew Perithous.  
For elles had I dwelt with Theseus  
Yfetered in his prison evermo.

Than had I ben in blisse, and not in wo.  
Only the sight of hire, whom that I serve,  
Though that I never hire grace may deserve,  
Wold have sufficed right ynough for me.

O dere cosin Palamon, quod he,  
Thin is the victorie of this aventure.  
Ful blisful in prison maiest thou endure :  
In prison ? certes nay, but in paradise.  
Wel hath fortune yturned thee the disce,  
That hast the sight of hire, and I th' absence.  
For possible is, sin<sup>4</sup> thou hast hire presence,  
And art a knight, a worthy and an able,  
That by some cas, sin fortune is changeable,  
Thou maiest to thy desir sometime atteine.  
But I that am exiled, and barreine  
Of alle grace, and in so gret despaire,  
That ther n'is erthe, water, fire, ne aire,  
Ne creature, that of hem maked is,  
That may me hele, or don comfort in this,  
Wel ought I sterve in wanhope<sup>5</sup> and distresse.  
Farewel my lif, my lust, and my gladnesse.

<sup>1</sup> Counsel, plan of escape.

<sup>2</sup> Is in pawn, i. e., his life is at stake.

<sup>3</sup> I need scarcely observe that Shakspeare has committed the same  
mistake in the speech of the ghost in "Hamlet."

<sup>4</sup> For athen, athen.

<sup>5</sup> Despair.

Alas, why plainen<sup>1</sup> men so in commune  
 Of purveyance<sup>2</sup> of God, or of fortune,  
 That yeveth hem ful oft in many a gise  
 Wel better than they can hemself devise ?  
 Som man desireth for to have richesse,  
 That cause is of his murdre or gret siknesse,  
 And som man wold out of his prison fayne  
 That in his house is of his meinie<sup>3</sup> slaine.  
 Infinite harmes ben in this matere.  
 We wote not what thing that we praien here.  
 We faren as he that dronke is as a mouse.  
 A drunken man wot wel he hath an hous,  
 But he ne wot which is the right way thider,  
 And to a dronked man the way is slider.<sup>4</sup>  
 And certes in this world so faren we.

We eken fast after felicite,  
 But we go wrong ful often trewely.  
 Thus we may sayen alle, and namely I,  
 That wende, and had a gret opinion,  
 That if I might escapen fro prison  
 Than had I ben in joye and parfite hele,<sup>5</sup>  
 Ther now I am exiled fro my wele,  
 Sin that I may not seen you, Emelis,  
 I n'am but ded ; ther n' is no remedie.

Upon that other side Palamon,  
 Whan that he wist Arcita was agon,  
 Swiche sorwe he maketh, that the grette tour  
 Resounded of his yelling and clamour.  
 The pure fetters<sup>6</sup> on his shinnes grette  
 Were of his bitter salte teres wete.

Alas ! quod he, Arcita cosin min,  
 Of all our strif, God wot, the frute is thin.  
 Thou walkest now in Thebes at thy large,  
 And of my wo thou yevest litel charge.  
 Thou maist, sith thou hast wisdom and manbede,  
 Assemblen all the folk of our kinrede,  
 And make a werre so sharpe on this contree,  
 That by som aventure, or som tretes,  
 Thou maist have hire to lady and to wif,  
 For whom that I must nedes lese my lif  
 For as by way of possibilitee,  
 Sith thou art at thy large of prison free,

<sup>1</sup> Lament.<sup>2</sup> Providence.<sup>3</sup> Domestic, servitude.<sup>4</sup> Slippery.<sup>5</sup> Perfect health.<sup>6</sup> The very fetters.

And art a lord, gret is thin advantage,  
More than is man, that sterve here in a cage,  
For I may wepe and waile, while that I live,  
With all the wo that prison may me yeve,  
And eke with peine that love me yeveth also,  
That doubleth all my tourment and my wo.

Therwith the fire of jalousie up sterte  
Within his brest, and hent him by the herte  
So woodly, that he like was to behold  
The box-tree, or the ashen ded and cold.  
Than said he ; O cruel goddes, that governe  
This world with binding of your word eterne,  
And writen in the table of athamant  
Your parlement<sup>1</sup> and your eterne grant,  
What is mankind more unto you yhold<sup>2</sup>  
Than is the shepe, that rouketh<sup>3</sup> in the fold ?  
For slain is man, right as another beest,  
And dwelleth eke in prison, and arrest,  
And hath siknesse, and gret adversaite,  
And oftentimes gilteles parde.<sup>4</sup>

What governance is in this prescience,  
That gilteles turmenteth innocence ?  
And yet encreaseth this all my penance,  
That man is bounden to his observance  
For Goddes sake to leten of his will,  
Ther as a beest may all his lust fulfill  
And whan a beest is ded, he hath no peine ;  
But man after his deth mote wepe and pleine,  
Though in this world he have care and wo :  
Withouten doute it maye stonden so.

The answer of this lete I to divines,  
But wel I wote, that in this world gret pine is.  
Alas ! I see a serpent or a thefe,  
That many a trewe man hath do meschefe,  
Gon at his large, and wher him lust may turn,  
But I mote ben in prison thurgh Saturn,  
And eke thurgh Juno, jalous and eke wood,<sup>5</sup>  
That hath wel neye destrued all the blood

<sup>1</sup> Your counsel, determination.

<sup>2</sup> Beholden.

<sup>3</sup> Leth close. So Conf. Ans. 77. "But now they racken in her nest.

<sup>4</sup> I. e. Pardieux, "a common French oath, which most of the persons in Chaucer express very frequently in English, with as little meaning as the Greeks used their 'By Jove,' and with as little meaning as"—*Tyrwhitt, &c.*

<sup>5</sup> Mad.

Of Thebes, with his waste walles wide,  
And Venus sleeth me on that other side  
For jalousie, and fere of him Arcite.

Now wol I stent<sup>1</sup> of Palamon a lite,  
And leten him in his prison still dwelle,  
And of Arcite forth I wol you telle.

The sommar passeth, and the nightes long  
Encreasen double wise the peines strong  
Both of the lover, and of the prisoner.  
I n'ot which hath the wofuller mistere,  
For shortly for to say, this Palamon  
Perpetuelly is damned to prison,  
In chaines and in fetters to ben ded;  
And Arcite is exiled on his hed<sup>2</sup>  
For evermore as out of that contree,  
Ne never more he shal his lady see.

You lovers axe I now this question,  
Who hath the werse, Arcite or Palamon?  
That on<sup>3</sup> may se his lady day by day,  
But in prison mooste he dwellen alway.  
That other wher him lust may ride or go,  
But sen his lady shall he never mo.  
Now demeth as you liste, ye that can,  
For I wol tell you forth as I began.

Whan that Arcite to Thebes comen was,  
Ful oft a day he swelt<sup>4</sup> and said alas,  
For sen his lady shall he never mo.  
And shortly to concluden all his wo,  
So mochel sorwe hadde never creature,  
That is or shal be, while the world may dure.  
His slepe, his mete, his drinke is him byraft,  
That lene he wex, and drie as is a shaft.<sup>5</sup>  
His eyen holwe, and grisly to behold,  
His hewe falwe,<sup>6</sup> and pale as ashen cold,  
And solitary he was, and ever alone,  
And wailing all the night, making his mone.  
And if he herde song or instrument,  
Than wold he wepe, he mighte not be stent.<sup>7</sup>  
So feble were his spiritus, and so low,  
And changed so, that no man coude know

<sup>1</sup> Cease speaking of.

<sup>2</sup> I. e., on pain of his life.

<sup>3</sup> One.

<sup>4</sup> Fainted, grew sick at heart.

<sup>5</sup> An arrow.

<sup>6</sup> Complexion sallow.

<sup>7</sup> Restrained.

His speche ne his vois, though men it herd,  
 And in his gere, for all the world he ferd  
 Nought only like the lovers maladie  
 Of Eros,<sup>1</sup> but rather ylike manie,  
 Engendred of humours melancolike,  
 Beforne his hed in his celle fantastike.  
 And shortly turned was all up so doun  
 Both habit and eke disposition  
 Of him, this woful lover dan Arcite.  
 What shuld I all day of his wo endite?

Whan he endured had a yere or two  
 This cruel torment, and this peine and wo,  
 At Thebes, in his contree, as I said, -  
 Upon a night in slepe as he him laid,  
 Him thought how that the winged god Mercury  
 Beforne him stood, and bad him to be mery.  
 His sleepy yerde<sup>2</sup> in hond he bare upright;  
 An hat he wered upon his heres bright.  
 Arraied was this god (as he toke kepe)  
 As he was whan that Argus<sup>3</sup> toke his slepe;  
 And said him thus: To Athenes shalt thou wende;  
 Ther is thee shapen of thy wo an ende.

And with that word Arcite awoke and start.  
 Now trewely how sore that ever me smart,  
 Quod he, to Athenes right now wol I fare.  
 Ne for no drede of deth shal I not spare  
 To se my lady, that I love and serve;  
 In hire presence I rekke not to sterve.  
 And with that word he caught a great mirroure,  
 And saw that changed was all his colour,  
 And saw his visage all in another kind.  
 And right anon it ran him in his mind,  
 That sith his face was so disfigured  
 Of maladie the which he had endured,  
 He mighte wel, if that he bare him lowe,  
 Live in Athenes evermore unknowe,

<sup>1</sup> For Eros, the Greek name of Love.

<sup>2</sup> I.e., his caduceus, or wand.

<sup>3</sup> The golden wand, that causes sleep to fly,  
 Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,  
 That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day,  
 Points out the long uncomfortable way."

Pope's *Odyssey*, bk. 24.

<sup>4</sup> Mercury succeeded in closing his hundred eyes, and then slew him.

<sup>5</sup> Humbly.

And sen his lady wel nigh day by day.  
 And right anon he changed his aray,  
 And clad him as a poure labourer.  
 And all alone, save only a squier,  
 That knew his privitee and all his cas,  
 Which was disguised pourely as he was,  
 To Athenes is he gon the nexte way.  
 And to the court he went upon a day,  
 And at the gate he proffered his service,  
 To drugge<sup>1</sup> and draw, what so men wold devise.  
 And shortly of this matere for to sayn,  
 He fell in office with a chamberlain,  
 The which that dwelling was with Emelie.  
 For he was wise, and coude sone espie  
 Of every servant, which that served hire.  
 Wel coude he hewen wood, and water bere,  
 For he was yonge and mighty for the nones,  
 And therto he was strong and big of bones  
 To don that any wight can him devise.

A yere or two he was in this service,  
 Page of the chambre of Emelie the bright;  
 And Philostrate<sup>2</sup> he sayde that he hight.  
 But half so wel beloved a man as he,  
 Ne was ther never in court of his degre.  
 He was so gentil of conditioun,  
 That thurghout all the court was his renoun.  
 They sayden that it were a charite  
 That Theseus wold enhaunsen his degre,  
 And putten him in worshipful service,  
 Ther as he might his vertues exercise.  
 And thus within a while his name is spronge  
 Both of his dedes, and of his good tonge,  
 That Theseus hath taken him of ner<sup>3</sup>  
 That of his chambre he made him a squier,  
 And gave him gold to mainteine his degre;  
 And eke men brought him out of his contre

<sup>1</sup> Drag.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Theseida* Arcite takes the name of *Penthes*. See the I course, &c., p. 83. The name of Philostrate might be suggested Chaucer, either by Boccace's poem entitled *Philostrato*, or by Decameron, in which one of the characters is so called. In the *summer Night's Dream*, of which the principal subject is plainly taken from this tale, a Philostrate is also introduced, as a favourite servant Theseus and master of his sports.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>3</sup> Nearer his person, into more confidential service.

Fro yere to yere ful prively<sup>1</sup> his rent,  
 But honestly and sleighly he it spent,  
 That no man wondred how that he it hadde.  
 And thre yere in this wise his life he ladde,  
 And bare him so in pees and eke in werre,  
 Ther n'as no man that Theseus hath derre.  
 And in this blisse let I now Arcite,  
 And speke I wol of Palamon a lite.

In derkenesse and horrible and strong prison  
 This seven yere hath sitten Palamon,  
 Forpined, what for love and for distresse,  
 Who feleth double sorwe and hevynesse  
 But Palamon ? that love distraineth so,  
 That wood<sup>2</sup> out of his wit he goth for wo,  
 And eke therto he is a prisonere  
 Perpetuell, not only for a yere.

Who coude rime in English proprely  
 His martirdom ? forsooth it am not I,  
 Therefore I passe as lightly as I may.  
 It tell that in the seventh yere in May  
 The thridde night, (as olde bokes sayn,  
 That all this storie tellen more plain)  
 Were it by aventure or destinee,  
 (As, whan a thing is shapen, it shal be,)  
 That sone after the midnight, Palamon  
 By helping of a frend brake his prison,  
 And fleeth the cite faste as he may go,  
 For he had yeven drinke his gayler so  
 Of a clarre,<sup>3</sup> made of a certain wine,  
 With Narcotikes and Opie of Thebes fine,  
 That all the night though that men wold him shake,  
 The gailer slept, he mighte not awake.  
 And thus he fleeth as faste as ever he may.

The night was short, and faste by the day,  
 That nedes cost<sup>4</sup> he moste himselven hide.  
 And to a grove faste ther beside

<sup>1</sup> Privately.

<sup>2</sup> Mad.

<sup>3</sup> Wine mixed with honey and spices, and afterwards strained till it is clear — *Tyrwhitt, gl.*

<sup>4</sup> That nedes cost. The sense of this passage, as it stands in the MSS., is so obscure, that I am inclined to adopt the alteration proposed in GL I II V NEBL. That nedes cost he moste himselven hide; i. e., that he must needs cost, or contrive, to hide himself. But I find the same expression in L. W. 2666.

"Or nedes costs this thing mote have an ende." — *Tyrwhitt.*

With dreddful foot<sup>1</sup> than stalketh Palamon.

For shortly this was his opinion.

That in that grove he wold him hide all day,

And in the night than wold he take his way

To Thebes ward, his frendes for to p<sup>re</sup>ss

On Theseus to helpen him to werren.<sup>2</sup>

And shortly, eyther he wold lose his lif,

Or winnen Emelie unto his wif.

This is the effect, and his entente plain.

Now wol I turnen to Arcite again,

That litel wist how neighe was his care,

Til that fortune had brought him in the mane.

The best larks, the messenger of day,

Salaweth<sup>3</sup> in hire song the morwe gray;

And fry Phebus riseth up so bright,

That all the orient laugheth of the sight,

And with his stremes drieth in the groves

The silver dropes hanging on the leves,

And Arcite, that is in the court real<sup>4</sup>

With Theseus the squier principal,

Is risen, and loketh on the mery day.

And for to don his observance to May,

Remembring on the point of his desire,

He on his courser, starting as the fire,

Is ridden to the feldes him to pley,

Out of the court, were it a mile or twey.

And to the grove of which that I you told,

By aventure his way he gan to hold,

To maken him a gerlond of the groves,

Were it of woodbind or of hauthorn leves,

And loud he song agen the sonne sheve.

O Maye, with all thy floures and thy grene,

Right welcome be thou faire freshe May,

I hope that I some grene here getten may.

And from his courser, with a lusty herte

Into the grove ful hastily he sterte,

And in a path he romed up and down,

Ther as by aventure this Palamon

Was in a bush, that no man might him see,

For sore afered of his deth was he.

Nothing ne knew he that it was Arcite.

God wot he wold have trowed it ful lite.

<sup>1</sup> Timid, stealthy.

<sup>2</sup> Salutes.

<sup>3</sup> Make with.

<sup>4</sup> Royal.

But soth is said, gon sithen are many yeres,  
That feld hath eyen, and the wood hath eres.  
It is ful faire a man to bere him even,  
For al day meten men at unset steven.<sup>1</sup>  
Ful litel wote Arcite of his felaw,  
That was so neigh to herken of his saw,  
For in the bush he sitteth now ful still.

Whan that Arcite had romed all his fill,  
And songen all the roundel<sup>2</sup> lustily,  
Into a studie he fell sodenly,  
As don these lovers in hir queinte geres,<sup>3</sup>  
Now in the crop,<sup>4</sup> and now down in the breres,  
Now up, now down, as boket in a well.  
Right as the Friday, sothly for to tell,  
Now shineth it, and now it raineth fast,  
Right so can gery<sup>5</sup> Venus overcast  
The hertes of hire folk, right as hire day  
Is gerfull, right so changeth she aray.  
Selde is the Friday all the weke ylike.

Whan Arcite hadde ysonge, he gan to aike,<sup>7</sup>  
And set him down withouten any more:  
Alas! (quod he) the day that I was bore!  
How longe, Juno, thurgh thy crueltee  
Wilt thou werrein Thebes the citee!  
Alas! ybrought is to confusion  
The blood real of Cadme and Amphion:  
Of Cadmus, which that was the firste man,  
That Thebes built, or firste the toun began,  
And of the citee firste was crowned king.  
Of his linage am I, and his offspring  
By veray line, as of the stok real.  
And now I am so caitif and so thral,<sup>8</sup>  
That he that is my mortal enemy,  
I serve him as his squier pourely.  
And yet doth Juno me wel more shame,  
For I dare not beknowe<sup>9</sup> min own name,  
But ther as I was wont to highte Arcite,  
Now highte I Philostrate, not worth a mite.  
Alas! thou fell Mars! alas! thou Juno,  
Thus hath your ire our linage all fordo,

<sup>1</sup> A time for performing any action, previously fixed by message, ser. summons, &c. — *Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>2</sup> Or *randel*, "a rime or sonnet, which ends as it begins" — *Cotgrave*.

<sup>3</sup> Strange fashions.

<sup>4</sup> The top.

<sup>5</sup> Briars.

<sup>6</sup> Changeable, inconstant.

<sup>7</sup> Sigh.

<sup>8</sup> A slave, a villain.

<sup>9</sup> Acknowledge.

Save only me, and wretched Palamon,  
 That Theseus martireth in prison.  
 And over all this, to slen me utterly,  
 Love hath his fry dart so brenningly  
 Ystiked<sup>1</sup> thurgh my trewe careful hert,  
 That shapen was my deth erst than my shert.<sup>2</sup>  
 Ye slen me with your eyen, Emelie;  
 Ye ben the cause wherfore that I die.  
 Of all the remenant of min other care  
 No set I not the mountance<sup>3</sup> of a tare,  
 So that I coude don ought to your plesance.

And with that word he fell down in a trance  
 A longe time; and afterward up sterte  
 This Palamon, that thought thurghout his herte  
 He felt a colde sword sodenly glide:  
 For ire he quoke, no lenger wolde he bide.  
 And whan that he had herd Arcites tale,  
 As he were wood, with face ded and pale,  
 He sterte him up out of the bushes thikke,  
 And sayde: False Arcite, false traitour wicke,  
 Now art thou bent, that lovest my lady so,  
 For whom that I have all this peine and wo,  
 And art my blood, and to my conseil sworn,  
 As I ful oft have told thee herebeforn,  
 And hast bejaped<sup>4</sup> her duk Theseus,  
 And falsely changed hast thy name thus;  
 I wol be ded, or elles thou shalt die.  
 Thou shalt not love my lady Emelie,  
 But I wol love hire only and no mo.  
 For I am Palamon thy mortal fo.  
 And though that I no wepen have in this place,  
 But out of prison am astert by grace,  
 I drede nought, that eyther thou shalt die,  
 Or thou ne shalt nat loven Emelie.

Chese which thou wolt, for thou shalt not asterte<sup>5</sup>

This Arcite tho, with ful dispitous herte,  
 Whan he him knew, and had his tale herd,  
 As fere as a leon, pulled out a sword,

<sup>1</sup> Pierced, plunged.

<sup>2</sup> Tyrwhitt (in *gl.*) compares T. III. 734:

"O fatal suster, which, or sey clothe

*Me shapen was, my destines ne spounne."*

And L. W. 7813:

"Sene first that day, that shapen was my sherte,

Or by the fatal syster had my downe."

<sup>3</sup> Amount, value.

<sup>4</sup> Tricked.

<sup>5</sup> Escape.

And sayde thus; By God that sitteth above,  
 N'ere it that thou art sike, and wood for love,  
 And eke that thou no wepen hast in this place,  
 Thou shaldest never out of this grove pace,  
 That thou ne shyldest dien of min hond.  
 For I defe the suretee and the bond,  
 Which that thou east that I have made to thee.  
 What? veray fool, thinke wel that love is free,  
 And I wol love hire maugre<sup>1</sup> all thy might.  
 But, for thou art a worthy gentil knight,  
 And wilnest to darraigne<sup>2</sup> hire by bataille,  
 Have here my trowth, to-morwe I will not faille,  
 Withouten weting of any other wight,  
 That here I wol be founden as a knight,  
 And bringen harneis right ynough for thee;  
 And chese the beste, and leve the werste for me.  
 And mete and drinke this night wol I bring  
 Ynough for thee, and clothes for thy bedding.  
 And if so be that thou my lady win,  
 And ale me in this wode, ther I am in,  
 Thou maist wel have thy lady as for me.

This Palamon answerd, I grant it thee.  
 And thus they ben departed til a-morwe,  
 Whan eche of hem hath laid his faith to borwe.

O Cupide, out of alle charitee!  
 O regne,<sup>3</sup> that wolt no felaw have with thee!  
 Ful soth is sayde, that love ne lordship  
 Wol nat, his thankes,<sup>4</sup> have no felawship.  
 Wel finden that Arcite and Palamon.

Arcite is ridden anon unto the toun,  
 And on the morwe, or it were day light,  
 Ful prively two harneis hath he dight,  
 Both sufficient and mete to darreine  
 The bataille in the feld betwix hem tweine.  
 And on his hors, alone as he was borne,  
 He carieth all this harneis him beforne;  
 And in the grove, at time and place ysette,  
 This Arcite and this Palamon ben mette.  
 The changen gan the colour of hir face.  
 Right as the hunter in the regne of Trace  
 That stondeeth at a gappe with a spere,  
 Whan hunted is the lion or the bere,

<sup>1</sup> Despite.<sup>2</sup> King.<sup>3</sup> Contend for.<sup>4</sup> With his good will.

And hereth him come rushing in the groves,<sup>1</sup>  
 And breking bothe the boughes and the leves,  
 And thinketh, here cometh my mortal enemy,  
 Withouten faille, he must be ded or I;  
 For eyther I mote slen him at the gappe;  
 Or he mote slen me, if that me mishappe:  
 So ferden<sup>2</sup> they, in changing of hir bewe,  
 As fer as eyther of hem other knewe.  
 Ther n'as no good day, ne no saluing,  
 But streit withouten wordes rehersing,  
 Everich of hem halpe to armen other,  
 As frendly, as he were his owen brother.  
 And after that, with sharpe speres strong  
 They foineden<sup>3</sup> eche at other wonder long.  
 Thou mightest wenen, that this Palamon  
 In his fighting were as a wood leon,  
 And as a cruel tigre was Arcite:  
 As wilde bores gan they togeder smite,  
 That frothen white as fume for ire wood.  
 Up to the ancle foughte they in hir blood.  
 And in this wise I let hem fighting dwelle,  
 And forth I wol of Theseus you telle.

The destinee, ministre general,  
 That executeth in the world over al  
 The purveiance, that God hath sen beforne;  
 So strong it is, that though the world had sworn  
 The contrary of a thing by ya or nay,  
 Yet somtime it shall fallen on a day  
 That falleth nat esto in a thousand yere.  
 For certainly our appetites here,  
 Be it of werre, or pees, or hate, or love,  
 All is this ruled by the sight above.  
 This mene I now by mighty Theseus,  
 That for to huntun is so desirous,  
 And namely at the grete hart in May,  
 That in his bed ther daweth<sup>4</sup> him no day,  
 That he n'is clad, and redy for to ride  
 With hunte and horne, and houndes him beside.  
 For in his hunting hath he awiche delite,  
 That it is all his joye and appetite  
 To ben himself the grete hartes bane,  
 For after Mars he serveth now Diana.

<sup>1</sup> Groves.<sup>2</sup> Made passes at each other.<sup>3</sup> Fared.<sup>4</sup> Daweth.

Clere was the day, as I have told or this,  
 And Theseus, with alle joye and blis,  
 With his Ipolita, the fayre quene,  
 And Emelie, yclothed all in grene,  
 On hunting ben they ridden really.  
 And to the grove, that stood ther faste by,  
 In which ther was an hart as men him told,  
 Duk Theseus the streite way hath hold.  
 And to the launde he rideth him ful right,  
 Ther was the hart ywont to have his flight,  
 And over a brooke, and so forth on his way.  
 This duk wol have a cours at him or twey  
 With houndes, swiche as him lust to commaunde.  
 And when this duk was comen to the launde,  
 Under the sonne he loked, and anon  
 He was ware of Arcite and Palamon,  
 That foughten breme,<sup>1</sup> as it were bolles<sup>2</sup> two.  
 The brighte swerdes wenten to and fro  
 So hidously, that with the leste stroke  
 It semed that it wolde felle an oke.  
 But what they weren, nothing he ne wote.  
 This duk his courser with his sporres smote,  
 And at a stert he was betwix hem two,  
 And pulled out a swerd and cried, ho !  
 No more, up peine of lesing oi your hed.  
 By mighty Mars, he shal anon be ded,  
 That amiteth any stroke, that I may sen.  
 But telleth me what mistere<sup>3</sup> men ye ben,  
 That ben so hardy for to fighten here  
 Withouten any juge other officere,  
 As though it were in listes really.  
 This Palamon answered hastily,  
 And saide: Sire, what nedeth wordes mo ?  
 We have the deth deserved bothe two.  
 Two woful wretches ben we, two caitives,  
 That ben accombred<sup>4</sup> oi our owen lives,  
 And as thou art a rightful lord and juge,  
 Ne yeve us neyther mercie ne refuge.

<sup>1</sup> Furiously.<sup>2</sup> Balls. This is a very frequent comparison with the poets, specially when describing a quarrel about a love affair.<sup>3</sup> What manner of men, of what profession. <sup>4</sup> Tired.

And sle me first, for seinte charitee.  
 But sle my felaw eke as wel as me.  
 Or sle him first; for, though thou know it litte,<sup>1</sup>  
 This is thy mortal fo, this is Arcite,  
 That fro thy lond is banished on his hed,  
 For which he hath deserved to be ded.  
 For this is he that came unto thy gate  
 And sayde, that he highte Philostrate.  
 Thus hath he japed<sup>2</sup> thee ful many a yere,  
 And thou hast makid him thy chief squire,  
 And this is he, that loveth Emelie.

For sith the day is come that I shal die  
 I make plainly my confession,  
 That I am thilke woful Palamon,  
 That hath thy prison broken wilfully.  
 I am thy mortal fo, and it am I  
 That loveth so hot Emelie the bright,  
 That I wold dien present in hire sight.  
 Therefore I axe deth and my jeweise.<sup>3</sup>  
 But sle my felaw in the same wise,  
 For both we have deserved to be slain.

This worthy duk answerd anon again,  
 And sayd, This is a short conclusion.  
 Your owen mouth, by your confession  
 Hath damned you, and I wol it recorde.  
 It needeth not to peine you with the corde.  
 Ye shul be ded by mighty Mars the rede.<sup>4</sup>

The quene anon for veray womanhede  
 Gan for to wepe, and so did Emelie,  
 And all the ladies in the compaignie.  
 Gret pite was it, as it thought hem alle,  
 That ever swiche a chance shulde befallie.  
 For gentil men they were of great estat,  
 And nothing but for love was this debat.  
 And sawe hir blody woundes wide and sore;  
 And alle criden bothe leese and more,  
 Have mercie, Lord, upon us wimmen alle,  
 And on hir bare knees adoun they falle,  
 And wold have kist his feet ther as he stood,  
 Till at the last, asslaked<sup>5</sup> was his mood;

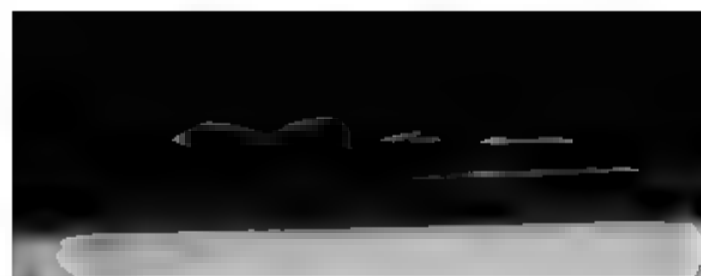
<sup>1</sup> Thou litte knowest it.

<sup>2</sup> Tricked.

<sup>3</sup> Penance, a corruption of "justice," or of the Latin "justitiam."

<sup>4</sup> Red, i. e. bloody.

<sup>5</sup> Relaxed, softened.



(For pitee runneth some in gentil herte)  
And though he first for ire quoke<sup>1</sup> and starte,<sup>2</sup>  
He hath considered shortly in a clauce  
The trespas of hem both, and eke the cause:  
And althugh that his ire hir gilt accused,  
Yet in his reason he hem both excused;  
As thus; he thoughte wel that every man  
Wol helpe himself in love if that he can,  
And eke deliver himself out of prison.  
And eke his herte had compassion  
Of wismen, for they wepten ever in on.<sup>3</sup>  
And in his gentil herte he thoughte anon,  
And soft unto himself he sayed: fie  
Upon a lord that wol have no mercie,  
But be a lech both in word and dede,  
To hem that ben in repentance and drede,  
As wel as to a proud dispitous man,  
That wol mainteinen that<sup>4</sup> he first began.  
That lord hath litel of discretion,  
That in swiche cas can no division:  
But weigheth pride and humblesse after on.<sup>5</sup>  
And shortly, whan his ire is thus agon,  
He gan to loken up with eyen light,  
And spake these same wordes all on hight.

The god of love, a! *benedicite*,  
How mighty and how grete a lord is he!  
Again his might their gainen non obstacles,  
He may be cleped a God for his miracles.  
For he can maken at his owen gise  
Of everich herte, as that him list devise.

Lo here this Arcite, and this Palamon,  
That quitely<sup>6</sup> weren out of my prison,  
And might have lived in Thebes really,  
And weten<sup>7</sup> I am hir mortal enemy,  
And that hir deth lith in my might also,  
And yet hath love, maugre hir eyen two,  
Ybrought hem hither bothe for to die.  
Now loketh, is not this an heigh folie?  
Who maye ben a fool, but if he love?  
Behold for Goddes sake that sitteth above,  
Be how they blede! be they not wel araied?  
Thus hath hir lord, the god of love, hem paied

<sup>1</sup> Shock.<sup>2</sup> Started.<sup>3</sup> Together.<sup>4</sup> What.<sup>5</sup> As the same.<sup>6</sup> Freely.<sup>7</sup> Knew.

Hir wages, and hir fees for hir service.  
 And yet they wenen for to be ful wise,  
 That serven love, for ought that may befalla.  
 And yet is this the beste game of alle,  
 That she, for whom they have this jolite,  
 Con hem therfore as moche thank as me.  
 She wot no more of alle this hote fare  
 By God, than wot a cuckow or an hare.  
 But all mote ben assaied hote or cold;  
 A man mote ben a fool other yonge or old;  
 I wot it by myself ful yore ago:  
 For in my tyme a servant was I on.  
 And therfore with I know of loves paine,  
 And wot how sore it can a man destraine.  
 As he that oft hath ben caught in his laa,  
 I you foryeve all holly this trespass,  
 At request of the quene that kneleth here,  
 And eke of Emelie, my suster dere.  
 And ye shul bothe anon unto me swere,  
 That never mo ye shul my contree dere,<sup>1</sup>  
 No maken werre upon me night ne day,  
 But ben my frendes in alle that ye may.  
 I you foryeve this trespass every del,<sup>2</sup>  
 And they him swore his axing fayr and wel,  
 And him of lordship and of mercie praid,  
 And he hem granted grace, and thus he said:  
 To speke of real linage and riches,  
 Though that she were a quene or a princess,  
 Echo of you bothe is worthy douteles  
 To wedden whan time is, but natheles  
 I speke as for my suster Emelie,  
 For whom ye have this strif and jalousie,  
 Ye wot yourself, she may not wedden two  
 At ones, though ye fighten evermo:  
 But on of you, al be him loth or lefe,  
 He mot gon pipen in an ivy lefe:<sup>3</sup>  
 This is to say, she may not have you bothe,  
 Al be ye never so jalous, ne so wrothe.  
 And forthy<sup>4</sup> I you put in this degree,  
 That echo of you shall have his destinee,  
 As hun is shapen,<sup>5</sup> and herkneeth in what wine;  
 Lo here your ende of that I shal devise.

<sup>1</sup> Swore.<sup>2</sup> Hurt.<sup>3</sup> Entirely.<sup>4</sup> A proverb expressive of disappointment.<sup>5</sup> Therefore.<sup>6</sup> H

My will is this for plat<sup>1</sup> conclusion  
 Withouten any replication,  
 If that you liketh, take it for the beste,  
 That everich of you shal gon wher him lense  
 Freely withouten raunson or dangere;  
 And this day fifty wekes, ferre ne nere,<sup>2</sup>  
 Everich of you shal bring an hundred knyghtes,  
 Armed for listes up at alle rightes  
 Alle redy to darrein<sup>3</sup> hire by bataille.  
 And this behete I you withouten faille  
 Upon my trouth, and as I am a knight,  
 That whether of you bothe hath that might,

<sup>1</sup> Plain.

<sup>2</sup> *Far or near.* The following remarks, in *Notes and Queries*, v. iii. p. 292, are very important:—"With respect to the time of year at which the tournament takes place, there seems to be an inconsistency." Theseus fixes 'this day fifty wekes' from the fourth of May, as the day on which the final contention must come off, and yet the day previous to the final contention is afterwards alluded to as "the lusty season of that May" which, it is needless to say, would be inconsistent with an interval of fifty ordinary weeks.

"But fifty weeks, if taken in their literal sense of 350 days, would be a most unmeaning interval for Theseus to fix upon.—It would at most require explanation as much as the difficulty of *it*. It is therefore much easier to suppose that Chaucer meant to imply the interval of a solar year. Why he should choose to express that interval by fifty, rather than by fifty-two, weeks may be surmised in two ways: first, because the latter phrase would be unpoetical and unmanageable, and secondly, because he might fancy that the week of the Pagan Theseus would be more appropriately represented by a lunar quarter than by a Jewish hebdomad.

"Chaucer sometimes makes the strangest jumble—mixing up together pagan matters and Christian, Roman and Grecian, ancient and modern; so that, although he names Sunday and Monday as two of the days of the week in Athens, he does so evidently for the purpose of introducing the allocation of the hours, alluded to before, to which the planetary names of the days of the week were absolutely necessary. But in the fifty weeks appointed by Theseus, the very same love of a little display of erudition would lead Chaucer to choose the hebdomas lunar, or lunar quarter, which the Athenian youth were wont to mark out by the celebration of a feast to Apollo on every seventh day of the moon. But after the first twenty-eight days of every lunar month, the weekly reckoning must have been discontinued for about a day and a half (when the new moon was what was called 'in coltu,' or invisible) after which a new reckoning of sevens would recommence. Hence there could be but four hebdomades in each lunar month; and as there are about twelve and a half lunar months in a solar year, so must there have been fifty lunar weeks in one solar year."

<sup>3</sup> *Darrein*, to contend.

This is to sayn, that whether he or thou  
May with his hundred, as I spake of now,  
Sle his contrary, or out of listes drive,  
Him shall I yeven Emelis to wive,  
To whom that fortune yeveth so fayr a grace.

The listes shal I maken in this place,  
And God so wisly on my soule rewe,<sup>1</sup>  
As I shal even jugs ben, and trewe.  
Ye shal non other ende with me maken  
That on of you ne shal be ded or taken.  
And if you thinketh this is wel ysaid,  
Saith your avis, and holdeth you apaid.<sup>2</sup>  
This is your ende, and your conclusion.

Who loketh lightly now but Palamon?  
Who springeth up for joye but Arcite?  
Who coud it tell, or who coud it endite,  
The joye that is makid in the place  
Whan Theseus hath don so layre a grace?  
But down on knees went every manere wight,<sup>3</sup>  
And thanked him with all hir hertes might,  
And namely these Thebanes often sith.<sup>4</sup>

And thus with good hope and with herte blith  
They taken hir leve, and homeward gan they ride  
To Thebes, with his olde walles wide.

I trowe men wolde deme it negligence,  
If I foryete to tellen the dispence  
Of Theseus, that goth so besily<sup>5</sup>  
To maken up the listes really,  
That swiche a noble theatre as it was,  
I dare wel sayn, in all this world ther n'as.  
The circuite a mile was aboute,  
Walled of stone, and ditched all withoute.  
Round was the shape, in manere of a compass  
Ful of degrees, the hight of sixty pas,<sup>6</sup>  
That whan a man was set on o degree  
He letted not his felaw for to see.  
Eastward ther stood a gate of marbel white,  
Westward right swiche another in th' opposite.  
And shortly to concluden, swiche a place  
Was never in erthe, in so litel a space,  
For in the lond ther n'as no craftes man,  
That geometric, or arismetrike can,

<sup>1</sup> Have mercy.<sup>2</sup> Satisfied.<sup>3</sup> Every man of them.<sup>4</sup> Since.<sup>5</sup> Busily.<sup>6</sup> Foot-paces.

No portraiture, no kerver of images,  
That Theseus ne yaf<sup>1</sup> him mete and wages  
The theatre for to maken and devise.

And for to don his rite and sacrifice,  
He estward hath upon the gate above,  
In worship of Venus goddess of love,  
Don make an auter<sup>2</sup> and an oratorie;  
And westward in the minds and in memorie  
Of Mars he maketh hath right swiche another,  
That coste largely of gold a fother.<sup>3</sup>  
And northward, in a touret on the wall,  
Of alabastre white and red corall  
An oratorie riché for to see,  
In worship of Diane of chastitee,  
Hath Theseus don wrought in noble wise.<sup>4</sup>

But yet had I foryeten to devise  
The noble kerving, and the portreitures,  
The shape, the contenance of the figures  
That weren in these oratories three.

First in the temple of Venus maist thou see  
Wrought on the wall, ful pitous to beholden,  
The broken slepes, and the sikes<sup>5</sup> colde,  
The sacred teres, and the waimentinges,<sup>6</sup>  
The fry strokes of the desiringes,  
That loves servants in this lif endure;  
The othes, that hir covenants assuren.  
Plesance and hope, desire, foolhardinesse,  
Beaute and youthe, baudrie and richesse,  
Charmes and force, leisinges<sup>7</sup> and flaterie,  
Dispence,<sup>8</sup> besinesse, and jalousie,  
That wered of yelwe golde a gerlond,  
And hadde a cuckow sitting on hire hond,  
Festes, instruments, and caroles and dances,  
Lust and array, and all the circumstances  
Of love, which that I reken and reken shall,  
By ordre weren pointed on the wall,  
And mo than I can make of mention.  
For sothly all the mount of Citheron,

<sup>1</sup> Gave.<sup>2</sup> Altar.<sup>3</sup> A carriage-load, a large quantity.<sup>4</sup> This should rather be *don work*. The participle of the past time yet improperly for the infinitive mood. But the same inaccuracy came again in v. 4891.—*Tyrwhitt*.<sup>5</sup> Sikes.<sup>6</sup> Lamentations.<sup>7</sup> Lies.<sup>8</sup> Hypocresie.

Ther<sup>1</sup> Venus hath hire principal dwelling,  
 Was shewed on the wall in purtreying,  
 With all the gardin, and the lustiness.<sup>2</sup>  
 Nought was foryetten the porter idelness,  
 Ne Narcissus the fayre of yore agon,  
 Ne yet the solio<sup>3</sup> of king Salomon,  
 Ne yet the grete strengthe of Hercules,  
 Th' enchantment of Medea and Circea,  
 Ne of Turnus the hardy fiere corage,  
 The riche Creus<sup>4</sup> caltif in servage.  
 Thus may ye seen, that wisdom ne riches,  
 Beaute ne sleighte, strengthe ne hardiness,  
 Ne may with Venus holden champartie,<sup>5</sup>  
 For as hire liste the world may she gie.  
 Lo, all these folk so caught were in hire las<sup>6</sup>  
 Til they for wo ful often said alas.  
 Sufficeth here ensamples on or two,  
 And yet I coude roken a thousand mo.

The statue of Venus glorious for to see  
 Was naked fleting in the largo see,  
 And fro the navel down all covered was  
 With waves grene, and bright as any glas.  
 A citole<sup>7</sup> in hire right hand hadde she,  
 And on hire hed, ful semely for to see,  
 A rose gerlond fresch, and wel smelling,  
 Above hire hed hire doves fleckering.  
 Before hire stood hire sone Cupido,  
 Upon his shoulders winges had he two;  
 And blind he was, as it is often sene;  
 A bow he bare and arwes bright and kene.

Why shulde I not as wel eke tell you all  
 The purtreiture, that was upon the wall  
 Within the temple of mighty Mars the rede?  
 All painted was the wall in length and brede  
 Like to the estres<sup>8</sup> of the grialy place,  
 That highte the gret temple of Mars in Trauo,  
 In thilke colde and frosty region,  
 Ther as Mars hath his sovercine mansion.

First on the wall was painted a forest,  
 In which ther wonneth<sup>9</sup> neyther man ne best,

<sup>1</sup> Where. This description of the temple of Venus is chiefly taken from Boccaccio.—See *Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>2</sup> Mirth, gaiety.

<sup>4</sup> Partnership.

<sup>7</sup> The inner parts.

<sup>3</sup> Net, tale.

<sup>5</sup> Folly.

<sup>6</sup> Probably a kind of dalcian.

<sup>9</sup> Dwell.

With knotty knarry barrein trees old  
 Of stubbes<sup>1</sup> sharpe and hidous to behold;  
 In which ther ran a romble and a swough,<sup>2</sup>  
 As though a storme shuld bresten<sup>3</sup> every bough:  
 And downward from an hill under a bent,<sup>4</sup>  
 Ther stood the temple of Mars armipotent,  
 Wrought all of burned stele, of which th' entree  
 Was longe and streite, and gastly for to see.  
 And therout came a rage and swiche a vise,<sup>5</sup>  
 That it made all the gates for to rise.  
 The northern light in at the dore shone,  
 For window on the wall ne was ther none,  
 Thurgh which men mighten any light discorne.  
 The dore was all o. athament eterne,  
 Yclenched overthwart and endelong,<sup>6</sup>  
 With yren tough, and for to make it strong,  
 Every piler the temple to sustene  
 Was tonne-gret,<sup>7</sup> of yren bright and shene.

Ther saw I first the derke imagining  
 Of felonie, and alle the compassing;  
 The cruel ire, red as any glede,<sup>8</sup>  
 The pikepurse,<sup>9</sup> and eke the pale dredde;  
 The smiler with the knii under the cloke,  
 The shepen<sup>10</sup> brenning with the blake smoke;  
 The tresen of the mordring in the bedde,  
 The open werre, with woundes all bebledde;  
 Conteke<sup>11</sup> with bloody knif, and sharp manace.  
 All full of chirking<sup>12</sup> was that sory place.  
 The sleer of himself yet saw I there,  
 His herte-blood hath bathed all his here:<sup>13</sup>  
 The naile ydriven in the shode<sup>14</sup> on hight,  
 The colde deth, with mouth gaping upright.  
 Amiddes of the temple sate mischance,  
 With discomfort and sory contenance.

<sup>1</sup> Stocks. See Richardson's Dict., v. stem.

<sup>2</sup> Noun-l.

<sup>3</sup> Burst.

<sup>4</sup> Declivity.

<sup>5</sup> In MS. A *orge*. Perhaps we should read *ree*, a Saxon word signifying violence, impetuosity. If so, we must also read, in the next line, *ree* for *ree*, with MS.—Tyrwhitt.

<sup>6</sup> Lengthways.

<sup>7</sup> I. e., of the circumference of a tun.

<sup>8</sup> A burning coal or ember.

<sup>9</sup> Furne-stealer, cutpurse.

<sup>10</sup> Stable

<sup>11</sup> Contention

<sup>12</sup> Chirping like a sparrow. Here it simply denotes a disagreeable noise.

<sup>13</sup> Hair.

<sup>14</sup> The top hair of the head.

Yet saw I woodness<sup>1</sup> laughing in his rage,  
 Armed complaint, outhees,<sup>2</sup> and fiere outrage;  
 The carraine<sup>3</sup> in the bush, with throte yoorven,<sup>4</sup>  
 A thousand slain, and not of qualme<sup>5</sup> ystorven;<sup>6</sup>  
 The tirant, with the prey by force yraft;<sup>7</sup>  
 The toun destroyed, ther was nothing left.  
 Yet saw I brent the shippes hoppesteres,<sup>8</sup>  
 The hunte<sup>9</sup> ystrangled with the wilde beres:  
 The sow freting the child right in the cradel;  
 The coke yscalled,<sup>10</sup> for all his long ladel.  
 Nought was foryete<sup>11</sup> by th' intortune of Marte  
 The carter overriden with his carte;  
 Under the wheel ful low he lay adoun.

Ther were also of Martes division,  
 Th' armerer, and the bowyer, and the smith,  
 That forgeth sharpe swerdes on his stith,<sup>12</sup>  
 And all above depeinted in a tour  
 Saw I conquest, sitting in gret honour,  
 With thilke sharpe sward over his hed<sup>13</sup>  
 Yhanging by a subtil twined thred.  
 Depeinted was the slaughter of Julius,  
 Of gret Nero, and of Antonius:  
 All be that thilke time they were unborne,  
 Yet was hir deth depeinted therbelorne,  
 By manacing of Mara, right by figure,  
 So it was shewed in that purtreiture  
 As is depeinted in the cercles above,  
 Who shal be alaine or elles ded for love.  
 Sufficeth on ensample in stories olde,  
 I may not reken hem alle, though I wold.  
 The statue of Mars upon a carte<sup>14</sup> stood  
 Armed, and loked grim as he were wood,

<sup>1</sup> Madness.<sup>2</sup> Outcry.<sup>3</sup> Carrion, dead corpse.<sup>4</sup> Cut.<sup>5</sup> Sickness.<sup>6</sup> Dead.<sup>7</sup> Rft, taken away.

<sup>8</sup> Dancers. It is needless to trouble the reader with the various readings and interpretations of this passage. *To hoppe*, in Saxon, signified exactly the same as *to dance*, though with us it has acquired a ludicrous sense; and the termination *ster*, or *stee*, was used to denote a female, like *trix* in Latin. As, therefore, a female baker was called a *bakster*, a female brewer a *brewster*, a female webbe, or weaver, a *webbster*, so, I conceive, a female hopper, or dancer, was called an *hoppester*. It is well known that a ship, in most languages, is considered as a female.—*Tyrrhitt*.

<sup>9</sup> Hunter.<sup>10</sup> Scalded.<sup>11</sup> Forgotten.<sup>12</sup> Anvil.

<sup>13</sup> An allusion to the well-known story of Democles at the court of Dionysius of Corinth.

<sup>14</sup> Chariot.

And over his hed ther shinen two figures  
Of sterres, that ben cleped in scriptures,  
That on Puella, that other Rubena.<sup>1</sup>  
This god of armes was araied thus:  
A wolf ther stood beforne him at his fete  
With eyen red, and of a man he ete:  
With subtil penail peinted was this storie,  
In redoubting<sup>2</sup> of Mars and of his gloria.

Now to the temple of Diane the chaste  
As shortly as I can I wol me haste,  
To tellen you of the description,  
Depeinted by the walles up and down,  
Of hunting and of shamefast chastitee.  
Ther saw I how woful Calistope,<sup>3</sup>  
Whan that Diane agreved was with here,  
Was turned from a woman til a bere,  
And after was she made the lodesterre:  
Thus it was peinted, I can say no ferre;  
Hire sone is eke a sterre as men may see.  
Ther saw I Dane<sup>4</sup> yturned til a tree,  
I mene not hire the goddesso Diane,  
But Peneus daughter, which that highte Dana.  
There saw I Atteon an hart ymaked,  
For vengeance that he saw Diane all naked:  
I saw how that his houndes have him caught  
And futen him, for that they knew him naught.  
Yet peinted was a litel forthermore,<sup>5</sup>  
How Athalante hunted the wilde bore,  
And Meleagre, and many another mo,  
For which Diane wroughte hem care and wo.  
Ther saw I many another wonder storie,  
The which me liste not drawn to memorie.<sup>6</sup>

This goddesso on an hart ful heye sete,  
With smale houndes all aboute hire fete,  
And undernetho hire feet she hadde a mone,  
Wexing it was, and shulde wanen sone.  
In gaudy grene hire statue clothed was,  
With bow in hond, and arwes in a cas.

<sup>1</sup> The names of two figures in geomancy, representing two constellations in heaven: *Puella* signifieth Mars retrograde, and *Rubena*, Mars rect. — *Tyrrwhitt, gl.*

<sup>2</sup> Reverence.

<sup>3</sup> Callisto.

<sup>4</sup> Daphne, who was turned into a laurel while escaping from the embraces of Apollo.

<sup>5</sup> Further on.

<sup>6</sup> I do not wish to relate.

Hire eyen caste she ful low adoun,  
 Ther Pluto hath his derke regoun.  
 A woman travailling was hire beforne,  
 But for hire childe so longe was ulborne  
 Ful pitously Lucina gan she call,  
 And sayed; helpe, for thou mayst beste of all.  
 Wel coude he p<sup>o</sup>inten lifly<sup>1</sup> that it wrought,  
 With many a floren he the bewes<sup>2</sup> bought.

Now ben these listes made, and Theseus  
 That at his grete cost arraised thus  
 The temples, and the theatre everidel,<sup>3</sup>  
 Whan it was don, him liked wonder wel.  
 But stint I wel<sup>4</sup> of Theseus a lite,  
 And speke of Palamon and of Arcite.

The day approcheth of hir returning,  
 That everich shuld an hundred knyghtes bring.  
 The bataille to darn me,<sup>5</sup> as I you told,  
 And til<sup>6</sup> Athens, hir covenant for to hold,  
 Hath everich of hem brought an hundred knyght<sup>7</sup>  
 Wel armed for the werre at alle rightes.<sup>8</sup>  
 And sikerly<sup>9</sup> ther trowed many a man,  
 That never, sithen that the world began,  
 As for to speke of knyght hood of hir land,  
 As fer as God hath make I see and I land,  
 N' as, of so fewe, so noble a compaignie.  
 For every wight that loved chevalrie,  
 And wold, his thanks,<sup>10</sup> han a passant name,  
 Hath praised, that he might ben of that game,  
 And wel was him, that therto chosen was.  
 For if ther fell to merwe swiche a eas,  
 Ye knowen wel, that every lusty knight,  
 That loveth *par amour*, and hath his might,  
 Were it in Englond, or elleswher,  
 They wold, hir thanks, witten to be ther.  
 To fight for a lady, a! *benedicite*,  
 It were a lusty sighte for to se.

And right so arden<sup>11</sup> they with Palamon.  
 With him ther wenten knyghtes many on.  
 Sem wol ben armed in an habergeon,  
 And in a brest plate, and in a goun,<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> To the life.<sup>2</sup> Colours.<sup>3</sup> Every bit.<sup>4</sup> Etc.<sup>5</sup> Fight, contend.<sup>6</sup> To.<sup>7</sup> At all points.<sup>8</sup> Etc.<sup>9</sup> With his good will.<sup>10</sup> Fared.<sup>11</sup> A short.

And som wol have a pair of plates large;  
 And som wol have a P'ruce<sup>1</sup> sheld, or a targe;  
 Som wol ben armed on his legges wele,<sup>2</sup>  
 And have an axe, and som a mace of steele.  
 Ther n'is no newe guise, that it n'as<sup>3</sup> old.  
 Armed they weren, as I have you told,  
 Everich after his opinion.

Ther maist thou se coming with Palamon  
 Licurge himself, the grete king of Trace:  
 Blake was his berd, and manly was his face.  
 The cercles of his eyen in his hed  
 They gloweden betwixen yelwe and red,  
 And like a griffon loked he about,  
 With kemped<sup>4</sup> heres on his browes stout;  
 His limmes gret, his braunes<sup>5</sup> hard and stronge,  
 His shouldres brode, his armes round and longe.  
 And as the guise was in his coutree,  
 Ful highte upon a char of gold stood he,  
 With foure white bolles<sup>6</sup> in the trais.<sup>7</sup>  
 Insteade of cote-armure on his harnais,  
 With nayles yelwe, and bright as any gold,  
 He hadde a beres skin, cole-blake for old.<sup>8</sup>  
 His longe here was kempt behind his bak  
 As any ravenes fether it shone for blake.  
 A wreth of gold arm-gret,<sup>9</sup> of huge weight,  
 Upon his hed sate ful of stones bright,  
 Of fine rubins and of diamants.  
 Abut his char ther wenten white alauns,<sup>10</sup>  
 Twenty and mo, as gret as any stee,<sup>11</sup>  
 To huntun at the leon or the dere,  
 And solwed him, with mosel<sup>12</sup> fast ybound,  
 Colored with gold, and torettes<sup>13</sup> filed round.  
 An hundred lordes had he in his route  
 Armed full wel, with hertes sterne and stoute.

With Arcita, in stories as men find,  
 The gret Emetrius the king of Inde,

<sup>1</sup> P'ruce = en.<sup>2</sup> Well.<sup>3</sup> That it is not also.<sup>4</sup> Combed.<sup>5</sup> Bones.<sup>6</sup> Bulls.<sup>7</sup> Traces.<sup>8</sup> Thus somewhat reminds one of the accoutrements of a modern bagoon.<sup>9</sup> As thick as a man's arm.<sup>10</sup> A species of mastiff, much esteemed in the 14th century. They were trained at Milan.<sup>11</sup> A young bullock.<sup>12</sup> Muzzle.<sup>13</sup> Explained by Cotgrave to mean "the little ring," by which a snail's fore or least is fastened to the jesses. They were also used to aid-in dogs.

Upon a stede bay, trapped in stein,  
 Covered with cloth of gold diaped woun,  
 Came riding like the god of armes Mars.  
 His cote-armure was of a cloth of Tars,  
 Couched<sup>1</sup> with perles, white, and round and grette.  
 His sadel was of breut<sup>2</sup> gold new ybete;  
 A mantelet upon his shouldres hanging  
 Bret-ful of rubies red, as fire sparkling.  
 His criske here like ringes was yroune,<sup>3</sup>  
 And that was yelwe, and glitered as the sonne.  
 His nose was high, his eyen bright citrin,  
 His lippes round, his colour was sanguin,  
 A fewe fraknes<sup>4</sup> in his face yspreint,  
 Betwixen yelwe and blake somdel ymuint,<sup>5</sup>  
 And as a leon he his loking caste.  
 Of five and twenty yere his age I caste.  
 His berd was wel begonnen for to spring;  
 His vois was as a trumpe thondering.  
 Upon his hed he wored of laurer grene  
 A gerlond freshe and lusty for to sene.  
 Upon his hond he bare for his deduit<sup>6</sup>  
 An eghe tame, as any lily whit.  
 An hundred lordes had he with him there,  
 All armed save hir hedes in all hir gure,  
 Ful richely in alle manere thinges.  
 For trusteth<sup>7</sup> wel, that erles, dukes, kinges  
 Were gathered in this noble compaignie,  
 For love, and for encrease of chevalrie.  
 About this king ther ran on every part  
 Ful many a tame leon and leopard.

And in this wise, these lordes all and some  
 Ben on the Sonday<sup>8</sup> to the citee come  
 Abouten prime,<sup>9</sup> and in the toun alight.

This Theseus, this duk, this worthy knight,  
 Whan he had brought hem into his citee,  
 And inncd<sup>10</sup> hem, everich at his degree,  
 He festeth hem, and doth so gret labour  
 To enen<sup>11</sup> hem, and don hem all honour,

<sup>1</sup> Trimmed.

<sup>2</sup> Burnt, i. e. wrought by fire.

<sup>3</sup> Nun, signifying that it curled in ringlets.

<sup>4</sup> Freckles.

<sup>5</sup> Were sprinkled.

<sup>6</sup> Somewhat mingled.

<sup>7</sup> Delight, please.

<sup>8</sup> Trust ye.

<sup>9</sup> See the remarks quoted on vi. 1612.

<sup>10</sup> Early in the morning; the first part of the day.

<sup>11</sup> Lodged.

<sup>12</sup> Make them comfortable.

That yet men wenen that no mannes wit  
 Of non estat ne coud amenden<sup>1</sup> it.  
 The minstralcie, the service at the feste,  
 The grete yestes<sup>2</sup> to the most and leste,  
 The riche array of Theseus paleis,<sup>3</sup>  
 Ne who sate first ne last upon the deis,  
 What ladies fayrest ben or best dancing,  
 Or which of hem can carole best or sing,  
 Ne who most felingly speketh of love;  
 What haukes sitten on the perche above,  
 What houndes ligen<sup>4</sup> on the floor adoun,  
 Of all this now make I no mentioun;  
 But of the effect; that thinketh me the beste;  
 Now cometh the point, and herkeneth if you lese  
 The Sondag night, or day began to spring,  
 Whan Palamon the larke herde sing,  
 Although it n'ere not<sup>5</sup> day by houres two,  
 Yet sang the larke, and Palamon right tho  
 With holy herte, and with an high corage  
 He rose, to wenden on his pilgrimage  
 Unto the blisful Citherea benigne,  
 I mene Venus, honourable and digne.  
 And in hire houre,<sup>6</sup> he walketh forth a pas  
 Unto the listes, ther hire temple was,  
 And doun he kneleth, and with humble chere  
 And herte sore, he sayde as ye shul here.  
 Fayrest of fayre, o lady min Venus,  
 Daughter to Jove, and spouse of Vulcanus,

<sup>1</sup> Improve.<sup>2</sup> Gifts.<sup>3</sup> Palace.<sup>4</sup> Lie<sup>5</sup> It was not yet day.

<sup>6</sup> And in hire houre. I cannot better illustrate Chaucer's Astrology here by a quotation from the old *Kalendar de Bergiers*, edit. 1500. ign. K. in. b.:—"Qui veult savoir comme bergiers scevent quel planete regne chascune heure du jour et de la nuit, doit savoir la planete du jour qui venit s'enquerir; et la premiere heure temporelle du soleil avant ce jour est pour celluy planete. la seconde heure est pour la planete ensuivant. et la tierce pour l'autre, &c. in the following order: 1. Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sol, Venus, Mercury, Luna. To apply this doctrine to the present case. The first hour of the Sunday, reckoning from sunrise, belonged to the sun, the planet of the day; the second to Venus, the third to Mercury, &c., and continuing this method of allotment, we shall find that the twenty-second hour also belonged to the Sun, and the twenty-third to Venus; so that the hour of Venus really was, as Chaucer says, two houres before the sunrise of the following day.

Accordingly, we are told in ver. 2273, that the third hour after

Thou glader of the mount of Citheron,  
 For thulke love thou haddest to Adon<sup>1</sup>  
 Have pitee on my bitter teres smert,  
 And take myn humble praier at thin herte  
 Alas! I ne have no langage to tell  
 The effecte, ne the torment of min hell;  
 Min herte may min harmes not bewrey;<sup>2</sup>  
 I am so confuse, that I cannot say.  
 But mercy, lady bright, that knowest wel  
 My thought, and seest what harmes that I fele,  
 Consider all this, and rue upon my sore,  
 As wisly as I shall for evermore,  
 Emforth<sup>3</sup> my might, thy trewe servant be,  
 And holden werre alway with chastite:  
 That make I min avow, so ye me helpe.  
 I kepe nought of armes for to yelpa.<sup>4</sup>  
 Ne axe I nat to-morwe to have victorie,  
 Ne renoun in this cas, ne vaine glorie  
 Of pris of armes, blowen up and doun,  
 But I wold have fully possessioun  
 On Emelic, and die in hire servise;  
 Find thou the manere how, and in what wise.  
 I rekke<sup>5</sup> not, but it may better be,  
 To have victorie of hem, or they of me,  
 So that I have my lady in min armes.  
 For though so be that Mars is god of armes,  
 Your vertue is so grete in heven above,  
 That if you liste, I shal wel have my love.  
 Thy temple wol I worship evermo,  
 And on thin auter,<sup>6</sup> wher I ride or go,

Palamon set out for the temple of Venus, the Sun rose, and Emelic began to go to the temple of Diane. It is not said, that this was the hour of Diane, or the Moon, but it really was; for, as we have just seen, the twenty-third hour of Sunday belonging to Venus, the twenty-fourth must be given to Mercury, and the first hour of Monday falls in course to the Moon, the presiding planet of that day.

After this Arcite is described as walking to the temple of Mars, ver. 2269, in the *nexte* hour of Mars, that is, the fourth hour of the day. It is necessary to take these words together, for the *nexte* hours, singly, would signify the second hour of the day, but that, according to the rule of rotation mentioned above, belonged to Saturn, as the third did to Jupiter. The fourth was the *nexte* hour of Mars, that occurred after the hour last named.—Tyrrhitt.

<sup>1</sup> Adonis.<sup>4</sup> Boast.<sup>3</sup> Not set furth my troubles.<sup>5</sup> Care.<sup>2</sup> Even with.<sup>6</sup> Altar.

I wol don sacrifice, and sires beta.<sup>2</sup>  
 And if ye wol not so, my lady swete,  
 Than pray I you, to-morwe with a spere  
 That Arceite me thurgh the herte bere.  
 Than rekke I not, whan I have lost my lif,  
 Though that Arceite win hire to his wif.  
 This is the effecte and ende of my priere;  
 Yeve me my love, thou blisful lady dere.

Whan the orison was don of Palamon,  
 His sacrifice he did, and that anon,  
 Full pitously, with alle circumstances,  
 All tell I not as now his observances.  
 But at the last the statue of Venus shoke,  
 And made a signe, wherby that he toke,  
 That his priere accepted was that day.  
 For though the signe shewed a delay,  
 Yet wist he wel that granted was his bone;  
 And with glad herte he went him home ful sone.

The thridde houre unequal<sup>3</sup> that Palamon  
 Began to Venus temple for to gon,  
 Up rose the sonne, and up rose Emelie,  
 And to the temple of Diane gan hie.  
 Hire maydens, that she thider<sup>4</sup> with hire ladde,  
 Ful redily with hem the fire they hadde,  
 Th' encense, the clothes, and the remenant all,  
 That to the sacrifice longen<sup>5</sup> shall.  
 The hornes ful of mede, as was the gise,  
 Ther lakked nought to don hire sacrificise.  
 Smoking the temple, ful of clothes fayre,  
 This Emelie with herte debonaire  
 Hire body washe with water of a well.  
 But how she did hire rite I dare not tell;  
 But it be any thing in general;  
 And yet it were a game to heren all;  
 To him that meneth wel it n'ere no charge:  
 But it is good a man to ben at large.  
 Hire bright here kembed was, untressed all.  
 A coroune of a grene oak cerial

<sup>1</sup> Prepare.

<sup>2</sup> In the astrological system of the time, the day, from sunrise to sunset, and the night, from sunset to sunrise, being each divided into twelve hours, it is plain that the hours of the day and night were never equal, except just at the Equinoxes. The hours attributed to the Planets were this unequal sort. See *Kalendarium de Berg.* loc. cit., and our author's notes on the *Astrology*.—*Thither*. <sup>3</sup> Thither. <sup>4</sup> Belong.

Upon hire bed was set full fayre and mete.  
Two fires on the auter gan she bete,<sup>1</sup>  
And did hire thinges, as men may behold  
In Stace<sup>2</sup> of Thebes, and these bokes old.

Whan kindled was the fire, with pitous chere  
Unto Diane she spake, as ye may here.

O chaste goddess of the wodes grene,  
To whom both heven and erthe and see is sene,<sup>3</sup>  
Queene of the regne of Pluto, derke and lowe,  
Goddess of maydens, that min herte hast knowe  
Ful many a yere, and wost<sup>4</sup> what I desire,  
As kepe me fro thy vengeance and thin ire,  
That Atteon aboute<sup>5</sup> cruelly:  
Chaste goddess, wel wotest thou that I  
Desire to ben a mayden all my lif,  
Ne never wol I be no love ne wif.  
I am (thou wost) yet of thy compaignie,  
A mayde, and love hunting and venerie,<sup>6</sup>  
And for to walke in the wodes wilde,  
And not to ben a wif, and be with child.  
Nought wol I knowen compaignie of man.  
Now helpe me, lady, sith ye may and can,  
For tho<sup>7</sup> thre formes that thou hast in thee.  
And Palamon, that hath swiche love to me,  
And eke Arcite, that loveth me so sore,  
This grace I prais thee withouten more,  
As<sup>8</sup> sende love and pees betwix hem two:  
And fro me torne away hir hertes so,  
That all hir hote love, and hir desire,  
And all hir beey<sup>9</sup> torment, and hir fire  
Be queinte,<sup>10</sup> or torned in another place.  
And it so be thou wolt not do me grace,  
Or if my destinee be shapen so,  
That I shall nedes have on of hem two,  
As<sup>11</sup> sende me him that most desireth me.

Behold, goddess of clene chastite,  
The bitter teres, that on my chekes iall.  
Sun thou art mayde, and keper of us all,

<sup>1</sup> Prepare.

<sup>4</sup> Knowest.

<sup>7</sup> Those. He alludes to the triple form of Hecate.

<sup>8</sup> So. See the note on vs. 1172.

<sup>9</sup> Quenched.

<sup>2</sup> Statius.

<sup>5</sup> Suffered for.

<sup>3</sup> Behold.

<sup>6</sup> Hunting.

<sup>9</sup> Dury.

<sup>11</sup> Their.

My maydenhed thou kepe and wel conserve,  
And while I live, a mayde I wol thee serve.

The fires brenne upon the auter clere,  
While Emelie was thus in hire praier:  
But sodenly she saw a sighte queinte.<sup>1</sup>  
For right anon on on the fires queinte,<sup>2</sup>  
And quiked<sup>3</sup> again, and after that anon  
That other fire was queinte, and all agon:  
And as it queinte, it made a whisteling,  
As don these brondes<sup>4</sup> wet in hir brenning.  
And at the brondes ende outran anon  
As it were bloody dropes many on:  
For which so sore agast was Emelie,  
That she was wel neigh mad, and gan to crie,  
For she ne wiste what it signified;  
But only for the fere thus she cried,  
And wept, that it was pitee for to here.

And therewithall Diane gan appere  
With bowe in hond, right as an hunteresse,  
And sayde: doughter, stint thin hevinesses.  
Among the goddes highe it is affermed,  
And by eterne word written and confermed,  
Thou shalt be wedded unto on of tho,<sup>5</sup>  
That han for thee so mochel<sup>6</sup> care and wo:  
But unto which of hem I may not tell.  
Farewel, for here I may no longer dwell.  
The fires which that on min auter brenne,  
Shal thee declaren<sup>7</sup> er that thou go henne,  
Thin aventure of love, as in this cas.

And with that word, the arwes in the cas  
Of the goddesses clatteren fast and ring,  
And forth she went, and made a vanishing,  
For which this Emelie astonied was,  
And sayde; what amounteth this, alas!  
I putte me in thy protection,  
Diane, and in thy disposition.  
And home she goth anon the nexte way.  
This is the effecte, ther n'is no more to say.

The nexte houre of Mars folwing this  
Arcite unto the temple walked is

<sup>1</sup> Strange.

<sup>2</sup> Quickened, became alive.

<sup>3</sup> These.

<sup>6</sup> Much.

<sup>3</sup> Was quenched.

<sup>4</sup> Brands, torches.

<sup>7</sup> Inform thee.

Of ferce Mars, to don his sacrifice  
With all the rites of his payen wise.<sup>1</sup>  
With pitous herte and high devotion,  
Eight thus to Mars he sayde his orison.

O stronge god, that in the regnes cold  
Of Trace<sup>2</sup> honoured art, and lord yhold,  
And hast in every regne and every lond  
O. armes all the bridel in thin hond,  
And ben fortunest as thee list devise,  
Accept o. me my pitous sacrifice.  
It so be that my youthe may deserve,  
And that my might be worthy for to serve  
Thy godhed, that I may ben on of thine,  
Then praise I thee to rewe upon my pine,<sup>3</sup>  
For thilke peine,<sup>4</sup> and thilke hote fire,  
In which thou whilom brendest<sup>5</sup> for desire  
Whanne that thou usedest the beautee  
Of fayre yonge Venus, freshe and free,  
And haddest hire in armes at thy wille:  
Although thee ones on a time misfille,  
Whan Vulcanus had caught thee in his laa,<sup>6</sup>  
And fond the ligging by his wif, alas!  
For thilke sorwe that was tho in thin herte,  
Have reuthe<sup>7</sup> as wel upon my peines smerte.

I am yonge and unkonning,<sup>8</sup> as thou wost,  
And, as I trow, with love offended most  
That ever was ony lives creature:  
For she, that doth me all this wo endure,  
No recceth<sup>9</sup> never, whether I sinke or flete.<sup>10</sup>  
And wel I wot, or<sup>11</sup> she me mercy hote,<sup>12</sup>  
I mooste with strengthe win hire in the place:  
And wel I wot, withouten helpe or grace  
Of thee, no may my strengthe not availle:  
Than helpe me, lord, to-morwe in my bataille,  
For thilke fire that whilom brenned thee,  
As wel as that this fire now brenneth me;  
And do, that I to-morwe may han victorie.  
Min be the travaille, and thin be the gloria.  
Thy souverain temple wol I most honouren  
Of ony place, and alway most labouren

<sup>1</sup> Pagas fashion.

<sup>4</sup> Trouble.

<sup>7</sup> Pity.

<sup>10</sup> Swim, float.

<sup>2</sup> Thrace.

<sup>6</sup> Dull burn.

<sup>9</sup> Ignorant.

<sup>11</sup> Before.

<sup>3</sup> Have pity on my pain.

<sup>8</sup> Tells.

<sup>12</sup> Careth not.

<sup>13</sup> Promise.

In thy plesance and in thy craftes strong,  
 And in thy temple I wol my baner hong,  
 And all the armes of my compaignie,  
 And evermore, until that day I die,  
 Eterne fire I wol beforne thee finde,  
 And eke to this avow I wol me binde.  
 My herd, my here<sup>1</sup> that hangeth long adoun,  
 That never yet felt non offenscion  
 Of rasour ne on shere, I wol thee yeve,  
 And ben thy trewe servant while I live.  
 Now, lord, have reuthe upon my sorwes sore,  
 Yeve me the victorie, I axe thee no more.

The praier stint<sup>2</sup> of Arcita the stronge,  
 The ringes on the temple dore that honge,  
 And eke the dore clattereden ful faste,  
 Of which Arcita somewhat him agaste.  
 The fires brent upon the auter bright,  
 That it gan all the temple for to light;  
 A swete smell anon the ground up yaf,<sup>3</sup>  
 And Arcita anon his hond up haf,<sup>4</sup>  
 And more encense into the fire he cast,  
 With other rites mo,<sup>5</sup> and at the last  
 The statue of Mars began his hauberke<sup>6</sup> ring;  
 And with that soun he herd a murmuring  
 Ful low and dim, that sayde thus, Victorie.  
 For which he yaf to Mars honour and glorie

And thus with joye, and hope wel to fare,  
 Arcite anon unto his inne is fare,  
 As sayn as foul is of the brighte sonne.

And right anon swiche strif ther is begonne  
 For thulke gra<sup>7</sup>ting, in the heven above,  
 Betwixen Venus the goddessse of love,  
 And Mars the sterne god armipotent,  
 That Jupiter was besy it to stent.<sup>7</sup>  
 Til that the pale Saturnus the colde,  
 That knew so many of adventures olde,  
 Fond in his olde experience and art,  
 That he ful sone hath plesed every part.  
 As sooth is sayd, elde<sup>8</sup> hath gret advantage  
 In elde is bothe wisdom and usage:  
 Men may the old out-renne but not out-rede.<sup>9</sup>

Saturne anon, to stente<sup>8</sup> a strif and drede

<sup>1</sup> Hair.<sup>2</sup> Ceased.<sup>3</sup> Gave.<sup>4</sup> Lifted.<sup>5</sup> More.<sup>6</sup> Coat of mail.<sup>7</sup> To stop.<sup>8</sup> Aye.<sup>9</sup> Outwit.

Al be it that it is again his kind,  
Of all this strif be gan a remedy find.

My dere doughter Venus, quod Saturne,  
My coura, that hath so wide for to turne,  
Hath more power than wot any man.  
Min is the drenching in the see so wan,  
Min is the prison in the derke cote,  
Min is the strangel and hanging by the throte,  
The murmure, and the cherles rebelling,  
The groyning,<sup>1</sup> and the prive empoysoning.  
I do vengeance and pleins<sup>2</sup> correction,  
While I dwell in the signs of the leon.  
Min is the ruine of the highe halles,  
The falling of the toures and of the wallen  
Upon the minour,<sup>3</sup> or the carpenter:  
I slew Sampson in shaking the piler.  
Min ben also the maladies colde,  
The derke tresons, and the castes<sup>4</sup> olde:  
My loking is the fader<sup>5</sup> of pestilence.  
Now wepe no more, I shal do diligence,  
That Palamon, that is thin owen knight,  
Shal have his lady, as thou hast him hight.  
Thogh Mars shal help his knight - et natheles -  
Betwixen you ther mot sometime be peas:  
All be ye not of o<sup>6</sup> complexion,  
That causeth all day swiche division.  
I am thin ayel,<sup>7</sup> redy at thy will;  
Wepe now no more, I shal thy lust fulfill.

Now wol I stenten of<sup>8</sup> the goddess above,  
Of Mars, and of Venus goddesso of love,  
And tellen you as plainly as I can  
The gret effect, for which that I began.

Gret was the feste in Athens thilke day,  
And eke the lusty sason of that May  
Made every wight to ben in swiche plesance,  
That all that monday justen they and dance,  
And spenden it in Venus high servise.  
But by the cause that they shulden rise  
Erly a-morwe for to seen the fight,  
Unto hir reste wenten they at night.

<sup>1</sup> Discontent.

<sup>2</sup> Contrivances, plots.

<sup>3</sup> Gracchus.

<sup>4</sup> Fall.

<sup>5</sup> Father.

<sup>6</sup> Have done with.

<sup>7</sup> Mirror.

<sup>8</sup> One.

And on the morwe when the day gan spring,  
Of hors and harnais noise and clattering  
Ther was in the hostelrys all aboute:  
And to the paleis rode ther many a route<sup>1</sup>  
Of lordes, upon stedes and palireis.

Ther mayst thou see devising of harnais  
So uncout<sup>2</sup> and so riche, and wrought so wale  
Of goldsmithy, of brooding,<sup>3</sup> and of stete;  
The sheldes brighte, testeres, and trappures;  
Gold-hewen helmes, hauberkes, cote-armures;  
Lordes in paramentes<sup>4</sup> on hir courseurs,  
Knights o. retenus, and eke squieres,  
Mailing the spurs, and helmes bokeling,  
Gaulding<sup>5</sup> of sheldes, with lainers<sup>6</sup> lacing;  
Ther as none is, they weren nothing idel:  
The tony stedes on the golden bridel  
Gnawing, and fast the armurours also  
With file and hammer priking to and fro;  
Yemen on foot, and communes many on  
With shorte staves, thicke as they may gon;  
Pipes, trompes, nakeres,<sup>7</sup> and clariounes,  
That in the bataille blowen bloody sounes;  
The paleis ful of peple up and down,  
Here thre, ther ten, holding hir question,  
Devining of these Theban knyghtes two.  
Som sayden thus, som sayd it shal be so;  
Som helde[n] with him with the blacke berd,  
Som with the balled,<sup>8</sup> som with he thicke hard  
Som saide he loked grim, and wolle fighte:  
He hath a sparth<sup>9</sup> of twenty pound of wighte.

Thus was the halle full of devining  
Long after that the sonne gan up spring.  
The gret Theseus that of his slepe is waked  
With minstrelis and noise that was makid,  
Held yet the chambre of his paleis ricne,  
Til that the Theban knyghtes bothe yliche  
Honoured were, and to the paleis fette.

Dur Theseus is at a window sette,  
Araied right as he were a god in trone:<sup>10</sup>  
The peple preceeth thiderward ful sone

<sup>1</sup> Company.<sup>2</sup> Rare, uncommon, beautiful.<sup>3</sup> Embroidery.<sup>4</sup> Trappings, ornamental furniture. See on vs. 10,552.<sup>5</sup> Rubbing.<sup>6</sup> Straps, thongs.<sup>7</sup> A kind of brass drum used by the cavalry.<sup>8</sup> Smooth, bald.<sup>9</sup> An axe or halberd.<sup>10</sup> On his throne.

Him for to seen, and don high reverence,  
And eke to herken his beste<sup>1</sup> and his sentence.

An heraud on a scaffold made an o,<sup>2</sup>  
Til that the noise of the peple was ydo:  
And whan he saw the peple of noise al still,  
Thus shewed he the mighty dukes will

The lord hath of his high discretion  
Considered, that it were destruction  
To gentil blood, to fighten in the gise  
Of mortal bataille now in this emprise:  
Wherefore to shapen that they shul not die,  
He wol his firste purpos modifie.

No man therfore, up poins of loons of lif,  
No maner shot,<sup>3</sup> no pollax, ne short knif  
Into the listes send, or thider bring.  
Ne short sward for to stike with point biting  
No man ne draw, ne bere it by his side.  
Ne no man shal unto his felaw ride  
But o cours, with a sharpe ygrounden spere:  
Foin<sup>4</sup> if him list on foot, himself to were.<sup>5</sup>  
And he that is at meschief, shal be take,  
And not slaine, but be brought unto the stake,  
That shal ben ordeined on cyther side,  
Thider he shal by force, and ther abide.  
And if so fall, the chevetain be take  
On cyther side, or elles sleth his make,<sup>6</sup>  
No longer shal the tourneying ylast.  
God speke you; goth forth and lay on fast.  
With longe sward and with mase<sup>7</sup> fighteth your fill.  
Goth now your way; this is the lordes will.

The vois of the peple touched to the heven,  
So loude crieden they with mery steven.<sup>8</sup>  
God save swiche a lord that is so good,  
He wilneth no destruction of blood.

Up gon the trompes and the melodie,  
And to the listes rit<sup>9</sup> the compaignie

<sup>1</sup> Behest.

<sup>2</sup> An o. It may be doubted, whether this be an abbreviation of *Oye*, or whether the interjection *Ho* were used to command a cessation of noise, as we find of fighting, &c. For the latter use, see *vs.* 1705, 2652, and Holme's *ut* p. 110. The duke of Norfolk was not tillie set forward, when the king cast down his banner, and the herauds cried, *Ho, ho—*

*1 per salt*

<sup>3</sup> No kind of darts or missiles.

<sup>4</sup> Make a pass

<sup>5</sup> Defend.

<sup>6</sup> Mate, fellow.

<sup>7</sup> According to your fancy.

<sup>8</sup> Voice.

<sup>9</sup> Heds.

By ordinance, thurghout the cite large,  
 Hanged with cloth of gold, and not with sarge.  
 Ful like a lord this noble duk gan ride,  
 And these two Thebans upon eyther side;  
 And after rode the quene and Emelie,  
 And after that another compaignie  
 Of on and other, after hir degree.  
 And thus they passen thurghout the cite,  
 And to the listes comen they be time:  
 It n'as not of the day yet fully prime.

Whan set was Theseus ful rich and his,  
 Ipolita the quene, and Emelie,  
 And other ladies in degrees aboute,  
 Unto the listes preseth all the route.  
 And westward, thurgh the gates under Mart,  
 Arcita, and eke the hundred of his part,  
 With baner red, is entred right anon;  
 And in the selve moment Palamon  
 Is, under Venus, estward in the place,  
 With baner white, and hardy chere and face.  
 In all the world, to seken up and down,  
 So even without variatioun  
 Ther n'ere swiche compaignies never tway.<sup>1</sup>  
 For ther was non so wise that coude sey,  
 That any hadde of other advantage  
 Of worthinesse, ne of estat, ne age,  
 So even were they chosen for to gesse.  
 And in two rences<sup>2</sup> fayre they hem dresse.  
 Whan that hir names red were everich on,  
 That in hir nombre gile<sup>3</sup> were ther non,  
 Tho were the gates shette, and cried was loude;  
 Do now your devoir, yonge knightes proude.

The beraudes left hir priking up and down.  
 Now ringen trompes loud and clarioun.  
 Ther is no more to say, but est and west  
 In gon the speres sadly in the rest;  
 In goth the sharpe sporn<sup>4</sup> into the side.  
 Ther see men who can juste, and who can ride.  
 Ther shiveren shaftes upon sheldes thicke;  
 He feleth thurgh the herte-spone<sup>5</sup> the pricke.  
 Up springen speres twenty foot on highte;  
 Out gon the swerdes as the silver brighte.

<sup>1</sup> Never were two such companies.

<sup>2</sup> Ranges.

<sup>3</sup> Even.

<sup>4</sup> Spur.

<sup>5</sup> Probably the concave part of the breast.—See Tyndal.

The helmes they to-hewen, and to-shrede;  
 Out brest<sup>1</sup> the blod, with sterne<sup>2</sup> streames rede.  
 With mighty maces the bones they to-breste.<sup>3</sup>  
 He thurgh the thickest of the throng gan threste.  
 Ther stomblen stedes strong, and doun goth all.  
 He rolleth under foot as doth a ball.  
 He foineth<sup>4</sup> on his foo with a tronchoun,  
 And he him hurtleth<sup>5</sup> with his hors adoun.  
 He thurgh the body is hurt, and aith ytake<sup>6</sup>  
 Maugre his hed, and brought unto the stake,  
 As forword was, right ther he must abide.  
 Another lad is on that other side.  
 And sometime doth hem Theseus to rest,  
 Hem to refresh, and drinken if hem lest.  
 Ful oft a day han thilke Thebanes two  
 Togeder met, and wrought eche other wo;  
 Unhorsed hath eche other of hem twey.  
 Ther n'as no tigre in the vale of Galaphey,<sup>7</sup>  
 Whan that hire whelpe is stole, whan is it lita,<sup>8</sup>  
 So cruel on the hunt, as is Arcite  
 For jalous herte upon this Palamon:  
 Ne in Belmarie ther n'is so fell leon,  
 That hunted is, or for his hunger wood,  
 Ne of his prey desireth so the blood,  
 As Palamon to sleen his foo Arcite.  
 The jalous strokes on hir helmes bite;  
 Gut renneth blood on both hir sides rede.  
 Somtime an ende ther is of every dede.  
 For er the sonne unto the reste went,  
 The stronge king Emetrius gan hent<sup>9</sup>  
 This Palamon, as he fought with Arcite,  
 And made his sword depe in his flesh to bite.  
 And by the force of twenty is he take  
 Unyolden, and ydrawen to the stake.  
 And in the rescous<sup>10</sup> of this Palamon  
 The stronge king Licurge is borne adoun:  
 And king Emetrius for all his strengthe  
 Is borne out of his sadel a swerdes lengthe,

<sup>1</sup> Burst.<sup>2</sup> Cruel.<sup>3</sup> Burst.<sup>4</sup> M. keth a pass.<sup>5</sup> Pusheth at.<sup>6</sup> And therefore taken.<sup>7</sup> There was a town called Galapha in Mauritania, upon the river Malva, which may perhaps have given name to the vale here meant. For Belmarie, see note on v. 57.—*Tyrolsch.*<sup>8</sup> Little.<sup>9</sup> Catch hold on, attach.<sup>10</sup> Rescue.

So hitte him Palamon or he were take:  
But all for nought, he was brought to the stake:  
His hardy herte might him helpen naught,  
He moste abiden, whan that he was caught,  
By force, and eke by composition.<sup>1</sup>

Who sorweth<sup>2</sup> now but woful Palamon?  
That moste no more gon again to fight.  
And whan that Theseus had seen that fight,  
Unto the folk that foughten thus echo on,  
He cried, ho ! no more, for it is don.  
I wol be trewe juge, and not partie.  
Arcite of Thebes shal have Emelie,  
That by his fortune bath hire fayre ywonne.

Anon ther is a noyse of peple begonne  
For joye of this, so loud and high withall,  
It semed that the listes shulden fall.

What can now fayre Venus don above ?  
What saith she now ? what doth this quene of love ?  
But wepeth so, for wanting of hire will,  
Til that hire teres in the listes fill:  
She sayde: I am ashamed doubtles.

Saturnus sayde: Daughter, hold thy pees.  
Mars bath his will, his knight hath all his bonis.  
And by min hed thou shalt ben ceed sone.

The trompoures<sup>4</sup> with the loude minstrelcie,  
The heraudes, that so loude yell and cris,  
Ben in hir joye for welc of Dan<sup>5</sup> Arcite.  
But herkeneth me, and stenteth noue a lite  
Whiche<sup>6</sup> a miracle ther befell anon.

This fierce Arcite hath of his helms ydon,  
And on a courser for to shew his face  
He priketh endelong the large place,  
Looking upward upon this Emelie;  
And she again him cast a frendlich eye,  
(For women, as to speken in commune,  
They folwen all the favour of fortune)  
And was all his in chere,<sup>7</sup> as his in herte.  
Out of the ground a fury infernal sterte,  
From Pluto sent, at requests of Saturne,  
For which his hors for fere gan to turne,  
And lepte aside, and foundred as he lepe:  
And er that Arcite may take any kepe,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> According to agreement.<sup>2</sup> Troumpetmen.<sup>3</sup> Lord.<sup>4</sup> What.<sup>5</sup> Sorroweth.<sup>6</sup> Countenance.<sup>7</sup> Deem.<sup>8</sup> Care.

He pight<sup>1</sup> him on the pomel of his hed,  
 That in the place he lay as he were ded,  
 His brest to-brosten<sup>2</sup> with his adell bow.  
 As blake<sup>3</sup> he lay as any cole or crow,  
 So was the blood yronnen in his face.

Anon he was yborne out of the place  
 With herte sore, to Theseus paleis.  
 Tho was he corven out of his harnais,  
 And in a bed ybrought ful fayre and blive,<sup>4</sup>  
 For he was yet in memorie, and live,  
 And alway crying after Emelia.

Duk Theseus, with all his compaignie,  
 Is comen home to Athenes his citee,  
 With alle blisse and gret solempnite.  
 Al be it that this aventure was falle,  
 He n'olde not discomforten hem alle.  
 Men sayden eke, that Arcite shal not die,  
 He shal ben helod on his maladie.  
 And of another thing they were as faya,  
 That of hem alle was ther non yalain,  
 Al were they sore yhurt, and namely on,  
 That with a spere was thirled his brest bone.  
 To other woundes, and to broken armes,  
 Som hadden salves, and som hadden charmes,  
 And fermacies<sup>5</sup> of herbes, and eke save<sup>6</sup>  
 They dronken, for they wold hir lives have.  
 For which this noble duk, as he wel can,  
 Comforteth and honoureth every man,  
 And made revel all the longe night,  
 Unto the strange lordes, as was right,  
 Ne ther n'as holden no discomforting,  
 But as at justes or a tourneying;  
 For sothly ther n'as no discomfiture,  
 For falling n'is not but an aventure.  
 Ne to be lad by force unto a stake  
 Unyolden, and with twenty knyghtes take,  
 O person all alone, withouten mo,  
 And haried<sup>7</sup> forth by armes, foot, and too,  
 And eke his stede driven forth with staves,  
 With footmen, bothe yemen and eke knaves,  
 It was arette<sup>8</sup> him no vilanie:  
 Ther may no man clepen it cowardie.

<sup>1</sup> Flieth.  
<sup>2</sup> Meddled.

<sup>3</sup> Burnt.  
<sup>4</sup> Sage.

<sup>5</sup> Black.  
<sup>6</sup> Basted.

<sup>7</sup> Quilt.  
<sup>8</sup> Assailed.

For which anon duk Theseus let cris,  
 To stenten alle rancour and envie,  
 The gree<sup>1</sup> as wel of o side as of other,  
 And eyther side ylike, as others brother:  
 And yave hem giftes after hir degree,  
 And helde a feste fully dayes three:  
 And conveyed the kinges worthily  
 Out of his toun a journee largely.  
 And home went every man the righte way,  
 Ther n'as no more, but farewel, have good day.  
 Of this bataille I wol no more endite,  
 But speke of Palamon and of Arcite.

Swellleth the brest of Arcite, and the sore  
 Encreaseth at his herte more and more.  
 The clotered blood, for<sup>2</sup> any leche-craft,  
 Corrupteth,<sup>3</sup> and is in his bouke ylast,<sup>4</sup>  
 That neyther veine-blood, ne ventousing,<sup>5</sup>  
 Ne drinke of herbes may ben his helping.  
 The vertue expulsaif, or animal,  
 Fro thilke vertue cleped natural,  
 Ne may the venime voiden, ne expell.  
 The pipes of his longes gan to swell,  
 And every lacerte<sup>6</sup> in his brest adoun  
 Is abent<sup>7</sup> with venime and corruptioun.  
 Him gaineth<sup>8</sup> neyther, for to get his lif,  
 Vomit upward, ne downward laxatif;  
 All is to-brosten<sup>9</sup> thilke region;  
 Nature hath now no domination.  
 And certainly ther nature wol not werche,<sup>10</sup>  
 Farewel physike; go bere the man to cherche,<sup>11</sup>  
 This is all and som,<sup>12</sup> that Arcite moste die.  
 For which he sendeth after Emelie,  
 And Palamon, that was his coein dere.  
 Than sayd he thus, as ye shuln after here.

Nought may the woful spirit in myn herte  
 Declare o point of all my sorwes smerte  
 To you, my lady, that I love most;  
 But I bequethe the service of my goot<sup>13</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Prize.<sup>2</sup> Despitte.<sup>3</sup> Corrupta.<sup>4</sup> Left in his body.<sup>5</sup> Cupping.<sup>6</sup> A fleshy muscle, so called from its supposed resemblance to the tail of a lizard (*lacerta*).<sup>7</sup> Ruined.<sup>8</sup> Profiteth.<sup>9</sup> Burst.<sup>10</sup> Work.<sup>11</sup> Church.<sup>12</sup> The sum total.<sup>13</sup> Spirit, ghost.

To you aboven every creature,  
Sin that my lif ne may no lenger dure.

Alas the wo! alas the peines stronge,  
That I for you have suffered, and so longe!  
Alas the deth! alas min Emelie!  
Alas departing of our compaignie!  
Alas min hertes quene! alas my wif!  
Min hertes ladie, ender of my lif!  
What is this world? what axen men to have?  
Now with his love, now in his colde grave  
Alone withouten any compaignie.  
Farewel my swete, farewel min Emelie,  
And softe take me in your armes twey,  
For love of God, and herkeneth what I sey.

I have here with my cosin Palamon  
Had strif and rancour many a day agon  
For love of you, and for my ialousie.  
And Jupiter so wis my soule gie,<sup>1</sup>  
To speken of a servant proprely,  
With alle circumstances trewely,  
That is to sayn, trouth, honour, and knighthede  
Wisdom, humblesse, estat, and high kinrede,  
Fredom, and all that longeth<sup>2</sup> to that art,  
So Jupiter have of my soule part,  
As in this world right now ne know I non,  
So worthy to be loved as Palamon,  
That serveth you, and wol don all his lif.  
And if that ever ye shal ben a wif,  
Foryete<sup>3</sup> not Palamon, the gentil man.

And with that word his speche taille began.  
For from his feet up to his brest was come  
The cold of deth, that had him overnome.  
And yet moreover in his armes two  
The vital strength is lost, and all ago.  
Only the intellect, withouten more,  
That dwelled in his herte sike and sore,  
Gan failen, whan the herte felte deth;  
Dusked his eyen two, and failed his breth.  
But on his ladie yet cast he his eye;  
His laste word was; Mercy, Emelie!

<sup>1</sup> So willed to guide my soul.

<sup>2</sup> Belongeth.

<sup>3</sup> Forget.

His spirit changed houn, and wente ther,  
 As I came never I cannot tellen wher.<sup>1</sup>  
 Therefore I stent, I am no divinistre;  
 Of soules find I not in this registra.  
 Ne me lust not th' opinions to telle  
 Of hem, though that they writen wher they dwelle.  
 Arcite is cold, ther Mars his soule gie.  
 Now wol I speken forth of Emelia.

Shright<sup>2</sup> Emelia, and houlsth<sup>3</sup> Palamon,  
 And Theseus his sister toke anon  
 Swouning, and bare hire from the corps away.  
 What helpeth it to tarien<sup>4</sup> forth the day,  
 To tellen how she wep both even and morwe?  
 For in swiche cas wimmen have swiche sorwe,<sup>5</sup>  
 When that hir housbonds ben fro hem ago,  
 That for the more part they sorwen<sup>6</sup> so,  
 Or elles tallen in swiche maladie,  
 That atte laste certainly they die.

Infinite ben the sorwes and the teres  
 O. olde folk, and folk of tendre yeres,  
 In all the toun for deth of this Theban:  
 For him ther wepeth bothe childe and man.  
 So gret a weping was ther non certain,  
 Whan Hector was ybrought, all fresh ylain  
 To Troy, alas! the pitee that was there,  
 Cratching of chekes, rending eke of here.  
 Why woldest thou be ded? thise women crie,  
 And haddest gold ynough, and Emelia.

No man might gladen this duk Theseus,  
 Saving his olde fader Egeus,  
 That knew this worldes transmutatioun,  
 As he had seen it chaungen up and doun,  
 Joye after wo, and wo after gladnesse;  
 And shewed him ensample and likenesse.

Right as<sup>7</sup> ther died never man (quod he)  
 That he ne lived in erthe in som degree,  
 Right so ther lived never man (he seyde)  
 In all this world, that sometime he ne deyde.

Shakespeare is equally cautious in making a like assertion, in *Macbeth* :—

"Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell  
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell."

<sup>1</sup> Stent.

<sup>2</sup> Shright.

<sup>3</sup> Tarry.

<sup>4</sup> Sorrow.

<sup>5</sup> Sorrow, grief.

<sup>6</sup> Just as, even as.

This world n'is but a thurghfare ful of we  
And we ben pilgrimes, passing to and fro:  
Deth is an end of every worldes sore.

And over all this yet said he moche more  
To this effect, ful wisely to enhort<sup>1</sup>  
The peple, that they shulde hem recomferte.

Duk Theseus with all this busy cure<sup>2</sup>  
He casteth now, wher that the sepulture  
Of good Arcite may best ymaked be,  
And eke most honourable in his degree.  
And at the last he toke conclusion,  
That ther as first Arcite and Palamon  
Hadden for love the bataille hem betwene,  
That in that selve grove, sote<sup>3</sup> and grene,  
Ther as he hadde his amorous desires,  
His complaint, and for love his hote fire,  
He wolde make a fire, in which the office  
Of funeral he might all accomplise;  
And lete<sup>4</sup> anon commande to hack and hewe  
The okes old, and lay hem on a row  
In culpons,<sup>5</sup> wel araied for to brenne.  
His officers with swifte feet they renne<sup>6</sup>  
And ride anon at his commandement.  
And after this, this Theseus hath sent  
After a bere,<sup>7</sup> and it all overspradde  
With cloth of gold, the richest that he hadde;  
And of the same suit he cladde Arcite.  
Upon his bondes were his gloves white,  
Eke on his hed a croune of laurer grene,  
And in his hond a sword ful bright and kene.  
He laid him bare the viange on the bere,  
Therwith he wept that pitee was to here.  
And for the peple shulde seen him alle,  
Whan it was day he brought him to the halle,  
That roreth of the crying and the soun.

Tho came this woful Theban Palamon  
With flotery<sup>8</sup> berd, and rugy ashy hores,  
In clothes blake,<sup>9</sup> yldropped all with teres,  
And (passing over of weping Emelie)  
The reusfullest<sup>10</sup> of all the compaignie.

<sup>1</sup> Encourage.<sup>2</sup> Care.<sup>3</sup> Sweet.<sup>4</sup> Left.<sup>5</sup> Legs.<sup>6</sup> Run.<sup>7</sup> Bier.<sup>8</sup> Flouting.<sup>9</sup> Black.<sup>10</sup> Most sorrowing.

And in as much as the service shuld be  
 The more noble and riche in his degree,  
 Duk Theseus let forth three stedes bring,  
 That trapped were in stele all glittering,  
 And covered with the armes of Dan' Arlethe.  
 And eke upon these stedes gret and white  
 Ther saten<sup>1</sup> folk, of which on bare his shield,  
 Another his spere up in his bondes held;  
 The thridde bare with him his bow Turkeish,  
 Of beust gold was the one and the harness;  
 And riden forth a pee with sorweful chere  
 Toward the grove, as ye shal after here.

The noblest of the Grekes that ther were  
 Upon hir shuldres carryeden the bere,  
 With blacke pee,<sup>2</sup> and eyen red and wote,  
 Thoroughout the citee, by the maister strete,  
 That sprad was all with black, and wonder his  
 Right of the same is all the strete ywrie.  
 Upon the right hand went olde Egeus,  
 And on that other side duk Theseus,  
 With vessels in hir hond of gold ful fine,  
 All ful of hony, milk, and blood, and wine;  
 Eke Palamon, with ful gret compaignie:  
 And after that came woful Emelie,  
 With fire in hond, as was that time the gise,  
 To don the office of funeral service.

High labour, and ful gret apparailing  
 Was at the service of that fire making.  
 That with his grene top the heven raught,<sup>3</sup>  
 And twenty fadom of brede<sup>4</sup> the armes straught.<sup>5</sup>  
 This is to sain, the boughes were so brode.  
 Of stre<sup>6</sup> first ther was laied many a lode.

But how the fire was makid up on highte,  
 And eke the names how the trees highte,  
 As oke, fir, birch, aspe, alder, holm, poplars,  
 Willow, elm, plane, ash, box, chestein,<sup>7</sup> lind,<sup>8</sup> laurere,  
 Mapie, thorn, beche, hasel, ew, whipultra,<sup>9</sup>  
 How they were feld, shal not be told for me;  
 Ife how the goddes rannen up and down  
 Disherited of hir habitacioun,

<sup>1</sup> Led.<sup>2</sup> Beached.<sup>3</sup> Strew.<sup>4</sup> See Appendix.<sup>5</sup> Sain.<sup>6</sup> Breadth.<sup>7</sup> Chestnut.<sup>8</sup> Tree.<sup>9</sup> Extended.<sup>10</sup> Linden.

In which they woueden<sup>1</sup> in rest and peas,  
 Nymphes, Faunes, and Amadriades;  
 Ne how the bestes, and the briddes<sup>2</sup> alle  
 Fledden for fere, whan the wood gan falle;  
 Ne how the ground agast was of the light,  
 That was not wont to see the sonne bright;  
 Ne how the fire was couched first with stre,<sup>3</sup>  
 And than with drie stickes cloven a-thre,  
 And than with grene wood and spicerie,  
 And than with cloth of gold and with parris,<sup>4</sup>  
 And gerlonds hanging with ful many a flour,  
 The mirre,<sup>5</sup> th' encense also with swete odour;  
 Ne how Arcita lay among all this,  
 Ne what richesse about his body is;  
 Ne how that Emelia, as was the gise,  
 Put in the fire of funeral service;  
 Ne how she swooned<sup>6</sup> whan she made the fire,  
 Ne what she spake, ne what was hir desire;  
 Ne what jewelles men in the fire casta,  
 Whan that the fire was gret and brente faste;  
 Ne how som cast hir sheld, and som hir speres,  
 And of hir vestimentes, which they were,  
 And cuppes full of wine, and milk, and blood,  
 Into the fire, that brent as it were wood;  
 Ne how the Grekes with a huge route  
 Three times riden all the fire aboute  
 Upon the left hond, with a loud shouting,  
 And thries with hir speres clatering;  
 And thries how the ladies gan to crie;  
 Ne how that led was homeward Emelia;  
 Ne how Arcite is brent to ashen cold;  
 Ne how the licke-wake<sup>7</sup> was yhold

<sup>1</sup> Dwelt.<sup>2</sup> Birds.<sup>3</sup> Straw.<sup>4</sup> Jewels, precious stones.<sup>5</sup> Myrrh.<sup>6</sup> Fainted.

<sup>7</sup> The custom of watching with dead bodies (lions. *SAX.*) is probably very ancient in this country. It was abused, as other Wakes and Vigils were. See Du Cange, in v. *VIGILIE*. *In vigiliis circa corpora mortuorum ventantur choree et cantilene, secularis ludii et alii turpes et fidi Synod. Wigorn. an. 1240, c. 5.* Chaucer seems to have confounded the Wake-plays, as they were called, of his own time with the Funeral games of the Ancients. So in *Troilus*, v. 303, *Troilus* says to *Pandarus*

But of the fire and flambe funeral  
 In which my body brennen shall to glode  
 And of the fests and playes palestral  
 At my vigile I pray thee take good heed.—*Tyrwhitt.*

All thilke night, ne how the Grekes play.  
 The wake-plaies ne kepe I not to say:  
 Who wrestled best naked, with oile enoint,  
 Ne who that bare him best in no disjoint.<sup>1</sup>  
 I woll not tellen eke how they all gon  
 Home til Athenes whan the play is don;  
 But shortly to the point now wol I wende,  
 And maken of my longe tale an ende.

By processe and by lengthe of certain yeres  
 All stenten<sup>2</sup> is the mourning and the teres  
 Of Grekes, by on general assent.  
 Than semeth me ther was a parlement  
 At Athenes, upon certain points and cas:  
 Amonges the which points yspoken was  
 To have with certain contrees alliance,  
 And have of Thebanes fully obeisance.  
 For which this noble Theseus anon  
 Let senden after gentil Palamon,  
 Unwist of him, what was the cause and why  
 But in his blacke clothes sorwefully  
 He came at his commandement on hie;  
 Tho sente Theseus for Emelie.

Whan they were set, and husht was al the place,  
 And Theseus abiden hath a space,  
 Or<sup>3</sup> any word came from his wise brest  
 His eyen set he ther as was his lest,  
 And with a sad visage he siked still,  
 And after that right thus he sayd his will.

The firste mover of the cause above  
 Whan he firste made the fayre chaine of love,  
 Gret was th' effect, and high was his entent;  
 Wel wist he why, and what therof he ment:  
 For with that fayre chaine of love he bond<sup>4</sup>  
 The fire, the air, the watre, and the lond  
 In certain bondes, that they may not flee:  
 That same prince and mover eke (quod he)  
 Hath stablisht, in this wretched world adoun,  
 Certain of dayes and duration  
 To all that are engendred in this place,  
 Over the which day they ne mow<sup>5</sup> not pace,  
 Al mow they yet dayes wel abrege.  
 Ther nedeth non autoritee allege,

<sup>1</sup> With no disadvantage.

<sup>2</sup> Before that.

<sup>4</sup> Bound.

<sup>3</sup> Stopped.

<sup>5</sup> Must.

For it is proved by experience,  
 But that me lust<sup>1</sup> declaren my sentence.  
 Than may men by this ordre wel discernen,  
 That thilke mover stable is and eterne.  
 Wel may men knowen, but it be a fool,  
 That every part deriveth from his hool.<sup>2</sup>  
 For nature hath not taken his beginning  
 Of no partie ne cantel<sup>3</sup> of a thing,  
 But of a thing that parfit is and stable,  
 Descending so, til it be corruptible.<sup>4</sup>  
 And therefore of his wise purveyance  
 He hath so wel beset his ordinance,  
 That speses of thinges and progressions  
 Shullen enduren by successions,  
 And not eterne, withouten any lie:  
 This maiest thou understand and seen at eye.  
 Lo the oke, that hath so long a nourishing  
 Fro the time that it ginneth first to spring,  
 And hath so long a lif, as ye may see,  
 Yet at the laste wasted is the tree.  
 Considereth eke, how that the harde stone  
 Under our feet, on which we trede and gon,  
 It wasteth, as it lieth by the way.  
 The brode river sometime waxeth drey.<sup>5</sup>  
 The grete tonnes see we wane and wende.  
 Than may ye see that all thing hath an ende.  
 Of man and woman see we wel also,  
 That nedes in on o. the termes two,  
 That is to sayn, in youthe or elles age,  
 He mote be ded, the king as shall a page;  
 Som in his bed, som in the depe see,  
 Som in the large feld, as ye may see:  
 Ther helpeth nought, all goth that ilke way  
 Than may I sayn that alle thing mote dey.  
 What maketh this but Jupiter the king?  
 The which is prince, and cause of alle thing,  
 Converting alle unto his propre wille,  
 From which it is derived, soth to telle.  
 And here-againes no creature on live<sup>6</sup>  
 Of no degree availleth for to strive.  
 Than is it wisdom, as it thinketh me,  
 To maken vertue of necessite,

<sup>1</sup> I wish to declare.<sup>2</sup> Whole.<sup>3</sup> Fragment.<sup>4</sup> Corruptible.<sup>5</sup> Dry.<sup>6</sup> Alive.

And take it wel, that we may not eschewe,  
 And namely that to us all is dewe.  
 And who so grutcheth<sup>1</sup> ought, he doth folie,  
 And rebel is to him that all may gie.<sup>2</sup>  
 And certainly a man hath most honour  
 To dien in his excellence and flour,  
 Whan he is siker of his goode name.  
 Than hath he don his frend, ne him, no shame;  
 And glader ought his frend ben of his deth,  
 Whan with honour is yolden<sup>3</sup> up his breth,  
 Than whan his name appalled is for age;  
 For all foryetten is his vassallage.  
 Than is it best, as for a worthy fame,  
 To dien whan a man is best of name.  
 The contrary of all this is wiltulnesse.  
 Why grutchen we? why have we hevinesse,  
 That good Arcite, of chivalry the flour,  
 Departed is, with dutee and honour,  
 Out of this foule prison of this lif?  
 Why grutchen here his cosin and his wif  
 Of his welfare, that loven him so wel?  
 Can he hem thank? nay, God wot, never a del,  
 That both his soule, and eke himself offend,  
 And yet they mow hir lustes not amend.

What may I conclude of this longe serie,  
 But after sorwe I rede us to be merie,<sup>4</sup>  
 And thanken Jupiter of all his grace.  
 And er that we departen from this place,  
 I rede that we make of sorwes two  
 O parfit joye lasting evermo:  
 And loketh now wher most sorwe is herein,  
 Ther wol I firste amenden and begin.

Sister, (quod he) this is my full assent,  
 With all th' avis here of my parlement,  
 That gentil Palamon, your owen knight,  
 That serveth you with will, and herte, and might,  
 And ever hath don, sin ye first him knew,  
 That ye shall of your grace upon him rew,<sup>5</sup>  
 And taken him for husbond and for lord:  
 Lene me your hand, for this is oure accord.

<sup>1</sup> Grudgeth.<sup>2</sup> Guide.<sup>3</sup> Yldeled.<sup>4</sup> I opine that we should be merry.<sup>5</sup> Take compassion.

Let see now of your womanly pitea.  
 He is a kinges brothers sone pardes,<sup>1</sup>  
 And though he were a poure bachelere,  
 Sin he hath served you so many a yere,  
 And had for you so gret adversite,  
 It mooste ben considered, leveth me.<sup>2</sup>  
 For gentil mercy oweth to passen<sup>3</sup> right.

Than sayd he thus to Palamon the knight;  
 I trow ther nedeth litel sermoning  
 To maken you assenten to this thing.  
 Cometh ner, and take your lady by the hond.

Betwixen hem was makid anon the bond,  
 That highte matrimoine or mariage,  
 By all the conseil of the baronage.  
 And thus with alle blisse and melodie  
 Hath Palamon ywedded Emelie.  
 And God that all this wide world hath wrought,  
 Send him his love, that hath it dere ybought.  
 For now is Palamon in alle wele,  
 Living in blisse, in richesse, and in hale,  
 And Emelie him loveth so tendrely,  
 And he hire serveth al so gentilly,  
 That never was ther no word hem betwene  
 Of jalousie, ne of non other tene.<sup>4</sup>

Thus endeth Palamon and Emelie;  
 And God save all this fayre compaignie.

<sup>1</sup> *Pardies*, by God.

<sup>2</sup> To judge, to pass sentence.

<sup>3</sup> Believe me.

<sup>4</sup> Grief, vexation.



## THE MILLERES PROLOGUE

8111-8140.

WHAN that the Knight had thus his tale told,  
In all the compaignie n'as ther yong ne old,  
That he ne said it was a noble storie,  
And worthy to be drawn to memorie;  
And namely the gentiles everich on.  
Our hoste lough and swore, So mote I gon,  
This goth aright; unbokeled is the male;<sup>1</sup>  
Let see now who shal tell another tale:  
For trewely this game is wel begonne.  
Now telleth ye, sire Monk, if that ye conne,  
Somwhat, to quiten with the knightes tale.

The Miller that for-dronken was all pale,  
So that unethes<sup>2</sup> upon his hors he sat,  
He n'old avalen<sup>3</sup> neither hood ne hat,  
Ne abiden no man for his curtesie,  
But in Pilate vois<sup>4</sup> he gan to crie,  
And swore by armes, and by blood, and bones,  
I can a noble tale for the nones,  
With which I wol now quite the knightes tale.

Our hoste saw that he was dronken of ale,  
And sayd; abide, Robin, my leve brother,  
Som better man shall tell us first another:  
Abide, and let us werken thriftily.

By Goddes soul (quod he) that wol not I,  
For I wol speke, or elles go my way.

Our hoste answerd; Tell on a devil way;  
Thou art a fool; thy wit is overcome.

Now herkeneth, quod the miller, all and some:  
But first I make a protestatioun,  
That I am dronke, I know it by my soun:

<sup>1</sup> The budget is opened.<sup>2</sup> Uneasily.<sup>3</sup> To take off, to doff.<sup>4</sup> *In Pilates vois* In such a voice as Pilate was used to speak with in the Mysteries. Pilate, being an odious character, was probably represented as speaking with a harsh, disagreeable voice.—*Tyrwhitt*.

And thertore if that I missepeke or say,  
 Wite<sup>1</sup> it the ale of Southwerk, I you pray:  
 For I wol tell a legend and a lif  
 Both of a carpenter and of his wif,  
 How that a clerk hath set the wrightes carp.  
 The Reve answerd and saide, Stint thy sei.  
 Let be thy lewed drunken harlotrie.  
 It is a sinne, and eke a gret folie  
 To apeiren<sup>2</sup> any man, or him defame,  
 And eke to bringen wives in swiche a name.  
 Thou mayst ynough of other thinges sain.  
 This drunken miller spake ful sone again,  
 And sayde; Leve brother Osewold,  
 Who hath no wif, he is no cokewold.  
 But I say not thertore that thou art on;  
 Ther ben ful goode wives many on.  
 Why art thou angry with my tale now?  
 I have a wif pardo<sup>3</sup> as wel as thou,  
 Yet n'olde I, for the oxen in my plough,  
 Taken upon me more than ynough  
 As demen of myself that I am on;  
 I wol beleven wel that I am non.  
 An husbond shuld not ben inquisitif  
 Of Goddes privite, ne of his wif.  
 So he may finden Goddes foison<sup>4</sup> there,  
 Of the remenant nedeth not to enquire.

What shuld I more say, but this millere.  
 He n'olde his wordes for no man forbere,  
 But told his cherles tale in his manere,  
 Me thinketh, that I shal rehearse it here.  
 And thertore every gentil wight I pray,  
 For Goddes love as deme not<sup>5</sup> that I say  
 Of evil entent, but that I mote rehearse  
 Hir tales alle, al be they better or worse,

<sup>1</sup> Blame the ale for it.

<sup>2</sup> Made the fun

<sup>3</sup> Impair, injure.

<sup>4</sup> Pardious.

<sup>5</sup> Abuse

<sup>6</sup> This phrase has occurred before: ver. 2204, As kepe  
 2219, As sende. I once thought that as in these cases was  
 tially for *do so much as*; but then the following verb must  
 in the infinitive mood, whereas it is often in the imperative  
 5773, As taketh. Ver. 5631, As doth. Ver. 12 252, As both.  
 fore rather inclined to understand it in the sense of *so, according*  
 original etymology. *As* is an abbreviation of *ak*, and that  
*ak* *owdme*. See ver. 2421, 2773, 7007.—Tyndale.

Or elles falsen som of my matere.  
 And therefore who so list it not to here,  
 Turne over the leef, and chese another tale,  
 For he shal find ynow bothe gret and smale,  
 Of storial thing that toucheth gentillesse,  
 And eke moralite, and holinesse.  
 Blameth not me, if that ye chese amia.  
 The miller is a cherl, ye know wel this,  
 So was the reve, (and many other mo)  
 And harlotrie they tolden bothe two.  
 Aviseth you now, and put me out of blame;  
 And eke men shuld not make earnest of game.

## The Miller's Tale.

WHILOM ther was dwelling in Oxenforde  
 A riche gnof,<sup>1</sup> that gestes helde to borde,  
 And of his craft he was a carpenter.  
 With him there was dwelling a poure scoler,  
 Had lerned art, but all his fantasie  
 Was turned for to lerne astrologie,  
 And coude a certain of conclusions  
 To demen<sup>2</sup> by interrogations,  
 If that men asked him in certain houres,  
 Whan that men shulde have drouht or elles shoures:  
 Or if men asked him what shulde falle  
 Of every thing, I may not reken alle.

This clerk was cleped hendy<sup>3</sup> Nicholas;  
 Of derne<sup>4</sup> love he coude and of solas;<sup>5</sup>  
 And therto he was slie and ful prive,<sup>6</sup>  
 And like a maiden meke for to so.  
 A chambre had he in that hostetrie  
 Alone, withouten any compaignie,  
 Ful fetisly<sup>7</sup> ydlight with herbes sote,<sup>8</sup>  
 And he himself was swete as is the rote<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cnif. See Tyrwhitt's glossary.

<sup>2</sup> Courtous.

<sup>3</sup> Private.

<sup>4</sup> Secret.

<sup>5</sup> Naatly.

<sup>6</sup> Judge, determine.

<sup>7</sup> Mirth, sport.

<sup>8</sup> Sweet.

<sup>9</sup> Root.

Of licoria, or any setswale.<sup>1</sup>  
 His almagest,<sup>2</sup> and bokes gret and smale,  
 His astrelabre, longing for his art,  
 His augrim<sup>3</sup> stones, layen faire aparte  
 On shelves couched at his beddes bed,  
 His presse ycovered with a falding red.  
 And all above ther lay a gay sautrie,  
 On which he made on nightes melodie,  
 So swetely, that all the chambre rong:  
 And *Angelus ad virginem* he song.  
 And after that he song the kinges note,<sup>4</sup>  
 Ful often blessed was his mery throta.  
 And thus this swete clerk his time spent  
 After his frendes finding<sup>5</sup> and his rent.

This carpenter had wedded new a wif,  
 Which that he loved more than his lif:  
 Of eightene yere she was I gesse of age.  
 Jalous he was, and held hire narwe in cage,  
 For she was wild and yonge, and he was old,  
 And demed himself belike a cokewold.  
 He knew not Caton,<sup>6</sup> for his wit was rude,  
 That had a man shulde welde his similitude.  
 Men shulden wedden after hir estate,  
 For youthe and elde is often at debate.  
 But aithen he was fallen in the snare,  
 He most endure (as other folk) his care.

Fayre was this yonge wif, and therwithal  
 As any weasel hire body gent and smal.  
 A seint<sup>7</sup> she wered, barred all of silk,  
 A barne-cloth<sup>8</sup> eke as white as morwe milk

<sup>1</sup> The herb valerian.

<sup>2</sup> The "Great Syntax" of Ptolemy, an astronomical treatise, the Greek name of which has been corrupted by the Arabs into *almagest*.—*Tyrwhitt, gl.*

<sup>3</sup> Pebbles, or counters, used for numeration. The word is a corruption of the Arabic "algorithm."

<sup>4</sup> The kinges note. What this note, or tune, was, I must leave to be explained by the musical antiquarian. *Angelus ad virginem*, I suppose, was *Ave Maria*, &c.—*Tyrwhitt.*

<sup>5</sup> I. e. supplying.

<sup>6</sup> The calling of this author Caton, shows that he was more studied in French than in Latin. See below, ver. 9221, 14,946, 16,155. Who he was, or of what age, is uncertain: but his authority, four or five hundred years ago, seems to have been as great as if he had really been the famous censor of Rome. However, the maxim here alluded to is not properly one of Cato's, but I find it in a kind of supplement to the *moral disticha*.—*Tyrwhitt.*

<sup>7</sup> Girdle.

<sup>8</sup> Apron.

Upon hire lendes,<sup>1</sup> ful of many a gore.<sup>2</sup>  
 White was hire smok, and brouded all before  
 And eke behind on hire colere<sup>3</sup> aboute  
 Of cole-black silk, within and eke withoute.  
 The tapes of hire white volupere<sup>4</sup>  
 Were of the same suit of hire colere;  
 Hire fillet brode of silk, and set full hye:  
 And sikerly she had a likerous eye.  
 Ful smal y pulled were hire browes two,  
 And they were bent, and black as any slo.  
 She was wel more blisful on to see  
 Than is the newe perjenete<sup>5</sup> tree;  
 And softer than the wolle is of a wether.

And by hire girdel heng a purse of lether,  
 Taseled with silk, and perled with latoun.<sup>6</sup>  
 In all this world to seken up and down  
 Ther n'is no man so wise, that coude thenche  
 So gay a popelot,<sup>7</sup> or swiche a wenche.  
 Ful brighter was the shining of hire hewe,  
 Than in the tour the noble yforged newe.  
 But of hire song, it was as loud and yerne,<sup>8</sup>  
 As any swallow sitting on a berne.<sup>9</sup>  
 Therto she coude skip, and make a game,  
 As any kid or calf folowing his dame.  
 Hire mouth was swete as braket<sup>10</sup> or the meth,<sup>11</sup>  
 Or hord of apples, laid in hay or heth.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Loin.

<sup>2</sup> It has been suggested to me by a learned person, whom I have not the honour to know, that *gore* is a common name for a *strip* of cloth or *trim*, which is inserted in order to widen a garment in any particular place. GOOD OF A CLATH — *Lucina*, Prompt Parv. See also the Glossary to Kennet's Paroch. Antiq. in *V. Gore*. This sense will suit very well with the context of ver. 3227, but hardly I think with that of ver. 12719; unless we suppose that *gore* is put here for *skirt*, because *skirts* have usually *gores* in them. This expression would certainly be very awkward, and unlike Chaucer's general manner, but in this place, & *Time of Sire Topas*, he may be supposed to have taken it purposely from one of those old romances which are the objects of his ridicule.—*probit*.

<sup>3</sup> Collar.

<sup>4</sup> A woman's cap.

<sup>5</sup> A young pear.

<sup>6</sup> Ornamented with latoun in the shape of pearls. *Latoun* was a kind of mixed metal.

<sup>7</sup> Young butterfly, or puppet, according to its derivation.

<sup>8</sup> Drink, fresh.

<sup>9</sup> Barn.

<sup>10</sup> A sweet drink made of the wort of ale, honey, and spice.

<sup>11</sup> Mead.

<sup>12</sup> Heath.

Winning she was, as is a joly colt,  
 Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.  
 A broche she bare upon hire low colere,  
 As brode as is the boome of a bokelere.  
 Hire shoon were laced on her legges his;  
 She was a primerole,<sup>1</sup> a piggesnie,<sup>2</sup>  
 For any lord to ligen in his bedde,  
 Or yet for any good yeman to wedde.

Now sire, and eft sire, so befall the cas,  
 That on a day this hendy<sup>3</sup> Nicholas  
 Fel with this yonge wif to rage and pleye,  
 While that hire husbond was at Ousewey,  
 As clerkes ben ful subtil and ful quaint,  
 And prively he caught hire by the quaint,  
 And sayde; Ywis, but if I have my will,  
 For derne<sup>4</sup> love of thee, lemman,<sup>5</sup> I spill.<sup>6</sup>  
 And helde hire faste by the hanche bones,  
 And sayde; Lemman, love me wel at ones,  
 Or I wol dien, al so God me save.

And she sprong as a colt doth in the trave;<sup>7</sup>  
 And with hire hed she writhed faste away,  
 And sayde; I wol not kisse thee by my lay.  
 Why let be, (quod she) let be, Nicholas,  
 Or I wol crie out harow<sup>8</sup> and alaa.  
 Do way your hondes for your curtesia.

This Nicholas gan mercy for to crie,  
 And spake so faire, and profered him so fast,  
 That she hire love him granted at the last,  
 And swore hire oth by Seint Thomas of Kent,  
 That she wold ben at his commandement,  
 Whan that she may hire leiser wel espia.  
 Myn husbond is so ful of jalouseie,  
 That but ye whiten wel, and be prive,  
 I wot right wel I n'am but ded, quod she.  
 Ye mosten be ful derne as in this cas.

Nay, therof care you not, quod Nicholas:

<sup>1</sup> A primrose.

<sup>2</sup> The Romans used *oculus* as a term of endearment, and *perla piggesnie*, in vulgar language, only means *oculus*; the eyes of that ant being remarkably small — *Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>3</sup> Courteous.

<sup>4</sup> Secret.

<sup>5</sup> My love.

<sup>6</sup> I perish.

<sup>7</sup> A frame, in which restive horses are put to steady them.

<sup>8</sup> Aloud, something like of "Hallelu!" But see *Tyrwhitt*.

A clerk had litherly<sup>1</sup> leset his while,  
 But if he coude a carpenter begile.  
 And thus they were accorded and ysworne  
 To waite a time, as I have said beforne.  
 Whan Nicholas had don thus every del,  
 And thacked hire about the lendes wel,  
 He kissed hire swete, and taketh his sautrie,  
 And plaieth fast, and maketh melodie.

Than fell it thus, that to the pariah cherche  
 (Of Cristes owen werkes for to werche)<sup>2</sup>  
 This good wif went upon a holy day:  
 Hire forehed shone as bright as any day,  
 So was it washen, whan she lete hire werk.

Now was ther of that chirche a pariah clerk,  
 The which that was ycleped Absolon.  
 Crulle<sup>3</sup> was his here, and as the gold it shon,  
 And strouted<sup>4</sup> as a fanne large and brode;  
 Ful streight and even lay his joly shode.<sup>5</sup>  
 His roie<sup>6</sup> was red, his eyen grey as goos,  
 With Poules windowes<sup>7</sup> corven on his shoon.  
 In hosen red he went ful fetisly.  
 Yclad he was ful smal and proprely,  
 All in a kirtel of a light waget;<sup>8</sup>  
 Ful faire and thicke ben the pointes set.  
 And therupon he had a gay surplise,  
 As white as is the blosme upon the rise.<sup>9</sup>

A mery child he was, so God me save;  
 Wel coude he leten blod, and clippe, and shave,  
 And make a chartre<sup>10</sup> of lond, and a quitance.  
 In twenty manere coude he trip and dance,

<sup>1</sup> Ill.<sup>2</sup> Curled.<sup>3</sup> Pair.<sup>4</sup> Work, do.<sup>5</sup> Strutted.<sup>6</sup> Complexion.

<sup>7</sup> Perhaps this means, that his shoes were cut in squares, like panes of glass. Bale mentions *fenestratos calceos* as making part of the habit of the Franciscans. Cent. iv 27 and 91. They also occur in the Cistercian Statutes an. 1529, and the monks are forbidden to wear them. In Cange, in v CALCEI FENESTRATI.—Tyrrwhitt.

<sup>8</sup> Or, *Watchet*. Skinner explains *Watchet* to mean a colour, a whitish blue; but in this place it seems rather to mean some kind of cloth; denominated, perhaps, from the town of *Watchet*, in Somersetshire. Instead of *uget* some MSS read *as*; and MS. A. *whit*. This last epithet would be quite inconsistent with Skinner's explanation.—Tyrrwhitt.

<sup>9</sup> Small twigs or bushes.<sup>10</sup> Charter.

(After the scole of Oxenforde tho)<sup>1</sup>  
 And with his legges casten to and fro;  
 And playen songes on a smal ribible;<sup>2</sup>  
 Thereto he song sometime<sup>3</sup> a loud quynble.  
 And as wel coude he play on a giterne.  
 In all the toun n'as brewhous ne tavernes,  
 That he ne visited with his solas,  
 Ther as that any gaillard<sup>4</sup> tapstere<sup>5</sup> was.  
 But soth to say he was somdel squamous<sup>6</sup>  
 Of farting, and of speche dangerous.

This Absolon, that joly was and gay,  
 Goth with a censer on the holy day,  
 Censing the wives of the parish faste;  
 And many a lovely loke he on hem caste,  
 And namely on this carpenteres wif:  
 To loke on hire him thought a mery lif.  
 She was so propre, and swete, and likerous,  
 I dare wel sain, if she had ben a mous,  
 And he a cat, he wolde hire hente<sup>7</sup> anon.

This parish clerk, this joly Absolon,  
 Hath in his herte swiche a love-longing,  
 That of no wif toke he non offering;  
 For curtesie, he sayd, he n'olde non.

The moone at night ful clere and brighte shon,  
 And Absolon his giterne hath ytake,  
 For paramours<sup>8</sup> he thoughte for to wake.  
 And forth he goth, jolif and amorous  
 Til he came to the carpenteres hous,  
 A litel after the cockes had ycrow,  
 And dressed him up by a shot<sup>9</sup> window,  
 That was upon the carpenteres wal.  
 He singeth in his vois gentil and smal;  
 Now, dere lady,—if thy wille be,<sup>10</sup>  
 I pray you that ye—wol rewe<sup>11</sup> on me;  
 Ful wel wel accordant to his giterning.

This carpenter awoke, and herd him sing.

<sup>1</sup> The school of Oxford seems to have been in much the same estimation for its dancing as that of Stratford for its French. See before, ver. 125. *Oxenforde* is a Quadrisyllable. *Oxeneforde*. *SAX.—Tyrridill*.

<sup>2</sup> What instrument this was, is not known.

<sup>3</sup> *I. e.*, sometimes so. The quynble was also a musical instrument.

<sup>4</sup> Gay.

<sup>5</sup> A female keeper of a *tap*, or tavern.

<sup>6</sup> Squamous.

<sup>7</sup> Seize.

<sup>8</sup> Lovers.

<sup>9</sup> Shut.

<sup>10</sup> These two verses should probably form four short lines.—*Tyrridill*.

<sup>11</sup> Take pity.



And spake unto his wif, and said anon,  
What, Alison, heres thou not Absolon,  
That chanteth thus under our boures<sup>1</sup> wal?  
And she answerd hire husbond therewithal;  
Yea, God wot, John, I here him every del.  
This passeth forth; what wol ye bet than wel  
Fro day to day this joly Absolon  
So loveth hire, that him is wo-begon.  
He waketh all the night, and all the day,  
He kembeth his lockes brode, and made him gay,  
He woeth hire by manes and brocage,<sup>2</sup>  
And swore he wolde ben hire owen page.  
He singeth brokking<sup>3</sup> as a nightingale.  
He sent hire pinnes, methe, and spiced ale,  
And wafres piping hot out of the glede:<sup>4</sup>  
And for she was of toun, he profered mede.  
For som folk wol be wonnen for richesse,  
And som for strokes, and som with gentillesse.  
Somtime to shew his lightnesse and maistrie  
He plaieth Herode on a skaffold hie.<sup>5</sup>  
But what availeth him as in this cas?  
So loveth she this hendy Nicholas,  
That Absolon may blow the bucces hornes.<sup>6</sup>  
He ne had for his labour but a scorne.  
And thus she maketh Absolon hire ape,  
And all his earnest turneth to a jape.  
Ful soth is this proverbe, it is no lie;  
Men say right thus alway; the neigho alie<sup>7</sup>  
Blak-th oft time the fer-leef to be lothe.  
For though that Absolon be wood<sup>8</sup> or wrothe,  
Because that he fer was from hire sight,  
This neigho Nicholas stood in his light.  
Now here thee wel, thou hendy Nicholas,  
For Absolon may waile and sing alas.  
And so befell that on a Saturday,  
This carpenter was gon to Osenay,  
And hendy Nicholas and Alison  
Accorded ben to this conclusion,

<sup>1</sup> House.<sup>2</sup> By go-betweens and agents.<sup>3</sup> Quivering.<sup>4</sup> The embers.<sup>5</sup> This is much in character. The parish-clerks had always a principal share in the representation of mysteries.—*Tyrrhitt*.<sup>6</sup> I. e., fail, profit nothing.<sup>7</sup> Cussing one.<sup>8</sup> Distant.<sup>9</sup> Mad.



That Nicholas shal shapen him a wife  
This sely<sup>1</sup> jealous husband to begile;  
And if so were the game went aright,  
She shuld slepe in his armes alle night,  
For this was hire desire and his also.  
And right anon, withouten wordes mo,  
This Nicholas no lengur wolde tarie,  
But doth ful softe unto his chambre carie  
Both mete and drinke for a day or twey.

And to hire husband bad hire for to sey,  
If that he axed after Nicholas,  
She shulde say, she n<sup>2</sup>ote not wher he was;  
Of all the day she saw him not with eye.  
She trowed he was in som maladie,  
For for no crise hire maiden coud him calle  
He n<sup>3</sup>olde answer, for nothing that might falle.

Thus passeth forth all thilke Saturday,  
That Nicholas still in his chambre lay,  
And ete, and slept, and dide what him list  
Til Sondag, that the sonne goth to rest.

This sely carpenter hath gret mervaille  
Of Nicholas, or what thing might him aile,  
And said; I am adrad<sup>4</sup> by Seint Thomas  
It stondeh not aright with Nicholas:  
God shilde that he died sodenly.  
This world is now ful tikel<sup>5</sup> sikerly.  
I saw to-day a corps yborne to cherche,  
That now on Monday last I saw him worche.

Go up (quod he unto his knave) anon;  
Clepe<sup>6</sup> at his dore, or knocke with a ston:  
Loke how it is, and tell me boldely.

This knave goth him up ful sturdely,  
And at the chambre dore while that he stood,  
He cried and knocked as that he were wood:  
What how! what do ye, maister Nicholay!  
How may ye slepen all the longe day!  
But all for nought, he herde not a word.  
An hole he fond ful low upon the bord,  
Ther as the cat was wont in for to crepe,  
And at the hole he loked in ful depe,

<sup>1</sup> Sely.<sup>2</sup> Uncertain.<sup>3</sup> Fearful.<sup>4</sup> Caut.

And at the last he had of him a sight.

This Nicholas sat ever gaping upright,  
As he had kyked<sup>1</sup> on the newe mone.

Adown he goth, and telleth his maister sone,  
In what array he saw this ilke man.

This carpenter to blissen him began,  
And said; Now helpe us Seinte Frideswide.<sup>2</sup>

A man wote litel what shal him betide.

This man is fallen with his astronomie

In som woodnesse<sup>3</sup> or in som agonie.

I thought ay wel how that it shulde be.

Men shulde not knowe of Goddes privete.

Ya blessed be alway a lewed man,

That nought but only his beleve<sup>4</sup> can.

So ferd another clerk with astronomie;

He walked in the felde for to prie

Upon the sterres, what ther shuld befalla,

Til he was in a marlepit yalle.<sup>5</sup>

He saw not that. But yet by Seint Thomas

Me reweth sore of hendy Nicholas:

He shal be rated of<sup>6</sup> his studying,

If that I may, by Jesus heven king.

Get me a staf, that I may underspore<sup>7</sup>

While that thou, Robin, hevest of the dore:

He shal out of his studying, as I gesse.

And to the chambre dore he gan him dresse.

His knave was a strong carl for the nones,

And by the haspe he ha it of at ones;

Into the flore the dore tell anon.

This Nicholas sat ay as stille as ston,

And ever he gaped upward into the eire.

This carpenter wend he were in despeire,

And hent him by the shulders mightily,

And shoke him hard, and cried spitously;

What, Nicholas? what how man? loke adoun

Awake, and thinke on Cristes passioun.

<sup>1</sup> Gazed, i. e., as if he were moonstruck.  
is is very apposite. For St. Frideswide was the patroness of a  
at Oxford, upon the same site as the present cathedral of Christ-

<sup>2</sup> Madness.

, that knows nothing but his Creed.

milar story is told of Thales.

led for studying too much.

<sup>7</sup> Raise it up.

I crouche<sup>1</sup> thee from elves, and from wighten,<sup>2</sup>  
 Therwith the nightepel maid be anon righten,  
 On foure halves of the hous aboute,  
 And on the threswold on the dore withoute,  
 Jesu Crist, and Seint Benedight,<sup>3</sup>  
 Blisse this hous from every wicked wight,  
 Fro the nightes mare, the wite Pater-noster;  
 Wher wonest thou Seint Petre's suster

And at the last this hendy Nicholas  
 Gan for to siken sore, and said; Alas!  
 Shal all the world be lost eftsones now?

This carpenter answered; What saliest thou?  
 What? thinke on God, as we do, man that swinke<sup>4</sup>.

This Nicholas answered; Fetch me a drinke;  
 And after wol I speke in privates  
 Of certain thing that toucheth thee and me:  
 I wol tell it non other man certain.

This carpenter goth doun, and cometh again,  
 And brought of mighty ale a large quart;  
 And whan that ecche of hem had drunken his part,  
 This Nicholas his dore faste shette,  
 And doun the carpenter by him he sette,

<sup>1</sup> I make the sign of the cross to guard thee from, etc.

<sup>2</sup> *Witches*. In the *Toutain, N'ac-creuse*; but whether they were called from their Wisdom, or from their being supposed to be clothed in white, is not clear. A widow in that language is called a *N'ac-creuse* from the latter circumstance. In Keyser's *Illustration de l'histoire de France*, he has traced, with a great deal of learning and probability, the popular notions of witches and witchcraft, in the northern parts of Europe, from a very early period. The faculty of floating on the water, so as not to be capable of being drowned, is ascribed by many to a race of male witches in Pontus. — *Tyrrwhitt*.

<sup>3</sup> The charm, which follows, ver. 3482—4, is so lamely represented in all the MSS., that I have left it as I found it in the common editions. It might perhaps be a little improved by reading it thus:

Jesu Crist and Seint Benedight  
 Blisse this hous from every wight,  
 Fro the nightes mare. Pater-noster.  
 Wher wonest thou Seint Petre's suster?

In ver. 2, *eliked* may be left out upon the authority of MS. A. and others. It is certainly unnecessary. *Pater-noster* was often repeated in the mobile, as well as at the end, of charms. In ver. 4, instead of *swent* some MSS. read *wonest*. I do not understand how the Night-mare came to be allied to St. Peter.

To say the truth, I suspect this charm to be an interpolation. — *Tyrrwhitt*.  
<sup>4</sup> Labour.



And aside ; John, min houte lefe and dare,  
Thou shalt upon thy trouthe swere me here,  
That to no wight thou shalt my conseil wrey  
For it is Cristes conseil that I say,  
And if thou tell it man, thou art forlore :  
For this vengeance thou shalt have therfore,  
That if thou wreye<sup>1</sup> me, thou shalt be wood.

Nay, Crist forbode it for his holy blood  
Quod tho this sely man ; I am no labbe,<sup>2</sup>  
Ne though I say it, I n'am not lefe to gabba.<sup>3</sup>  
Say what thou wilt, I shal it never telle  
To child ne wif, by him that harwed<sup>4</sup> helle.

Now, John, (quod Nicholas) I wol not lye,  
I have yfounded in min astrologie,  
As I have loked in the moone bright,  
That now on Monday next, at quarter night,  
Shal fall a rain, and that so wild and wood  
That half so gret was never Noes flood.  
This world (he said) in less than in an houre  
Shal al be dreint,<sup>5</sup> so hidous is the shoure :  
Thus shal mankinde drenche, and lese hir lif.

This carpenter answerd ; Alas my wif !  
And shal she drenche ! alas min Alisoun !  
For sorwe of this he fell almost adoun,  
And said, Is ther no remedy in this cas ?

Why yea, for God, quod hendy Nichola  
If thou wilt werken after lore<sup>6</sup> and rede ;  
Thou maist not werken after thin owen hede.  
For thus saith Salomon, that was ful trewe ;  
Werke all by conseil, and thou shalt not rewe.  
And if thou werken wilt by good conseil,  
I undertake, withouten mast or sayl,  
Yet shal I saven hire, and thee and me.  
Hast thou not herd how saved was Noe,  
When that our Lord had warned him beforne,  
That al the world with water shuld be lorne ?

Yea, (quod this carpenter) ful yore ago.

Hast thou not herd (quod Nicholas) also  
The sorwe of Noe with his felawship,<sup>7</sup>  
Or that he might get his wif to ship ?

<sup>1</sup> Betray.

<sup>2</sup> Harrowed, i. e., conquered, subdued.

<sup>3</sup> Some legend is alluded to, for the Bible says nothing on the subject.  
volunt observes: "The dispute between Noah and his wife upon this

<sup>4</sup> Bish.

<sup>5</sup> Drenched.

<sup>6</sup> Advice.



Him had be lever, I dare wel undertake,  
At thilke time, than all his wethers blake,<sup>1</sup>  
That she had had a ship hiresel alone.  
And therfore wost thou what is best to done?  
This axeth hast,<sup>2</sup> and of an hastit thing  
Men may not preche and maken taryng.  
Anon go get us fast into this in  
A kneding trough or elles a kemelyn,<sup>3</sup>  
For eche of us; but loke that they ben large,  
In which we mowen swimme as in a barge:  
And have therin vitaille suffisant  
But for a day; fle on the remenant;  
The water shall aslake and gon away  
Abouten prime upon the nexte day.  
But Robin may not wete of this, thy knave,  
Ne eke thy mayden Gille I may not save:  
Axe not why: for though thou axe me,  
I wol not tellen Goddes privete.  
Sufficeth thee, but if thy wittes madde,  
To have as gret a grace as Noe hadde.  
Thy wit shal I wel saven out of doute.  
Go now thy way, and spede thee hercaboute.

occasion makes a considerable part of the 3rd Pageant of the (*Whitsun-Plays* above mentioned. MS. Harl. 2018. The following will shew the grounds of her refusal to embark.

**NOE.** Wife, come in, why standes thou there?  
Thou art ever froward, that dare I swere.  
Come in on Godes halfe; tyme it were,  
For fear lest that wee drowne.

**WIFE.** Yea, Sir, set up your sails,  
And rowe forth with evil hails,  
For withouten anle falle  
I wil not oute of this towe;  
But I have my gossepes everich one,  
One foote further I will not gone:  
They shal not drowne by St. John,  
And I may save ther life.  
They loved me full well by Christ.  
But thou wilt let them into this chist,  
Ellis rowe forth, Noe, when thou list,  
And get thee a newe wife.

At last Sem, with the assistance of his brethren, fetches her on his  
force, and upon Noah's welcoming her she gives him a box on the  
<sup>1</sup> Black. <sup>2</sup> Requireth haste. <sup>3</sup> Tub.

But when thou hast for hire, and thee, and me  
 Yguten us these kneding tubbes thre,  
 Than shalt thou hang hem in the roofe ful hig,  
 That no man of our purveyance espie:  
 And when thou hast don thus as I have said,  
 And hast our vitaille faire in ham yald,  
 And eke an axe to smite the cord a-two  
 Whan that the water cometh, that we may go,  
 And breke an hole on high upon the gable  
 Unto the gardin ward, over the stable,  
 That we may frely passen forth our way,  
 Whan that the grete shoure is gon away.  
 Than shal thou swim as mery, I undertake,  
 As doth the white doke after hire drake:  
 Than wol I clepe, How Alison, how John,  
 Be mery: for the flood wol passe anon.  
 And thou wolt sain, Haile maister Nicholas,  
 Good morwe, I see thee wel, for it is day.  
 And than shall we be lordes all our lif  
 Of all the world, as Noe and his wif. ✓  
 But of o thing I warne thee ful right,  
 Be wel avised on that ilke night,  
 That we ben entred into shippes bord,  
 That non of us ne speke not o word,  
 Ne clepe ne cria, but be in his praier,  
 For it is Goddes owen heste dera.

Thy wif and thou moste hangen for a-twinne,  
 For that betwixen you shal be no sinne,  
 No more in loking than ther shal in dede.  
 This ordinance is said; go, God thee spede  
 To-morwe at night, whan men ben all asleep,  
 Into our kneding tubbes wol we crepe,  
 And sitten ther, abiding Goddes grace.  
 Go now thy way, I have no longer space  
 To make of this no lenger sermoning:  
 Men sain thus: send the wise, and say nothing:  
 Thou art so wise, it nedeth thee nought teche.  
 Go, save our lives, and that I thee beseeche.

This sely carpenter goth forth his way,  
 Ful oft he said alas, and wala wa,  
 And to his wif he told his privatee,  
 And she was ware, and knew it bet than he  
 What all this queinte cast was for to sey.  
 But natheles she ferde as she would dey,

And said; Alas! go forth thy way anon.  
 Helpe us to scape, or we be ded ech on.  
 I am thy trewe veray wedded wif;  
 Go, dere sponse, and helpe to save our lif.  
 Lo, what a gret thing is affection,  
 Men may die of imagination,  
 So depe may impression be take.  
 This ooly carpenter beginneth quake:  
 Him thinketh veraily that he may see  
 Noes flood comen walwing<sup>1</sup> as the see  
 To drenchen Alison, his hony dere.  
 He wepeth, wailleth, maketh sory chere;  
 He siketh, with ful many a sory swough.<sup>2</sup>  
 He goth, and geteth him a kneding trough,  
 And after a tubbe, and a kemelin,  
 And prively he sent hem to his in:  
 And heng hem in the roof in privetes.  
 His owen hound<sup>3</sup> than made he ladders thre,  
 To climben by the renges and the stalkes<sup>4</sup>  
 Unto the tubbes honging in the balkes;<sup>5</sup>  
 And vitailled bothe kemelin, trough and tubbe,  
 With bred and chese, and good ale in a jubbe,  
 Sufficing right ynow as for a day.

But er that he had made all this array,  
 He sent his knave, and eke his wenche also  
 Upon his nede to London for to go.  
 And on the Monday, whan it drew to night,  
 He shette his dore, withouten candel light,  
 And dressed all thing as it shulde be.  
 And shortly up they clomben alle thre.  
 They sitten stille wel a furlong way.  
 Now, *Pater noster*, clum,<sup>6</sup> said Nicholay:  
 And clum, quod John, and clum, said Alison:  
 This carpenter said his devotion,  
 And still he sit, and biddeth his praiere,  
 Awaiting on the rain, if he it here.

The dede slepe, for wery beainesse,  
 Fell on this carpenter, right as I gesse,  
 Abouten curfew-time, or litel more.  
 For travaills of his goost<sup>7</sup> he grometh sore,

<sup>1</sup> Rolling.<sup>2</sup> Sound.<sup>3</sup> By his own hand.<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* The steps and upright posts of a ladder.<sup>5</sup> The rafters.<sup>6</sup> *Mum.* From the Latin *mutterare*, to mumble, to mutter.<sup>7</sup> Spirit.

And eft he rouseth, for his hed mislay.  
Down of the ladder stalketh Nicholas,  
And Alison ful soft adoun hire speede  
Withouten wordes mo they went to bedde,  
Ther as the carpenter was wont to lie;  
Ther was the revel, and the maledie.  
And thus lith Alison, and Nicholas,  
In business of mirth and in soles,  
Til that the bel of loudes gan to ring,  
And frewe<sup>1</sup> in the chancel gon to sing.

This parish clerk, this amorous Absolon,  
That is for love alway so wo-begon,  
Upon the Monday was at Osenay  
With compaignis, him to disport and play;  
And asked upon cas a cloisterer  
Ful prively after John the carpenter;  
And he drew him apart out of the chirche.  
He said, I n'ot; I saw him not here wirche  
Sith Saturday; I trow that he be went  
For timbre, ther our abbot hath him sent.  
For he is wont for timbre for to go,  
And dwellen at the Grange a day or two:  
Or elles he is at his hous certain.

Wher that he be, I cannot sothly sein.  
This Absolon ful joly was and light,  
And thoughte, now is time to wake al night,  
For sikerly, I saw him nat stiring  
About his dore, sin day began to spring.  
So mote I thrive, I shal at cockes crow  
Ful prively go knocke at his window,  
That stant ful low upon his boures wall:  
To Alison wol I now tellen all  
My love-longing; for yet I shall not misse,  
That at the leste way I shall hire kisse.  
Some maner comfort shal I have parfay,  
My mouth hath itched all this longe day:  
That is a signe of kissing at the leste.  
All night me mette eke, I was at a leste.  
Therefore I will go slepe an houre or twey,  
And all the night than wol I wake and pley.

Whan that the firste cock hath crowe, anon  
Up rist this joly lover Absolon,

<sup>1</sup> Brethren.

And him arrayeth gay, at point devise.  
 But first he cheweth grein and licorice,  
 To smellen sote, or he had spoke with here.  
 Under his tonge a trewe love<sup>1</sup> he bare,  
 For therby wend he to ben gracious.  
 He cometh to the carpenteres hous,  
 And still he stant under the shot window;  
 Unto his brest it raught,<sup>2</sup> it was so low;  
 And soft he cougheth with a semicoun.

What do ye honnycombe, swete Alimoun?  
 My faire bird, my swete sinamoun,  
 Awaketh, lemman min, and speketh to me.  
 Ful litel thinken ye upon my wo,  
 That for your love I swete ther as I go.  
 No wonder is though that I sweite and swete,  
 I mourns as doth a lamb after the tete.  
 Ywis, lemman, I have swiche love-longing,  
 That like a turtel trewe is my mourning.  
 I may not ete no more than a maid.

Go fro the window, jake fool, she said:  
 As helpe me God, it wol not be, compame.<sup>3</sup>  
 I love another, or elles I were to blame,  
 Wel bet than thee by Jesu, Absolon.  
 Go forth thy way, or I wol cast a ston;  
 And let me slepe; a twenty divel way.

Alas! (quod Absolon) and wala wa!  
 That trewe love was ever so yvel besette:  
 Than kisse me, sin that it may be no bette,  
 For Jesus love, and for the love of me.

Wilt thou than go thy way therwith? quod she.  
 Ya certes, lemman, quod this Absolon.  
 Than make thee redy (quod she) I come anon.

This Absolon doun set him on his knees,  
 And saide; I am a lord at all degrees:  
 For after this I hope ther cometh more;  
 Lemman, thy grace, and, swete bird, thyn ora.<sup>4</sup>

The window she undoth, and that in haste.  
 Have don, (quod she) come of, and spede thee faste,  
 Lest that our neighebores thee espie.

This Absolon gan wipe his mouth ful drie.  
 Derke was the night, as pitch or as the cole,  
 And at the window she put out hire hole,

<sup>1</sup> What this can be, I know not.

<sup>2</sup> Companion, friend.

<sup>3</sup> Reached.

<sup>4</sup> Grace.

And Absolon him falle ne bet ne wern,  
But with his mouth he kist hire naked ern  
Ful savorly, er he was ware of this.

Abak he sterte, and thoughte it was amys,  
For wel he wist a woman hath no berd.  
He felt a thing all rowe, and long yherd,  
And seide; fy, alas! what have I do?

Te he, quod she, and clapt the window to;  
And Absolon goth forth a sory pas.

A berd, a berd, said hendy Nicholas;  
By goddes corpus, this goth faire and wel.

This sely Absolon herd every del,  
And on his lippe he gan for anger bite;  
And to himself he said, I shal thee quita.  
Who rubbeth now, who troteth now his lippas  
With dust, with sond, with straw, with cloth, with  
But Absolon? that saith full oft, alas! [chippas,  
My soule betake I unto Sathanas,  
But me were lever than all this toun (quod he)  
Of this despit awroken for to be.

Alas! alas! that I ne had yblent.  
His hote love is cold, and all yqueint.  
For fro that time that he had kist hire ern  
Of paramours ne raught he not a kere,  
For he was heled of his malaulie;  
Ful often paramours he gan defie,  
And wepe as doth a child that is ybete.  
A softe pas he went him over the strete  
Until a smith, men callen dan Gerveis,  
That in his forge smithed plow-harneis;  
He sharpeth share and cultre beaily.  
This Absolon knocketh all esily,  
And said; Undo, Gerveis, and that anon.

What, who art thou? It am I Absolon.  
What, Absolon, what? Cristes swete tre,<sup>1</sup>  
Why rise ye so rath? ey *benedicite*,  
What eileth you? some gay girle, God it wote,  
Hath brought you thus upon the viretote:<sup>2</sup>  
By Seint Neote, ye wote wel what I mene.

This Absolon ne raughte not a bene  
Of all his play; no word again he yaf.  
He hadde more tawe on his distaf<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I. e., the cross.

<sup>2</sup> The meaning of this word is unknown.

<sup>3</sup> I. e., he was pissing more.

<sup>4</sup> Early.

Than Gervais knew, and saide; Frend so dore,  
That hote culter in the cheminee here  
As leno<sup>1</sup> it me, I have therwith to don;  
I wol it bring again to thee ful sone.

Gervais answered; Cartas, were it gold,  
Or in a poke<sup>2</sup> nobles all untold,  
Thou shuldest it have, as I am trewe smith.  
Ey, Cristes foot, what wol ye don therwith?  
Therof, quod Absolon, be as be may;  
I shal wel tellen thee another day:  
And caught the culter by the colde stafe,  
Ful soft out at the dore he gan to stafe,  
And went unto the carpenteres wall.  
He coughed first, and knocked therwithall  
Upon the window, right as he did ar.

This Alison answered; Who is ther  
That knocketh so? I warrant him a thefe.  
Nay, nay, (quod he) God wot, my swete lufe,  
I am this Absolon, thy dereling.  
Of gold (quod he) I have thee brought a ring,  
My mother yave it me, so God me save,  
Ful fine it is, and therto wel ygrave:  
This wol I yeven thee, if thou me kisse.

This Nicholas was risen for to pisse,  
And thought he wolde amenden all the jape,  
He shulde kisse his ere er that he scape:  
And up the window did he hastily,  
And out his ere he putteth prively  
Over the buttok, to the hanche bon.  
And therwith spake this clerk, this Absolon,  
Speke swere bird, I n'ot not wher thou art.

This Nicholas anon let fleen a fart,  
As gret as it had ben a thonder dint,  
That with the stroke he was wel nis yblint:  
And he was redy with his yran hote,  
And Nicholas amid the ere he smote.

Off goth the skinne an hondbrede al aboute.  
The hote culter brenned so his touts,  
That for the smert he waned for to die;  
As he were wood, for wo he gan to crien,  
Help, water, water, help for Goddes herte.

This carpenter out of his slomber startes,

<sup>1</sup> Wilt lend.

<sup>2</sup> Pouch.

And herd on crie water, as he ware wood,  
And thought, alas, now cometh Noes flood.  
He set him up withouten wordes mo,  
And with his axe he smote the cord atwo;  
And doun goth all; he foud neyther to selle  
Ne breed ne ale, til he came to the selle,<sup>1</sup>  
Upon the flore, and ther aswoun he lay.

Up sterten Alison and Nicholay,  
And crieden, out and harow! in the strete.

The neighbeoures bothe smale and grette  
In rannen, for to gauren<sup>2</sup> on this man,  
That yet aswoun lay, bothe pale and wan:  
For with the fall he brosten hath his arm.  
But stonden he must unto his owen harm,  
For whan he spake, he was anon bore doun  
With hendy Nicholas and Alisoun.

They tolden every man that he was wood!<sup>3</sup>  
He was agaste so of Noes flood

Thurgh fantasie, that of his vanities  
He had ybought him kneding tubbes thre,  
And had hem honged in the roof above;  
And that he praid hem for Goddes love  
To sitten in the roof *par compaignie*.

The folk gan laughen at his fantasie.  
Into the roof they kyken,<sup>4</sup> and they gape,  
And turned all his larin into a jape.  
For what so that this carpenter answerd,  
It was for nought, no man his reson herd.  
With othes gret he was so sworne adoun,  
That he was holden wood in all the toun.  
For everich clerk anon right held with other;  
They said, the man was wood, my leve brother;  
And every wight gan laughen at this strif.

Thus swived was the carpenteres wif,  
For all his keping, and his jalousie;  
And Absolon hath kist hire nether eye;  
And Nicholas is scalded in the tonte.  
This tale is don, and God save all the route.

<sup>1</sup> The ground.  
<sup>2</sup> Med.

<sup>3</sup> Stare.  
<sup>4</sup> Gape.



## THE REVES PROLOGUE

8253-8532.

WHAN folk han laughed at this nice cas  
Of Absolon and hendy Nicholas,  
Diverse folk diversely they saide,  
But for the more part they lought and plaide;  
Ne at this tale I saw no man him grove,  
But it were only Osewold the Reve,  
Because he was of carpenteres craft,  
A litel ire is in his herte ylaft;  
He gan to grutch and blamen it a lita.  
So the ik,<sup>1</sup> quod he, fol wel coude I him quite  
With blering<sup>2</sup> of a proude milleres eye,  
If that me list to speke of ribaudrie.  
But ik<sup>3</sup> am olde; me list not play for age;  
Gras time is don, my foddre is now forage. V  
This white top writeth min olde yeres;  
Min herte is also mouled as min heres;  
But if I fare as doth an open-ers;<sup>4</sup>  
That ilke fruit is ever lenger the wera  
Til it be roten<sup>5</sup> in mullok<sup>6</sup> or in stre.

We olde men, I drede, so faren we,  
Til we be roten, can we not be ripe;  
We hoppe alway, while that the world wol pipe;  
For in our will ther stiketh ever a nayl,  
To have an hore hed and a grene tayl,  
As hath a leke; for though our might be gon,  
Our will desireth tolly ever in on:  
For whan we may not don, than wol we speken,  
Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.

Foure gledes han we, which I shal devise  
Avaunting, lying, anger, and covetise.

<sup>1</sup> So may I fare.

<sup>2</sup> I. e., with a story of a miller being imposed upon.

<sup>3</sup> I.

<sup>4</sup> Rotten.

<sup>5</sup> The medlar.

<sup>6</sup> Dung.

These foure sparkes longen unto elde.  
 Our olde limes<sup>1</sup> now wel ben unwelde,<sup>2</sup>  
 But will ne shal not failen, that is sothe.  
 And yet have I alway a coltes tothe,  
 As many a yere as it is passed henne,  
 Sin that my tappe of lif began to renne.  
 For aikerly, whan I was borne, anon  
 Deth drow the tappe of lif, and let it gon:  
 And ever sith hath so the tappe yronne,  
 Til that almost all empty is the tonne.  
 The strems of lif now droppeth on the chimbe,<sup>3</sup>  
 The sely tonge may wel ringe and chimbe  
 Of wretchednesse, that passed is ful yore:  
 With olde folk, save dotage, is no more.

Whan that our Hoste had herd this sermoning,  
 He gan to speke as lordly as a king,  
 And sayde; What amounteth all this wit?  
 What? shal we speke all day of holy writ?  
 The divel made a Reve for to preche,  
 Or of a souter<sup>4</sup> a shipman, or a leche.

Say forth thy tale, and tary not the time:  
 Lo Depeford, and it is half way prime:<sup>5</sup>  
 Lo Greenwich, ther many a shrew is inne.  
 It were al time thy tale to beginne.

Now, sires, quod this Osewold the Reve,  
 I pray you alle, that ye not you greve,  
 Though I answere, and somdel set his howve,<sup>6</sup>  
 For leful is with force force off to showve.

This dronken Miller hath ytold us here,  
 How that begiled was a carpentere,  
 Paraventure in scorne, for I am on:  
 And by your leve, I shal him quite anon.  
 Right in his cherles termes wol I speke.  
 I pray to God his necke mote to-breke.  
 He can wel in min eye seen a stalk,  
 But in his owen he cannot seen a balk.

<sup>1</sup> Limbe.<sup>2</sup> Unwieldy.<sup>3</sup> *Kine*. *Text* means the prominency of the staves beyond the head of the barrel. The imagery is very exact and beautiful.—*Tyrwhitt*.<sup>4</sup> *Suter*, a cobbler.<sup>5</sup> *I. e.*, half-past seven, A. M. See *Tyrwhitt*.<sup>6</sup> Hood, or cap.

## The Pebes Tale.

3919—3940.

AT Trompington, not fer fro Cantebrygge,  
 Ther goth a brook, and over that a brigg,<sup>1</sup>  
 Upon the whiche brook ther stont a melle:  
 And this is veray sothe, that I you telle.  
 A miller was ther dwelling many a day,  
 As any peacock he was proud and gay:  
 Pipen he coude, and fishe, and nettes bete,<sup>2</sup>  
 And turnen cuppes, and wrastlen wel, and shete.<sup>3</sup>  
 Ay by his belt he bare a long pavade,<sup>4</sup>  
 And of a swerd ful trenchant<sup>5</sup> was the blade.  
 A joly popper<sup>6</sup> bare he in his pouche;  
 Ther n'as no man for peril dorst him touche.  
 A Shesfeld thwitel<sup>7</sup> bare he in his hose.  
 Round was his face, and camuse<sup>8</sup> was his nose.  
 As pilled<sup>9</sup> as an ape was his skull.  
 He was a market-beter<sup>10</sup> at the full.  
 There dorste no wight hond upon him legge,  
 That he ne swore he shuld anon abegge.<sup>11</sup>  
 A thefe he was forsoth, of corn and mele,  
 And that a slie, and usant<sup>12</sup> for to stele.  
 His name was hoten deinous Simekin.<sup>13</sup>  
 A wif he hadde, comen of noble kin:

<sup>1</sup> Bridge.<sup>2</sup> Mend.<sup>3</sup> Shoot.<sup>4</sup> Some weapon of offence.<sup>5</sup> Cutting.<sup>6</sup> Probably a pistol. Some say a bodkin.<sup>7</sup> Whittle.<sup>8</sup> Flat.<sup>9</sup> Bald.<sup>10</sup> Either a "raiser of market-prices" (*Upton*), or one who swagges about the market.—See *Tyrwhitt, gl.*<sup>11</sup> Suffer for it.<sup>12</sup> Used, accustomed.<sup>13</sup> His name was *Simon*, ver 4020, 4, of which *Simekin* is the diminutive, and from his *disdainful, insolent* manners he had acquired the surname of *Deinous*, just as *Nicholas*, in the former tale, ver. 3199, "was cleped *Hendy*," from the very opposite behaviour. A great number of our surnames have been derived from qualities of the mind, and it is reasonable to suppose that at the beginning they were merely persons







The Baron Tale.



The person of the toun hire father was.  
 With hire he yaf ful many a pan of bras,  
 For that Simkin shuld in his blood allie.  
 She was yfostered in a nonnerie:  
 For Simkin wolde no wif, as he sayde,  
 But she were wel ynourished, and a mayde,  
 To saven his estat of yemanrie:  
 And she was proud, and pert as is a pie.  
 A ful faire sight was it upon hem two.  
 On holy dayes beforne hire wold he go  
 With his tipet ybounde about his hed;  
 And she came after in a gite<sup>1</sup> of red,  
 And Simkin hadde hosen of the same.  
 Ther dorste no wight clepen hire but dame:  
 Was non so hardy, that went by the way,  
 That with hire dorste rage or ones play,  
 But if he wold be slain of Simekin  
 With pavade, or with knif, or bodekin.  
 (For jalous folk ben perilous evermo:  
 Algate<sup>2</sup> they wold hir wives wenden so.)  
 And eke for she was somdel smoterlich,<sup>3</sup>  
 She was as digne as water in a dich,  
 And al so ful of hoker, and of bismare.  
 Hire thoughte that a ladie shuld hire spare,  
 What for hire kinrede, and hire nortelrie,<sup>4</sup>  
 That she had lerned in the nonnerie.

A doughter hadden they betwix hem two  
 Of twenty yere, withouten any mo,  
 Saving a child that was of half yere age,  
 In cradle it lay, and was a propre page.<sup>5</sup>  
 This wenche thicke and wel ygrowen was,  
 With camuse nose, and eyen grey as glas;  
 With buttokes brode, and brestes round and hie;  
 But right faire was hire here,<sup>6</sup> I wol nat lie.

The person of the toun, for she was faire,  
 In purpos was to maken hire his haire  
 Both of his catel, and of his mesuage,  
 And strange he made it of hire mariage.

re what we call nicknames. It is probable that the use of hereditary names was not, even in Chaucer's time, fully established among the war classes of people.—Tyrwhitt.

<sup>1</sup> Gown.

<sup>2</sup> Nurture, education.

<sup>3</sup> Always.

<sup>4</sup> Boy.

<sup>5</sup> Dirty.

<sup>6</sup> High.

His purpos was for to bestowe hire his  
 Into som worthy blood of anoutrie.  
 For holy chirches good mote ben dampened  
 On holy chirches blood that is descended.  
 Therfore he wolde his holy-blood honoure,  
 Though that he holy chirche shuld deuoure.  
 Gret soken<sup>1</sup> hath this miller out of doute  
 With whete and malt, of all the land aboute;  
 And namely ther was a gret college  
 Men clepe the Seler hall<sup>2</sup> at Cantebreg,  
 Ther was hir whete and eke hir malt yground  
 And on a day it happed in a stound,<sup>3</sup>  
 Sike lay the manciple on a maladie,  
 Men wenden wisly<sup>4</sup> that he shulde die.  
 For which this miller stale both mele and corn  
 An hundred times more than befor.  
 For therbeforn he stale but curteisly,  
 But now he was a thefe outrageously.  
 For which the wardein chidde and made fare,<sup>5</sup>  
 But therof set the miller not a tare;  
 He craked boost,<sup>6</sup> and swore it n'as not so.  
 Than were ther yonge poure scoleres two,  
 That dwelten in the halle of which I say;  
 Testif they were, and lusty for to play  
 And only for hir mirth and revelrie  
 Upon the wardein besily they crien,  
 To yeve hem leve but a litel stound,  
 To gon to mille, and seen hir corn yground:  
 And hardily they dorsten lay hir necke,  
 The miller shuld not stele hem half a pecke  
 Of corn by sleighte, ne by force him reve.  
 And at the last the wardein yave hem leve:  
 John highte that on, and Alein highte that other,  
 Of o toun were they born, that highte Strother,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Toll.

<sup>2</sup> It means the *Hall with the Seler*. Before the students in our Universities were incorporated, they lived in lodging-houses, called Inns, Halls, and Hostels, which were often distinguished by names taken from some peculiarity in their construction. One at Cambridge was called *Tyld Galle*. And at Oxford Oriel-College probably derives its name from a large Messuage, vulgarly known by the name of *Le Oriele*, upon the site of which it stands. An *Oriele*, or *Oriele*, was a Porch; as a *Seler* seems originally to have signified an open gallery, or balcony, at the top of the house — Tyndale.

<sup>3</sup> Thought for certain.

<sup>4</sup> In a moment, on a sudden.

<sup>5</sup> A do.

<sup>6</sup> Spoke aloud.

<sup>7</sup> There is a Strother, or Strouther, in the Village of Wilt.

Far in the North, I can not tellen where.

This Alein maketh redy all his gere,  
And on a horse the sak he cast anon:  
Forth goth Alein the clerk, and also John,  
With good sward and with bokeler by hir side,  
John knew the way, him neded not no guide,  
And at the mille the sak adoun he laith.

Alein spake first; All halle, Simond, in faith,  
How fares<sup>1</sup> thy faire doughter, and thy wif?

Alein, welcome (quod Simkin) by my lif,  
And John also: how now, what do ye here?  
By God, Simond, (quod John) nede has no pare.<sup>2</sup>  
Him behoves serve himself that has na swain,  
Or elles he is a fool, as clerkes sain.

Our manciple I hope<sup>3</sup> he wol be ded,  
Swa<sup>4</sup> werkes ay the wanges<sup>5</sup> in his hed:  
And therefore is I com, and eke Alein,  
To grind our corn and cary it hame agein:  
I pray you spede us henen<sup>6</sup> that ye may.

It shal be don (quod Simkin) by my say.  
What wol ye don while that it is in hand?  
By God, right by the hopper wol I stand,  
(Quod John) and seen how that the corn gas in.  
Yet saw I never by my fader kin,  
How that the hopper wagges til and fra.

Alein answered; John, and wolt thou swa?  
Than wol I be benethe by my croun,  
And see how that the mele falles adoun  
In til the trogh, that shal be my disport:  
For, John, in faith I may ben of your sort;  
I is as ill a miller as is ye.

This miller smiled at hir nicetee,  
And thought, all this n<sup>is</sup> don but for a wile.  
They wenen that no man may hem begile,  
But by my thrift yet shal I blere hir eie,  
For all the sleights in hir philosophie.  
The more queinte knakkes that they make,  
The more wol I stele whan that I take.  
In stede of flour yet wol I yave hem bren.  
The grettest clerkes ben not the wisest men,

<sup>1</sup> Chaucer, it may be observed, has given his clerks a northern dialect.  
-See Tyndale.

<sup>2</sup> So.

<sup>3</sup> Match.

<sup>4</sup> Cheek-teeth.

<sup>5</sup> Expect.

<sup>6</sup> Hence.

As whilom to the wolf thus spake the mare:<sup>1</sup>  
Of all hir art ne count I not a tare.

Out at the dore he goth ful prively,  
Whan that he saw his time, softly.  
He loketh up and down, till he hath found  
The clerkes hors, ther as he stood ybound  
Behind the mille, under a levesell,<sup>2</sup>  
And to the hors he goth him faire and well,  
And stripeth of the bridel right anon.

And whan the hors was laus, he gan to gon  
Toward the ten, ther wilde mares renne,  
And forth, with wehee,<sup>3</sup> thurgh thick and thinne.  
This miller goth again, no word he said,  
But doth his note,<sup>4</sup> and with these clerkes plaid,  
Till that hir corn was faire and wel yground.  
And whan the male is sacked and ybound,  
This John goth out, and fnt his hors away,  
And gan to crie, harow and wala wa!  
Our hors is lost. Alein, for Goddes banes,  
Step on thy feet; come of, man, al at ones:  
Alas! our wardein has his palfrey lorn.

This Alein al forgat both mele and corn;  
Al was out of his mind his husbandrie!  
What, whilke way is he gon? he gan to crie.

The wif came leping inward at a renne,  
She ayd; Alas! youre horse goth to the fenne  
With wilde mares, as fast as he may go,  
Unthank come on his hand that bond him so,  
And be that better shuld have knit the ruin.

Alas! (quod John) Alein, for Christes pain  
Lay down thy swerd, and I shal min alwa,  
I is ful wight, God wate, as is a ra.<sup>5</sup>  
By Goddes saule he shall not scape us batho.  
Why ne had thou put the capel<sup>6</sup> in the latho?

<sup>1</sup> The story alluded to is told of a mule in *Cont. Mss. Ant. W. 81*. The Mule pretends that his name is written upon the bottom of his hind & The Wolf attempting to read it, the Mule gives him a kick on the & heart and kills him. Upon which the Fox, who was present, chide *Ogni homo, che in lettera, non è curio*. There is a similar story of a W and a Mare in the most delightful *History of Reynard the Fox*. Editt. 11 ch. xviii.—Tyrwhitt.

<sup>2</sup> A leafy seat, or arbour.

<sup>3</sup> A word to express the neighing of a horse.  
Hoe deer.

<sup>4</sup> Horse.

<sup>5</sup> Business.

<sup>6</sup> Barn.



Ill hails, Alein, by God thou is a fenne!<sup>1</sup>  
 These sely clerkes han ful fast yronne  
 Toward the fen, both Alein and eke John:  
 And whan the miller saw that they were gon,  
 He half a buschel of hir flour hath take,  
 And bad his wif go knede it in a cake.  
 He sayd; I trow, the clerkes were afraide,  
 Yet can a miller make a clerkes berda,<sup>2</sup>  
 For all his art. Ye, let hem gon hir way.  
 Lo wher they gon. Ye, let the children play:  
 They get him not so lightly by my croun.

These sely clerkes rennen up and down  
 With kepe, kepe; stand, stand; jocos, wardours.<sup>3</sup>  
 Ga whistle thou, and I shall kepe him here.  
 But shortly, til that it was veray night  
 They coude not, though they did all hir might,  
 Hir capel catch, he ran alway so fast:  
 Til in a dicke they caught him at the last.

Wery and wet, as bestes in the rain,  
 Cometh sely John, and with him cometh Alein.  
 Alas (quod John) the day that I was borne!  
 Now are we driven till hething<sup>4</sup> and til scorne.  
 Our corn is stolne, men wol us fonnes calle,  
 Both the wardein, and eke our felawes alle,  
 And namely the miller, wala wa!

Thus plaineth<sup>5</sup> John, as he goth by the way  
 Toward the mille, and bayard<sup>6</sup> in his hond.  
 The miller sitting by the fire he fond,  
 For it was night, and forther might they nought,  
 But for the love of God they him besought  
 Of herberwe<sup>7</sup> and of ese,<sup>8</sup> as for hir peny.

The miller said agen, if ther be any,  
 Swiche as it is, yet shall ye have your part.  
 Myn hous is streit, but ye have lerned art;  
 Ye can by argumente maken a place  
 A mile brode, of twenty foot of space.  
 Let see now if this place may suffica,  
 Or make it rounne<sup>9</sup> with speche, as is your gise.  
 Now, Simond, (said this John) by Seint Cuthbard  
 Ay is thou mery, and that is faire answer!

<sup>1</sup> Fool.<sup>2</sup> I. e., make a fool of him.<sup>3</sup> Perhaps a corruption of the French, "Garde arriere."—Tyrwhitt.<sup>4</sup> Contempt.<sup>5</sup> Lamenteth.<sup>6</sup> Horse.<sup>7</sup> Lodging.<sup>8</sup> Rest.<sup>9</sup> Specious.

I have herd say, man sal take of twa thinges,  
 Slike as he findes, or slike as he bringen.  
 But specially I pray thee, hosts dere,  
 Gar' us have mete and drinke, and make us chere,  
 And we sal paien trowely at the full:  
 With empty hand, men may na hawkes toll.<sup>1</sup>  
 Lo here our silver redy for to spend.

This miller to the town his doughter amnd  
 For ale and bred, and rosted hem a goos,  
 And bond hir hors, he shuld no more go loos:  
 And in his owen chambre hem made a bedde,  
 With shetes and with chalons<sup>2</sup> faire yspredde,  
 Nat from his owen bed ten foot or twelve:  
 His doughter had a bed all by hirselve,  
 Right in the same chambre by and by:  
 It mighte be no bet, and canas why,  
 Ther was no roumer herberwe in the place.  
 They soupen, and they spoken of solace,  
 And drinken ever strong ale at the best.  
 Abouten midnight wente they to rest.

Wel hath this miller vernished his hed,  
 Ful pale he was, for-dronken, and nought red.  
 He yozeth,<sup>3</sup> and he speketh thurgh the nose,  
 As he were on the quakke, or on the pose.<sup>4</sup>  
 To bed he goth, and with him goth his wif;  
 As any jay she light was and jolif,  
 So was hire joly whistle wel ywetta.  
 The cradel at hire beddes feet was sette,  
 To rocken, and to yeve the child to souke.  
 And whan that drunken was all in the crouke<sup>5</sup>  
 To bedde went the doughter right anon,  
 To bedde goth Alein, and also John.  
 Ther n'as no more; nedeth hem no dwale,<sup>6</sup>  
 This miller hath so wisly<sup>7</sup> bibbed ale,  
 That as an hors he snorteth in his slepe,  
 Ne of his tail behind he toke no kepe.  
 His wif bare him a burdon a ful strong;  
 Men might hir routing heren a furlong.  
 The wenche routeth eke *par compaignie*.

Alein the clerk that herd this melodie,

<sup>1</sup> Let.

<sup>2</sup> Hissupped.

<sup>3</sup> Flashed.

<sup>4</sup> Laze.

<sup>5</sup> As if he had an obstruction or catarrh.

<sup>6</sup> Sleeping-soundly.

<sup>7</sup> Some coverlet made at Clifton.

<sup>8</sup> Thoroughly.

He poketh John, and sayde: Slepest thou?  
 Herdest thou ever alike a song er now?  
 Lo whilke a complin<sup>1</sup> is ymell<sup>2</sup> hem alle.  
 A wilde fire upon hir bodie falla,  
 Wha harkned ever alike a ferly<sup>3</sup> thing?  
 Ye, they shall have the flour of yvel ending.  
 This lange night ther tides me no reste.  
 But yet na force, all shal be for the beste.  
 For, John, (sayd he) as gver mote I thrive,  
 If that I may, yon wenche wol I swive.  
 Som esement has lawe yuhapen us.  
 For, John, ther is a lawe that saith thus,  
 That if a man in o point be agreved,  
 That in another he shal be releved.  
 Our corn is stolne, sothly it is na may,  
 And we han had an yvel fit to-day.  
 And sin I shal have nan amendement  
 Again my losese, I wol have an esement:  
 By Goddes saule, it shal nan other be.

This John answered; Alein, advise thee;  
 The miller is a perilous man, he sayde.  
 And if that he out of his slepe abraide,  
 He mighte don us bathe a vilanie.  
 Alein answered; I count him nat a flie  
 And up he rist, and by the wenche he crept.  
 This wenche lay upright, and faste slept,  
 Til he so nigh was, er she might espie,  
 That it had ben to late for to cris:  
 And shortly for to say, they were at on.  
 Now play, Alein, for I wol speke of John.

This John lith still a furlong way or two,  
 And to himself he maketh routh and wo.  
 Alas! (quod he) this is a wicked jape;  
 Now may I say, that I is but an ape.  
 Yet has my felaw somewhat for his harme;  
 He has the millers doughter in his arme:  
 He suntered<sup>4</sup> him, and hath his nedes spedde,  
 And I lie as a draf-sak<sup>5</sup> in my bedde;  
 And when this jape is tald another day,  
 I shal be halden a daffe<sup>6</sup> or a cokenay.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Singing.

<sup>2</sup> Among.

<sup>3</sup> Strange.

<sup>4</sup> Adventured.

<sup>5</sup> A bag of rubbish.

<sup>6</sup> Fool.

<sup>7</sup> That this is a form of contempt, borrowed originally from the Italian, is very probable. A cock, in the base Italian, was called

I wol arise, and auntere it by my say:  
Unhardy is unweely,<sup>1</sup> thus men say.

And up he rose, and softly he wunt  
Unto the cradel, and in his hand it hunt,  
And bare it soft unto his beddes fete.  
Sone after this the wif hire routing lete,  
And gan awake, and went hire out to plesse,  
And came again, and gan the cradel misse,  
And groped here and ther, but she found none.  
Alas! (quod she) I had almost misgoun.  
I had almost gon to the clerkes bedde.  
By benedicite, than had I soule yspedde.  
And forth she goth, til she the cradel found.  
She gropeth alway forther with hire hand.  
And fond the bed, and thoughts nat but good,  
Because that the cradel by it stood,  
And n'iste wher she was, for it was dark,  
But faire and wel she crept in by the clark,  
And lith ful still, and wold han caught a slepe.  
Within a while this John the clerk up lepe,  
And on this goode wif he laieth on sore;  
So mery a fit he had she nat ful yore.  
He prikeþ hard and depe, as he were mad.

This joly lif han these two clerkes led,  
Til that the thridde cok began to sing.  
Alein wax werie in the morwening,  
For he had swonken all the longe night,  
And sayd; Farewel, Malkin, my swete wight.  
The day is come, I may no longer bide,  
But evermo, wher so I go or ride,

*Coccythor*, and *Coccytharus*, from either of which *Cokney* may be derived. In pp. fol. xxxv. 6.

And yet I say by my soule I have no salt knowen  
Ne no *Cokney* by Christe coloppen to make.

It seems to signify a *Cock*.—In these rhymes ascribed to Him which Camden has published, Brit. Cal. 481 (upon what we know not.)

“Ware I in my castle of Bungey  
Upon the river of Waveney,  
I would no care for the King of *Cokney*.”

The author, in calling London *Cokney*, might possibly allude imaginary country of Idleness and Luxury, which was ancient by the name of “*Cocaigne*,” or *Cocagne*, a name which Hinken I to be derived from *Cocaigne*.—*Tyrridell*.

<sup>1</sup> Unhappy.

I is thin awen clerk, so have I hele.<sup>1</sup>  
 Now, dere lemman, quod she, go farewele:  
 But or thou go, o thing I wol thee tell.  
 Whan that thou wendest homeward by the mell,  
 Right at the entree of the dore behind  
 Thou shalt a cake of half a bushel find,  
 That was ymaked of thin owen mele,  
 Which that I halpe my fader for to stela.  
 And goode lemman, God thee save and kepe.  
 And with that word she gan almost to wepe.

Alein uprist and thought, er that it daw  
 I wol go crepen in by my felaw:  
 And fond the cradel at his hand anon.  
 By God, thought he, all wrang I have misgon:  
 My hed is tottie of my swink to night,  
 That maketh me that I go nat aright.  
 I wot wel by the cradel I have misgo;  
 Here lith the miller and his wif also.  
 And forth he goth a twenty divel way  
 Unto the bed, ther as the miller lay.  
 He wend have copen<sup>2</sup> by his felaw John,  
 And by the miller in he crept anon,  
 And caught him by the nekke, and gan him shake,  
 And sayd; Thou John, thou swineshed awake  
 For Cristes saule, and here a noble game:  
 For by that lord that called is Seint Jame,  
 As<sup>3</sup> I have thries as in this short night  
 Swived the millers doughter bolt-upright,  
 While thou hast as a coward ben agast.

Ye, false harlot, quod the miller, hast?  
 A, false traitour, false clerk, (quod he)  
 Thou shalt be ded by Goddes dignitee,  
 Who dorste be so bold to disparage  
 My doughter, that is come of swiche linage.  
 And by the throte-bolle he caught Alein,  
 And he him hent despitously again,  
 And on the nose he smote him with his fist;  
 Doun ran the blody streme upon his brest:  
 And in the flore with nose and mouth to-broke  
 They walwe,<sup>4</sup> as don two pigges in a poke.  
 And up they gon, and doun again anon,  
 Til that the miller sporned at a ston,  
 And doun he fell backward upon his wif,  
 That wiste nothing of this nice strif:

<sup>1</sup> Salvation.

<sup>2</sup> Would have crept.

<sup>3</sup> So.

<sup>4</sup> Wallowed.

For she was fall aslepe a litel wight  
 With John the clerk, that waked had all night:  
 And with the fall out of hire slepe she braide.  
 Helpe, holy crois of Bromeholme, (she sayde)  
*In manus tuas*, Lord, to thee I call.  
 Awake, Simond, the fend is on me fall;  
 Myn herte is broken; helpe; I n'am but ded;  
 Ther lith on up my wombe and up myn hed.  
 Helpe, Simkin, for the false clerkes fight.  
 This John stert up as fast as ever he might,  
 And graspeth by the walles to and fro  
 To find a staf, and she stert up also,  
 And knew the estres<sup>1</sup> bet than did this John,  
 And by the wall she toke a staf anon:  
 And saw a litel shemering of a light,  
 For at an hole in shone the mone bright,  
 And by that light she saw hem bothe two,  
 But sikerly she n'iste who was who,  
 But as she saw a white thing in hire eye.  
 And whan she gan this white thing espie,  
 She wend the clerk had wered a volupere;<sup>2</sup>  
 And with the staf she drow ay nere and nere,  
 And wend han hit this Alein atte full,  
 And smote the miller on the pilled skull,  
 That doun he goth, and cried, harow! I die  
 Thise clerkes bete him wel, and let him lie,  
 And greithen<sup>3</sup> hem, and take hir hors anon,  
 And eke hir mele, and on hir way they gon:  
 And at the mille dore eke they toke hir cake  
 Of half a bushel flour, ful wel ybake.

Thus is the proude miller wel ybete,  
 And hath ylost the grinding of the whete,  
 And paied for the souper every del  
 Of Alein and of John, that bete him wel;  
 His wif is swived, and his daughter als;  
 Lo, swiche it is a miller to be fals.  
 And therefore this proverbe is sayd ful soth,  
 Him thar<sup>4</sup> not winnen wel that evil doth;  
 A gilour<sup>5</sup> shal himself begiled be:  
 And God that siteth hie in magestee  
 Save all thus compaignie, gret and smale.  
 Thus have I quit the miller in my tale.

<sup>1</sup> The inner premises.

<sup>2</sup> Night-cap.

<sup>4</sup> He shall not; it behoveth not that he win.

## THE COKE'S PROLOGUE

4323-4351

THE Coke of London, while the Reve spake,  
 For joye (him thought) he clawed him on the bakk  
 A ha (quod he) for Cristes passion,  
 This miller had a sharp conclusion,  
 Upon this argument of herbergaga.  
 Wel sayde Salomon in his langage,  
 Ne bring not every man into thin hous,  
 For herberwing<sup>1</sup> by night is perilous.  
 Wel ought a man avised for to be  
 Whom that he brought into his privetea.  
 I pray to God so yeve me sorwe and care,  
 If ever, sithen I highte Hodge of Ware,  
 Herd I a miller bet<sup>2</sup> ysette a-werk;  
 He had a jape of malice in the derk.

But God forbede that we atinten here,  
 And therfore if ye vouchen sauf<sup>3</sup> to here  
 A tale of me that am a poure man,  
 I wol you tell as wel as ever I can  
 A litel jape that tell in our citee.

Our hoste answerd and sayde; I grant it thee:  
 Now tell on, Roger, and loke that it be good,  
 For many a pastee hast thou letten blood,  
 And many a Jacke of Dover hast thou sold,  
 That hath been twies hot and twies cold.  
 Of many a pilgrim hast thou Cristes curse,  
 For of thy perseelee<sup>4</sup> yet fare they the werso,  
 That they han eten in thy stoble goos.<sup>5</sup>  
 For in thy shop goth many a flie loos.  
 Now tell on, gentil Roger by thy name,  
 But yet I pray thee be not wroth for game;  
 A man may say ful soth, in game and play,  
 Thou sayst tull soth, quod Roger, by my fay;

<sup>1</sup> Herbergag.<sup>2</sup> Better.<sup>3</sup> If ye are willing.<sup>4</sup> Perseelee.<sup>5</sup> A goose fed in a stable-field, i. e., a lean, meagre goose.

But soth play *quade spel*,<sup>1</sup> as the Fleming saith  
 And therefore, Herry Bailly, by thy faith,  
 Be thou not wroth, or we departen here,  
 Though that my tale be of an hostelere.  
 But natheles, I wol not telle it yet,  
 But er we part, ywis thou shalt be quit.  
 And therewithal he lough and made chere,  
 And sayd his tale, as ye shul after here.

### The Cokes Tale.

A PRENTIS whilom dwelt in our citee,  
 And of a craft of vitailers was he:  
 Gaillard<sup>2</sup> he was, as goldfinch in the shawe,<sup>3</sup>  
 Broune as a bery, a propre short felawe:  
 With lokkes blake, kemberd ful fetisly.  
 Dancen he coude so wel and jolily,  
 That he was cleped Perkin Revelour.  
 He was as ful of love and paramour,  
 As is the hive ful of hony swete;  
 Wel was the wenche with him mighte mete.  
 At every bridale would he sing and hoppe  
 He loved bet the taverne than the shoppe.  
 For whan ther any riding<sup>4</sup> was in Chepe,  
 Out of the shoppe thider wold he lepe,  
 And til that he had all the sight ysein,  
 And dancd wel, he wold not come agein;  
 And gadred him a meinie<sup>5</sup> of his sort,  
 To hoppe and sing, and maken swiche disport  
 And ther they setten steven<sup>6</sup> for to mete  
 To plaien at the dis in swiche a strete.  
 For in the toun ne was ther no prentis,  
 That fairer coude caste a pair of dis  
 Than Perkin coude, and therto he was fre  
 Of his dispence, in place of privetee.<sup>7</sup>

True play is bad play.

<sup>2</sup> Gay.

<sup>3</sup> Shade, &

Either jousting, or any public procession.

A troop of mischievous fellows.—See *Tyrwhitt's gl.*

They appointed.

<sup>7</sup> Private house.

That fond<sup>1</sup> his maister wel in his chaffure,<sup>2</sup>  
 For often time he fond his box ful bare.  
 For sothly, a prentis, a revelour,  
 That hanteth<sup>3</sup> dis, riot and paramour,  
 His maister shal it in his shoppe abie,<sup>4</sup>  
 Al have he no part of the minstrelcie.  
 For theft and riot they ben convertible,  
 Al can they play on giterne or ribible.  
 Revel and trowth, as in a low degree,  
 They ben ful wroth all day, as men may see.

This joly prentis with his maister abode,  
 Til he was neigh out of his prentishode,  
 Al were he snibbed bothe erly and late,  
 And somtime lad with revel to Newgate.  
 But at the last his maister him bethought<sup>5</sup>  
 Upon a day, when he his paper sought,  
 Of a proverbe, that saith this same word;  
 Wel bet is roten appel out of hord,  
 Than that it rote alle the remenant;  
 So fareth it by a riotous servant;  
 It is well lasse harm to let him pace,<sup>6</sup>  
 Than he shende<sup>7</sup> all the servants in the place.  
 Therefore his maister yaf him a quitance,  
 And bad him go, with sorwe and with menchance.  
 And thus this joly prentis had his leve:  
 Now let him riot all the night or leve.

And for ther n'is no thefe without a louke,<sup>8</sup>  
 That helpeth him to wasten and to souke  
 Of that he briben<sup>9</sup> can, or borwe may,  
 Anon he sent his bed and his array  
 Unto a compere of his owen sort,  
 That loved dis, and riot, and disport;  
 And had a wif, that held for contenance  
 A shoppe, and swived for hire sustenance.

Fond.  
 Suffer for it in the "CHL."  
 A receiver.

<sup>2</sup> Traffic, merchandise.

<sup>5</sup> Go.

<sup>3</sup> Hanteth, is given to.  
<sup>4</sup> Earn.  
<sup>6</sup> Steal.

## THE MAN OF LAWE PROLOGUE

4421-4454.

Our hosts saw wel, that the brighte sonne  
 The ark of his artificial day had ronne  
 The fourthe part, and half an houre and more;  
 And though he were not depe expert in lore,  
 He wiste it was the eighte and twenty day  
 Of April, that is messenger to May;  
 And saw wel that the shadow of every tree  
 Was as in lengthe of the same quantitee  
 That was the body erect, that caused it;  
 And therefore by the shadow he toke his wit,  
 That Phebus, which that shone so clere and bright,  
 Degrees was five and fourty clombe on hight;  
 And for that day, as in that latitude,  
 It was ten of the klok, he gan conclude;  
 And sodenly he plight his hors aboute.

Lordings, quod he, I warne you all this route,<sup>1</sup>  
 The fourthe partie of this day is gon.  
 Now for the love of God and of Seint John  
 Leseth no time, as ferforth as ye may.  
 Lordings, the time it wasteth night and day,  
 And steleth from us, what prively aleping,  
 And what thurgh negligence in our waking,  
 As doth the streame, that turneth never again,  
 Descending fro the montagne into a plain.  
 Wel can Senek and many a philosophre  
 Bewailen time, more than gold in cofre,  
 For losse of catel may recovered be,  
 But losse of time shendeth us, quod he.  
 It wol not come again withouten drede,  
 No more than wol Malkins maidenhode,<sup>2</sup>  
 Whan she hath lost it in hire wantonnesse.  
 Let us not moulen<sup>3</sup> thus in idlenesse.

Sire man of Lawe, quod he, so have ye blis,  
 Tell us a tale anon, as forword is.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Party.<sup>2</sup> Grow mouldy.<sup>3</sup> A common proverb.<sup>4</sup> As is stipulated.



Ye ben submitted thurgh your free assent  
To stonde in this cas at my jugement.  
Acquiteth you now, and holdeth your behest;  
Than have ye don your devoir at the best.

Hoste, quod he, *de par dieus jee assente*,  
To broken forword is not min entente.  
Behest is dette, and I wold hold it sayn  
All my behest, I can no better sayn.  
For swiche lawe as man yeveth another wight,  
He shuld himselfen usen it by right.  
Thus wol our text: but natheles certain  
I can right now no thrifty tale sein,  
But Chaucer (though he can but lewedly<sup>1</sup>  
On metres and on riming craftily)  
Hath sayd hem, in swiche English as he can,  
Of olde time, as knoweth many a man.  
And if he have not sayd hem, love brother,  
In o book, he hath sayd hem in another.  
For he hath told of lovers up and doun,  
Mo than Ovide made of mentionn  
In his *Epistolis*, than ben ful olde.  
What shuld I tellen hem, sin they ben tolde?  
In youthe he made of Ceyx<sup>2</sup> and Alcyon,  
And aithen hath he spoke of everich on  
Thise noble wives, and thise lovers eke.  
Who so that wol his large volume seke

<sup>1</sup> Ignorantly.

<sup>2</sup> The story of Ceyx and Alcyon is related in the introduction to the poem, which was for some time called "*the Drewe of Chaucer*," but which, in the MSS. Fairf. 16. and Bod. 688 is more properly entitled "*the Drewe of the Duchesse*." The following note, which has been prefixed to it in all the later editions, is in MS. Fairf. in the handwriting of John Stowe. "*By the person of a mourning Knight sitting under an oke in the forest of Gwent, Duke of Lancaster, greatly lamenting the death of one whom he entirely loved, supposed to be Blanche the Duchesse.*" I believe John is very right in his conjecture. Chaucer himself, in his *Leg. of G. W.* 618. says, that he made "*the drewe of Blanche the Duchesse*;" and in the poem now under consideration he plainly alludes to her name, ver. 248.

"And faire whiche she hete;  
That was my lady's name right."

On the other hand, the knight is represented, ver. 655, 6,

"Of the age of four and twenty yere,  
Upon his barbe but litel here"—

whereas John of Gwent, at the death of Blanche in 1280, was about nine and twenty years of age. But this perhaps was a designed misrepresentation.—*Tyrwhitt.*

Cleped the seintes legende of Cupide:<sup>1</sup>  
 Ther may he se the large woundes wide  
 Of Lucrece, and of Babylon Thisbe;  
 The sword of Dido for the false Enee;  
 The tree of Phillis for hire Demophon;  
 The plaint of Deianire, and Hermion,  
 Of Adriane, and Ysiphilee;  
 The barrene ile<sup>2</sup> standing in the see;  
 The dreint<sup>3</sup> Leandre for his fayre Hero;  
 The teres of Heleine, and eke the wo  
 Of Briseide, and of Ladmia;  
 The crueltee of thes, quene Medea,  
 Thy litel children hanging by the hals,<sup>4</sup>  
 For thy Jason, that was of love so fala.  
 O Hipermestra, Penelope, Alceste,  
 Your wifhood he commendeth with the be  
 But certainly no word ne writeth he  
 Of thilke wicke ensample of Canace,  
 That loved hire owen brother sinfully;  
 (Of all swiche cursed stories I say fy)  
 Or elles of Tyrius Appolonius,  
 How that the cursed king Antiochus  
 Beraft his doughter of hire maidenhede,  
 That is so horrible a tale for to rede,  
 Whan he hire threw upon the pavement.  
 And therfore he of ful avisement  
 N'old never write in non of his sermons  
 Of swiche unkinde abhominations;  
 Ne I wol non reherse, if that I may.  
 But of my tale how shal I don this day?  
 Me were loth to be likened clouteles  
 To Muses, that men clepe Mierides,<sup>5</sup>

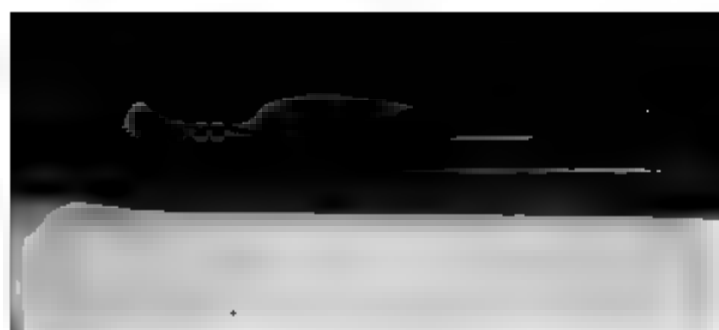
<sup>1</sup> In the Editt. it is called the *Legende of good women*; 18. the *Legendis of ix gode women*. According to Lyd Boccace, the number was to have been *nineteen*; and *Legende* itself affords some ground for this notion. See C. L. ver. 108. But this number was probably never completed story of Hypermestra is seemingly unfinished.

In an imperfect copy of the *Master of the Game*, dedicated son of Henry IV (MS. Harl. 6824) is the following: "Chaucer seinte in his prolog of xxv good wymmen, by writ mynde of thynges passed"—See ver. 18. *Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>2</sup> I. e., Santos, where Hero dwelt.

<sup>4</sup> The neck. But the classical legends generally represent Canace by the sword.

<sup>5</sup> This seems rather to refer to the daughters of Pierus, who contended with the muses.



(*Metamorphoseos*<sup>1</sup> wote that I mene)  
But natheles I recche<sup>2</sup> not a bene,  
Though I come after him with haweake,<sup>3</sup>  
I speke in prose, and let him rimes make.  
And with that word, he with a sobre chere,  
Began his tale, and sayde, as ye shull here.

### The Man of Lawes Tale.

O SCATHFUL harm, condition of poverte,  
With thirst, with cold, with hunger so confounded,  
To asken helpe thee shameth in thin herte,  
If thou non ask, so sore art thou ywounded,  
That veray nede unwrappeth al thy wound hid.  
Maugre thin hed thou must for indigence  
Or stele, or bagge, or borwe thy dispence.

Thou blamest Crist, and sayst ful bitterly,  
He misdeparteth<sup>4</sup> richesse temporal;  
Thy neighebour thou witest<sup>5</sup> sinfully,  
And sayst, thou hast a litel, and he hath all:  
Parfay<sup>6</sup> (sayst thou) somtime he reken shall,  
Whan that his tayl shal brennen in the gleden<sup>7</sup>,  
For he nought helpeth needful in hir nede.

Herken what is the sentence of the wise,  
Bet is to dien than have indigence.  
Thy selve neighebour wol thee despise,  
If thou be poure, farewell thy reverence.  
Yet of the wise man take this sentence,  
Alle the dayes of poure men ben wicke,  
Beware therfore or thou come to that pricke.

<sup>1</sup> I. e., Ovid, *Met.* l. v. We may observe that Chaucer uses classical  
genitive cases as nominatives.—So *Excuses*, *Judicium*, etc.

<sup>2</sup> Care.

<sup>3</sup> Neither the reading, nor the meaning of this word can be deter-  
mined.

<sup>4</sup> Ill directed.

<sup>5</sup> Blamest.

<sup>6</sup> By my faith.

<sup>7</sup> Fire.

If thou be poure, thy brother hateth thee,  
 And all thy frendes fleen fro thee, alas!  
 O riche marchanta, ful of wale ben ye,  
 O noble, o prudent folk, as in this cee,  
 Your bagges ben not filled with ambes aa,<sup>1</sup>  
 But with sis<sup>2</sup> cink, that renneth for your chance,  
 At Cristenmasses mery may ye dance.

Ye eeken lond and see for your winninges,  
 As wise folk ye knowen all th' estat  
 Of regnes, ye ben fathers of tidinges,  
 And tales, both of pees and of debat:  
 I were right now of tales desolat,  
 N' ere that a marchant, gon in many a yere,  
 Me taught a tale, which that ye shull here.

In Sounis<sup>3</sup> whilom dwelt a compaignie  
 Of chapmen rich, and therto sad<sup>4</sup> and trewe,  
 That wide where senten hir apicerie,  
 Clothes of gold, and eatins riche of hewe.  
 Hir chaffare<sup>5</sup> was so thriftly and so newe,  
 That every wight hath deintee<sup>6</sup> to chaffare  
 With hem, and eke to sellen hem hir ware.

Now fell it, that the maisters of that sort  
 Han shapen hem to Rome for to wende,  
 Were it for chapmanhood or for disport,  
 Non other message wold they thider sende,  
 But comen hemaelf to Rome, this is the ende:  
 And in swiche place as thought hem advantage  
 For hir entente, they taken hir herbergage.

Sojourned han these marchanta in that toun  
 A certain time, as fell to hir plesance:  
 And so betell, that the excellent renoun  
 Of the emperoures doughter dame Custance  
 Reported was, with every circumstance,  
 Unto these Surrien marchanta, in swiche wise  
 Fro day to day, as I shal you devise,

This was the comun vois of every man:  
 Our emperour of Rome, God him se,<sup>7</sup>  
 A doughter hath, that sin the world began,

<sup>1</sup> Two aces, at dice.<sup>2</sup> Syria.<sup>3</sup> Valence highly.<sup>4</sup> Serious.<sup>5</sup> Silk.<sup>6</sup> Merchandise.<sup>7</sup> I. e. preserve.

To reken as wel hire goodnesse as beaute,  
N' as never swiche another as is she:  
I pray to God in honour hire sustene,  
And wold she were of all Europe the quene.

In hire is high beaute withouten pride,  
Youthe, withouten grenched or folie:  
To all hire werkis vertue is hire guide;  
Humblenesse hath slaien in hire tyrannie:  
She is mirroure of alle curtesie,  
Hire herte is veray chambre of holynesse,  
Hire hond ministre of fredom for almese.

And all this vois was soth,<sup>1</sup> as God is trewe,  
But now to purpos let us turne again.  
These marchants han don fraught hir shippis newe,  
And whan they han this blisful maiden seyn,  
Home to Surrie ben they want ful fajn,  
And don hir nedes, as they han don yore,  
And liven in wele, I can say you no more.

Now fell it, that these marchants stood in grace  
Of him that was the Soudan<sup>2</sup> of Surrie:  
For whan they came from any strange place  
He wold of his benigne curtesie  
Make hem good chere, and besily espie  
Tidings of sundry regnes, for to lere<sup>3</sup>  
The wonders that they mighte seen or here.

Amonges other thinges specially  
These marchants han him told of dame Custance  
So gret noblesse, in earnest seriously,  
That this Soudan hath caught so gret plesance  
To han hire figure in his remembrance,  
That all his lust, and all his besy cure  
Was for to love hire, while his lif may dure.

Paraventure in thilke large book,  
Which that men clepe the heven, ywritten was  
With sterres, whan that he his birthe took,  
That he for love shuld han his deth, alas!  
For in the sterres, clerer than is glas,  
Is writen, God wot, who so coud it rede,  
The deth of every man withouten drede.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This report was true.

<sup>2</sup> Souldan.

<sup>3</sup> Learn.

<sup>4</sup> Doubt.

In sterres many a winter therbeforen  
Was writ the deth of Hector, Achilles,  
Of Pompey, Julius, or they were born;  
The strit of Thebes; and of Hercules,  
Of Sampson, Turnus, and of Socrates  
The deth; but mennes wittes ben so dull,  
That no wight can wel rede it at the full.

This Soudan for his prive councel sent,  
And shortly of this matere for to pace,  
He hath to hem declared his entent,  
And sayd hem certain, but he might have grace  
To han Custance, within a litel space,  
He n'as but ded, and charged hem in his  
To shapen for his lif som remedie.

Diverse men, diverse thinges saiden;  
They argumentes casten up and doun;  
Many a subtil reson forth they laiden;  
They speken of magike, and abusoun,<sup>1</sup>  
But finally, as in conclusion,  
They cannot seen in that non advantage,  
Ne in non other way, save mariage.

Than saw they therin swiche difficultes  
By way of reson, for to speke all plain,  
Because ther was swiche diversitees  
Betwene hir bothe lawes, that they sayn,  
They trowen that no cristen prince wold fayn  
Wedden his child under our lawe swete,  
That us was yeven by Mahound<sup>2</sup> our prophete.

And he answered: Rather than I lese  
Custance, I wol be cristened douteles:  
I mote ben hires,<sup>3</sup> I may non other chese,  
I pray you hold your arguments in pees,  
Seth my lif, and beth not reccheles<sup>4</sup>  
To geten hire that hath my lif in cure,  
For in this wo I may not long endure.

What nedeth greter dilatation?  
I say, by tretise and ambassatrie,  
And by the popes mediation,  
And all the chirche, and all the chevalrie,  
That in destruction of Maumetrie,

<sup>1</sup> Impropiety.<sup>2</sup> Mohammed.<sup>3</sup> I must be born.<sup>4</sup> Careless.

And in encrease of Cristes lawe dera,  
They ben accorded so as ye may here;

How that the Soudan and his baronage,  
And all his lieges shuld ycristened be,  
And he shal han Custance in mariage,  
And certain gold, I n'ot what quantitee,  
And hereto finden sufficient suretee.  
The same accord is sworne on eyther side;  
Now, fair Custance, almighty God thee glde.

Now wolden som men waiten, as I gesse,  
That I shuld tellen all the purveiance,  
The which that the emperour of his noblesse  
Hath shapen for his doughter dame Custance.  
Wel may men know that so gret ordinance  
May no man tellen in a litel clause,  
As was arraied for so high a cause.

Bishopes ben shapen with hire for to wende,  
Lordea, ladies, and knightes of renoun,  
And other folk ynow, this is the end.  
And notified is thurghout al the toun,  
That every wight with gret devotioun  
Shuld prayen Crist, that he this mariage  
Receive in gree, and spede this viage.<sup>1</sup>

The day is comen of hire departing,  
I say the woful day fatal is come,  
That ther may be no longer taryng,  
But forward they hem dressen all and some.  
Custance, that was with sorwe all overcome,  
Ful pale arist,<sup>2</sup> and dresseth hire to wende,  
For wel she seeth ther n'is non other ende.

Alas! what wonder is it though she wept?  
That shal be sent to straunge nation  
Fro frendes, that so tendrely hire kept,  
And to be bounde under subjection  
Of on, she knoweth not his condition.  
Housbondes ben all good, and han ben yore,  
That knowen wives, I dare say no more.

<sup>1</sup> Expedition.

<sup>2</sup> Arise.

Fader, (she said) thy wretched child Custance  
 Thy yonge daughter, fostered up so soft,  
 And ye, my moder, my soveraine plesance  
 Over all thing, (out taken Crist on loft;<sup>1</sup>  
 Custance your child hire recommendeth off  
 Unto your grace; for I shal to Surria,  
 Ne shal I never seen you more with eye.

Alas! unto the Barbare nation  
 I muste gon, sin that it is your will:  
 But Crist, that starfe<sup>2</sup> for our redemption,  
 So yeve me grace his bestes<sup>3</sup> to fulfill,  
 I wretched woman no force though I spill;<sup>4</sup>  
 Women arn borne to thraldom and penance,  
 And to ben under mannes governance.

I trow at Troye whan Pirrus brake the wall,  
 Or Ilion brent, or Thebes the citee,  
 Ne at Rome for the harm thurgh Hannibell,  
 That Romans bath venqueshed times three,  
 N'as herd swiche tendre weping for pitee,  
 As in the chambre was for hire parting.  
 But forth she mote,<sup>5</sup> wheder she wepe or sing.

O firste moving cruel firmament,  
 With thy diurnal swegh that croudest<sup>6</sup> ay,  
 And hurtlest<sup>7</sup> all from Est til Occident,<sup>8</sup>  
 That naturally wold hold another way;  
 Thy crouding set the heven in swiche array  
 At the beginning of this fierce viage,  
 That cruel Mars hath slain this marriage.

Infortunat ascendent tortuous,  
 Of which the lord is helpeles fall, alas!  
 Out of his angle into the derkest houn.  
 O Mars, o Atvzar,<sup>9</sup> as in this cas;  
 O feble Mone,<sup>10</sup> unhappy ben thy pas,  
 Thou knittest thee ther thou art not received,  
 Ther thou were wel fro theennes art thou weive

<sup>1</sup> Save only Christ on high.

<sup>2</sup> Died.

<sup>3</sup> Behest.

<sup>4</sup> Perish.

<sup>5</sup> Must

<sup>6</sup> Dost push together.

<sup>7</sup> Drivest.

<sup>8</sup> From east to

<sup>9</sup> Probably "burning," "destructive," but the interpretation  
 barbarous astrological terms is of little consequence.

<sup>10</sup> Moon.

<sup>11</sup> Departed.

Imprudent emperor of Rome, alas!  
Was ther no philosophre in al thy town?  
Is no time bet<sup>1</sup> than other in swiche cas?  
Of viage is ther non election,  
Namely to folk of high condition,  
Nat whan a rote<sup>2</sup> is of a birth yknowe?  
Alas! we ben to lewed,<sup>3</sup> or to slow.<sup>4</sup>

'To ship is brought this woful faire maid  
Solampnely with every circumstance:  
Now Jesu Crist be with you all, she said.  
Ther n'is no more, but farewell fair Costance.  
She peineth hire to make good countenance,  
And forth I let hire saye in this manere,  
And turne I wol againe to my matere.

The mother of the Soudan, well of vices,  
Espied hath hire sones pleine entente,  
How he wol lete his olde sacrifices:  
And right anon she for her conseil sente,  
And they ben comen, to know what she mente,  
And whan assembled was this folk in fere,  
She set hire down, and sayd as ye shul here.

Lordes, (she sayd) ye knowen everich on  
How that my sone in point is for to lete<sup>5</sup>  
The holy lawes of our Alkaron,  
Yeven by Goddes messenger Mahomete:  
But on avow to grete God I hete,<sup>6</sup>  
The lif shal rather out of my body sterte,  
Than Mahometes lawe out of myn herte.

What shuld us tiden of<sup>7</sup> this newe lawe  
But thraldom to our bodies and penance,  
And afterward in helle to ben drawe,  
For we reneied<sup>8</sup> Mahound our creance?  
But, lordes, wol ye maken assurance,  
As I shal say, assenting to my lore?<sup>9</sup>  
And I shal make us sauf for evermore.

<sup>1</sup> Better.

<sup>2</sup> A rote, or rotis, is any certain time taken at pleasure, from which, as an era, the celestial motions are to be computed.—Tyndall, *g*.

<sup>3</sup> Ignorant.

<sup>4</sup> Stupid.

<sup>5</sup> Is on the point of abandoning.

<sup>6</sup> Promise.

<sup>7</sup> Detain us from.

<sup>8</sup> Denied.

<sup>9</sup> Counsel.

They sworen, and assented every man  
To live with hire and die, and by hire stond:  
And everich on, in the best wise he can,  
To strengthen hire shal all his frendes fond.  
And she hath this emprise ytaken in hond,  
Which ye shull heren that I shal devise,  
And to hem all she spake right in this wise.

We shul first feine us cristendom to take;  
Cold water shal not greve us but a lite:  
And I shal swiche a feste and revel make,  
That, as I trow, I shal the Soudan quite.  
For tho his wif be cristened never so white,  
She shal have nede to wash away the rede,  
Though she a font of water with hire lede.

O Soudaness, fote of iniquitee,  
Virago thou Semyramee<sup>1</sup> the second,  
O serpent under femininitee,  
Like to the serpent depe in helle ybound:  
O feined woman, all that may confound  
Vertue and innocence, thurgh thy malice,  
Is bred in thee, as nest of every vice.

O Sathan envious, sin thilke day  
That thou were chased from our heritage,  
Wel knowest thou to woman the olde way.  
Thou madest Eva bring us in servage,  
Thou wolt fordon<sup>2</sup> this cristen mariage:  
Thin instrument so (wala wa the while?)  
Makest thou of women whan thou wolt begile.

This Soudaness, whom I thus blame and warrie,  
Let prively hire conseil gon hir way:  
What shuld I in this tale longer tarie?  
She rideth to the Soudan on a day,  
And sayd him, that she wold renais hire lay,  
And christendom of prestes hondes song,<sup>3</sup>  
Repenting hire she hethen was so long.

Beseching him to don hire that honour,  
That she might han the cristen folk to fest:  
To plesen hem I wol do my labour.

<sup>1</sup> Semiramis.<sup>2</sup> You wished undone.<sup>3</sup> Receive.

The Soudan saith, I wol don at your best,  
And kneling, thanked hire of that request:  
So glad he was, he n'iste not what to say,  
She kist hire sone, and home she goth hire way.

Arrived ben these cristen folk to londe  
In Surrie, with a gret solempne route,  
And hastily this Soudan sent his sonde,<sup>1</sup>  
First to his mother, and all the regne aboute,  
And sayd, his wif was comen out of doute,  
And praide hem for to riden again<sup>2</sup> the queene,  
The honour of his regne to sustene.

Gret was the preme, and riche was th' array  
Of Surriens and Romanes met in fere.<sup>3</sup>  
The mother of the Soudan riche and gay  
Received hire with all so glad a chere,  
As any mother might hire doughter dare;  
And to the nexte citee ther beside  
A softe pas<sup>4</sup> solempnely they ride.

Nought trow I, the triumph of Julius,  
Of which that Lucan maketh swiche a boost,  
Was realer, or more curious,  
Than was th' assemblée of this blisful host:  
Butte this scorpion, this wicked gost,<sup>5</sup>  
The Soudannesse, for all hire flattering  
Cast<sup>6</sup> under this ful mortally to sting.

The Soudan cometh himself sone after this  
So really,<sup>7</sup> that wonder is to tell:  
And welcometh hire with alle joye and blis.  
And thus in mirth and joye I let hem dwell.  
The fruit of this matere is that I tell.  
Whan time came, men thought it for the best  
That revel stint,<sup>8</sup> and men go to hir rest.

The time come is, this olde Soudannesse  
Ordeined hath the feste of which I tolde,  
And to the feste cristen folk hem dresse  
In general, ya bothe yonge and olde.  
Ther may men fest and realtee<sup>9</sup> beholds,

<sup>1</sup> Message.

<sup>4</sup> At a gentle pace.

<sup>7</sup> Royally.

<sup>2</sup> To ride to meet.

<sup>5</sup> Spirit.

<sup>8</sup> Cease.

<sup>3</sup> Together.

<sup>6</sup> Devised.

<sup>9</sup> Royalty.

And deintees mo than I can you devise,  
But all to dere they bought it or they rise.<sup>1</sup>

O soden wo, that ever art successour  
To worldly blis, spreint<sup>2</sup> is with bitterness  
Th' ende of the joye of our worldly labour:  
Wo occupieth the fyn<sup>3</sup> of our gladnesse.  
Herken this conseil for thy sikernes:  
Upon thy glade day have in thy minde  
The unware wo of harm, that cometh behinde.

For shortly for to tellen at a word,  
The Soudan and the cristen everich on  
Ben<sup>4</sup> all to-hewe, and stiked<sup>5</sup> at the bord,  
But it were only dame Custance alone.  
This olde Soudannesse, this cursed crone,  
Hath with hire frendes don this cursed dede,  
For she hireself wold all the contres lede.

Ne ther was Surrien non that was converted,  
That of the conseil of the Soudan wot,  
That he n'as all to-hewe, er he asterted:<sup>6</sup>  
And Custance han they taken anon tote-hot,<sup>7</sup>  
And in a ship all stereles (God wot)  
They han hire set, and bidden hire lerne sayle  
Out of Surrie againward to Itaille.

A certain tresor that she thither ladde,  
Anl soth to sayn, vitaille gret plentee,  
They han hire yeven, and clothes eke she hadde,  
And forth she anyleth in the salte see:  
O my Custance, ful of benignitee,  
O emperoures yonge doughter dere,  
He that is lord of fortune be thy sters.

She blesseth hire, and with ful pitous vois  
Unto the crois of Crist thus sayde she.  
O clere, o weleful auter,<sup>8</sup> holy crois,  
Red of the lambes blood ful of pitee,  
That weah the world fro the old iniquitee,

<sup>1</sup> They paid too dear for it ere they left the banquet.    <sup>2</sup> Sprinkled.  
<sup>3</sup> End.    <sup>4</sup> Will be.    <sup>5</sup> Cut down and stabbed.  
<sup>6</sup> Started to go.    <sup>7</sup> Full speed.    <sup>8</sup> O author of blessings.

Me fro the fende,<sup>1</sup> and fro his clawes kepe,  
That day that I shal drenchen in the depe.

Victorious tree<sup>2</sup> protection of trewe,  
That only worthy were for to bere  
The king of heven, with his woundes newe,  
The white lamb, that hurt was with a spere;  
Flemer<sup>3</sup> of fendes, out of him and here  
On which thy limmes faithfully extenden,  
Me kepe, and yeve me might my lif to amenden.

Yeres and dayes fleet this creature  
Thurghout the see-of Grece, unto the straits  
Of Maroc, as it was hire aventure:  
On many a sory mele<sup>4</sup> now may she baite,<sup>5</sup>  
After hire deth ful often may she waite,<sup>6</sup>  
Or<sup>7</sup> that the wilde waves wol hire drive  
Unto the place ther as she shal arive.

Men mighten asken, why she was not slain?  
Eke at the feste who might hire body save?  
And I answer to that demand again,  
Who saved Daniel in the horrible cave,  
Ther every wight, save he, master or knave,  
Was with the leon frette,<sup>8</sup> or he asterte?  
No wight but God, that he bare in his herte.

God list to shew his wonderful miracle  
In hire, for we shuld seen his mighty werkes:  
Crist, which that is to every harm triacle,<sup>9</sup>  
By certain menes oft, as knowen clerkes,  
Doth thing for certain ende, that ful derke is  
To mannes wit, that for our ignorance  
Ne can nat know his prudent purveiance.<sup>10</sup>

Now sith she was not at the feste yslawe,<sup>11</sup>  
Who kepte hire fro the drenching in the see?  
Who kepte Jonas in the fishes mawe,  
Til he was spouted up at Ninivee?  
Wel may men know, it was no wight but he

<sup>1</sup> Fiend.<sup>2</sup> The cross.<sup>3</sup> Banisher.<sup>4</sup> Meal.<sup>5</sup> Feed.<sup>6</sup> Await.<sup>7</sup> Before.<sup>8</sup> Devoured.<sup>9</sup> A remedy, a corruption from the Fr. *theriaque*.<sup>10</sup> Providence.<sup>11</sup> Slain.

That kept the peple Ebraike fro drenching,  
With drye feet thurghout the see passing.

Who bade the foure spirite of tempest,  
That power han to anoyen lond and see,  
Both north and south, and also west and east,  
Anoyen neyther see, ne lond, ne tree?  
Bothly the commander of that was he  
That fro the tempest ay this woman kepte,  
As wel whan she awoke as whan she slepte.

Wher might this woman mete and drinke have?  
Three yere and more, how lasteth hire vitaille?  
Who fed the Egyptian Mary in the cave  
Or in desert? no wight but Crist *sans faille*.  
Five thousand folk it was as gret marvaille  
With loves five and fishes two to fede:  
God sent his foyson<sup>1</sup> at hire grete nede.

She driveth forth into our Ocean  
Thurghout our wide see, til at the last  
Under an hold, that nempnen<sup>2</sup> I ne can,  
Fer in Northumberlond, the wave hire cast,  
And in the sand hire ship stiked so fast,  
That thennes wolde<sup>3</sup> it not in all a tide:  
The wille of Crist was that she shulde abide.

The constable of the castle doun is fare<sup>4</sup>  
To seen this wrecke, and al the ship he sought,  
And fond<sup>5</sup> this wery woman ful of care;  
He fond also the tresour that she brought:  
In hire langage mercy she besought,  
The lif out of hire body for to twinne,<sup>6</sup>  
Hire to deliver of wo that she was inne.

A maner Latin corrupt was hire speche,  
But algate<sup>7</sup> therby was she understonde.  
The constable, whan him list no lenger seche,  
This woful woman brought he to the londe.  
She kneleth doun, and thanketh Goddes sonde;  
But what she was, she wolde no man seye  
For foule ne faire, though that she shulde deye.

<sup>1</sup> Abundance.<sup>2</sup> Name.<sup>3</sup> Thence went.<sup>4</sup> Gone.<sup>5</sup> Found.<sup>6</sup> Pinch, snatch.<sup>7</sup> Nevertheless.

She said, she was so mased<sup>1</sup> in the see,  
 That she forgate hire minde, by hire trouth.  
 The constable hath of hir so gret pitee  
 And eke his wif, that they wepen for routh.<sup>2</sup>  
 She was so diligent withouten slouth<sup>3</sup>  
 To serve and plesen everich in that place,  
 That all hire love, that loken in hire face.

The constable and dame Hermegild his wif  
 Were payenes,<sup>4</sup> and that contree every wher;  
 But Hermegild loved Custance as hire lif;  
 And Custance hath so long sojourned ther  
 In orisons, with many a bitter tere,  
 Til Jesu hath converted thurgh his grace  
 Dame Hermegild, constablesse of that place.

In all that lond no cristen dorste route;<sup>5</sup>  
 All cristen folk ben fled fro that contree  
 Thurgh payenes, that conquereden all aboute  
 The plages of the North by lond and see.  
 To Wales fled the cristianitee  
 Of olde Bretona, dwelling in this ile;  
 Ther was hir refuge for the mene while.

But yet n' ere<sup>6</sup> cristen Bretons so exiled,  
 That ther n' ere som which in hir privitee  
 Honoured Crist, and hethen folk begiled;<sup>7</sup>  
 And neigh the castle swiche ther dwelten three:  
 That on of hem was blind, and might not see,  
 But it were with thilke eyen of his minde,  
 With which men mowen see whan they ben blinde.

Bright was the sonne, as in that sommers day,  
 For which the constable and his wif also  
 And Custance, han ytake the righte way  
 Toward the see, a furlong way or two,  
 To plaien, and to romen to and fro;  
 And in hir walk this blinde man they mette,  
 Croked and olde, with eyen fast yshette.

<sup>1</sup> Puzzled.<sup>2</sup> Compassion.<sup>3</sup> Sloth.<sup>4</sup> Pagans.<sup>5</sup> Come.<sup>6</sup> Were not.<sup>7</sup> Deceived.

In the name of Crist (cried this blinde Breton)  
 Dame Hermegild, yewe me my sight again.  
 This lady waxe afraied of that soon,  
 Lest that hire husband, shortly shal to sin,  
 Wold hire for Jesu Cristes love have slain,  
 Til Custance made hire hold, and had hire wedde  
 The will of Crist, as daughter of holy churche.

The constable waxe abashed of that sight,  
 And sayde; What amounteth all this fare?  
 Custance answered; Sir, it is Cristes might,  
 That helpeth folk out of the fendes snare:  
 And so forth she gan our lay<sup>1</sup> declare,  
 That she the constable, or that it were eve,  
 Converted, and on Crist made him beleeve.

This constable was not lord of the place  
 Of which I speke, ther as he Custance fond  
 But kept it strongly many a winter space,  
 Under Alla, king of Northumberland,  
 That was ful wise, and worthy of his bond  
 Againe the Scottes, as men may wel here;  
 But tourne I wol againe to my matere.

Sathan,<sup>2</sup> that ever us waiteth to begyle,  
 Saw of Custance all hire perfection,  
 And cast anon how he might quite hire while,<sup>3</sup>  
 And made a yonge knight, that dwelt in that town,  
 Love hire so hote of foule affection,  
 That veraily him thought that he shuld spille,<sup>4</sup>  
 But he of hire might ones han his wille.

He woeth hire, but it availleth nought,  
 She wolde do no sinne by no wey:  
 And for despit, he compassed his thought  
 To maken hire on shameful deth to dey.  
 He waiteth when the constable is away

<sup>1</sup> Law, creed.

<sup>2</sup> The following plot of the knight against Constance, from this ver. to ver. 1420, and also her adventure with the steward, from ver. 1420 to ver. 1444, are both to be found, with some small variations, in a story in the *Geste Romanorum*, ch. 101. Occleve has versified the whole story; as he has another from the same collection, *De Jehanthe et mediere mort*, ch. 24. *Ibid.* (acc. Ed.)—Tyrwhitt.

<sup>3</sup> Requite her labour.

<sup>4</sup> Punish.

And prively upon a night he crepte  
In Hermegildes chambre while she slepte.

Wery, forwaked<sup>1</sup> in hire orisons,  
Slepeth Custance, and Hermegilde also.  
This knight, thurgh Sathanas temptacions,  
All softly is to the bed ygo,  
And cut the throte of Hermegilde atwo,  
And layd the bloody knif by dame Custance,  
And went his way, ther God yeve him mischance.

Sone after cometh this constable home againe,  
And eke Alla, that king was of that lond,  
And saw his wife despitously yalain,  
For which ful oft he wept and wrong his hond;  
And in the bed the bloody knif he fond  
By dame Custance, alas! what might she say? ●  
For veray wo hire wit was all away.

To king Alla was told all this mischance,  
And eke the time, and wher, and in what wise,  
That in a ship was fonden this Custance,  
As here before ye han herd me devise:  
The kinges herte of pitee gan agrise,<sup>2</sup>  
Whan he saw so benigne a creature  
Falle in disese and in misaventure.

For as the lamb toward his deth is brought,  
So stant this innocent befor the king:  
This false knight, that hath this treson wrought,  
Bereth hire in hond<sup>3</sup> that she hath don this thing:  
But natheles ther was gret murmuring  
Among the peple, and sayn they cannot gesse  
That she had don so gret a wickednesse.

For they han seen hire ever so vertuons,  
And loving Hermegild right as hire lif:  
Of this bare witnessse everich in that hous,  
Save he that Hermegild slow with his knif:  
This gentil king hath caught a gret motif  
Of this witness, and thought he wold enquire  
Deper in this cas, trouthe for to lere.

<sup>1</sup> Having long kept awake.

<sup>2</sup> Accuseth her.

<sup>3</sup> To shackle.

Alas! Custance, thou hast no champion,  
 Ne fighten canst thou not, so wala wa!  
 But he that starf<sup>1</sup> for our redemption,  
 And bond Sathan, and yet lith<sup>2</sup> ther he lay,  
 So be thy stronge champion this day:  
 For but if Crist on thee miracle kiths,<sup>3</sup>  
 Withouten gilt thou shalt be slaine as switha.<sup>4</sup>

She set hire doune on knees, and thus she sayde;  
 Immortal God, that savedest Susanne  
 Fro false blame, and thou merciful mayde,  
 Mary I mene, doughter to seint Anne,  
 Beforn whos child angels singen Osanne,  
 If I be gilteles of this felonie,  
 My socour be, or elles shal I die.

● Have ye not seen sometime a pale face  
 (Among a prees)<sup>5</sup> of him that hath ben lad  
 Toward his deth, wher as he geteth no grace,  
 And swiche a colour in his face hath had,  
 Men mighten know him that was so bestad,<sup>6</sup>  
 Amonges all the faces in that route,  
 So stant Custance, and loketh hire aboute.

O quenes living in prosperitee,  
 Duchesses, and ye ladies everich on,  
 Haveth som routhe on hire adversitee;  
 An emperoures doughter stant alone;  
 She hath no wight to whom to make hire mone;  
 O blood real,<sup>7</sup> that stoudest in this drede,  
 Fer ben<sup>8</sup> thy frendes in thy grete nede.

This Alla king hath swiche compassioun,  
 As gentil herte is fulfilled of pitee,  
 That fro his eyen ran the water down.  
 Now hastily do fecche a book, quod he;  
 And if this knight wol sweren, how that she  
 This woman slow, yet wol we us avise,  
 Whom that we wol that shal ben our justice.

<sup>1</sup> Died.

<sup>2</sup> I suppose, "subdued," "softened."—See *Tyrwhitt's* gl. s. v. *Liths*.

<sup>3</sup> Show, set forth.

<sup>4</sup> Immediately.

<sup>5</sup> Press, crowd.

<sup>6</sup> Situated.

<sup>7</sup> Royal.

<sup>8</sup> Far were.

A Breton book, written with Evangelien,  
Was fet, and on this book he swore anon  
She giltif was, and in the mene whiles  
An hond him smote upon the nekke bone,  
That down he fell at ones as a stone:  
And both his eyen brost out of his face  
In sight of every body in that place.

A vois was herd, in general audience,  
That sayd; Thou hast desclandred<sup>1</sup> giltles  
The doughter of holy chirche in high presence;  
Thus hast thou don, and yet hold I my pecc,  
Of this mervaille agast was all the pecc,<sup>2</sup>  
As mased folk they stonden everich on  
For drede of wrecche,<sup>3</sup> save Custance alone.

Gret was the drede and eke the repentance  
Of hem that hadden wronge suspicion  
Upon this sely<sup>4</sup> innocent Custance;  
And for this miracle, in conclusion,  
And by Custances mediation,  
The king, and many another in that place,  
Converted was, thanked be Cristes grace.

This false knight was slain for his untrouthe  
By jugement of Alla hastily;  
And yet Custance had of his deth gret routhe;  
And after this Jeans of his mercy  
Made Alla wedden ful solempnely  
This holy woman, that is so bright and shene,  
And thus hath Crist ymade Custance a quene.

But who was woful (if I shal not lie)  
Of this wedding but Donegild and no mo,  
The kinges mother, ful of tyrannie?  
Hire thoughte hire cursed herte brast atwo;  
She wolde not that hire sone had do so;  
Hire thoughte a despit, that he shulde take  
So strange a creature unto his make.

Me list not of the chaf ne of the stre  
Maken so long a tale, as of the corn.  
What shulde I tellen of the realtee  
Of this mariage, or which cours goth beforne,  
Who bloweth in a trompe or in an horn?

<sup>1</sup> Standard.<sup>2</sup> Crowd.<sup>3</sup> Vengeance.<sup>4</sup> Harmless.



The fruit of every tale is for to say;  
They ate and drinke, and dance, and sing, and play

They gon to bed, as it was skill and right,  
For though that wives ben ful holy thinges,  
They mosten take in patience a night  
Swiche maner necessaries, as ben plerenges  
To folk that han yweddéd ben with ringes,  
And lay a lite hir holynesse aside  
As for the time, it may no bet betide.

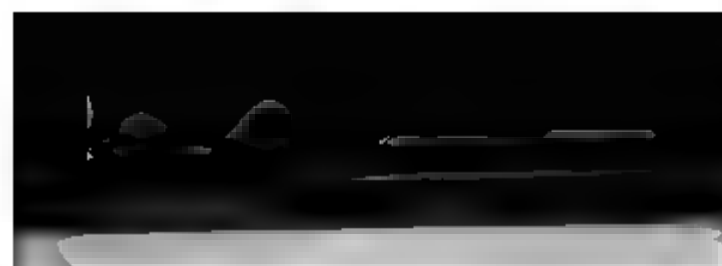
On hire he got a knave childe<sup>1</sup> anon,  
And to a bishop, and his constable eke  
He toke his wife to kepe, when he is gon  
To Scotland ward, his lomen for to seek.  
Now laire Custance, that is so humble and meke  
So long is gon with childe til that still  
She halt<sup>2</sup> hire chambre, abiding Cristes will.

The time is come, a knave child she bere;  
Mauricius at the fontstone they him calle.  
This constable doth forth come a messenger,  
And wrote unto his king that cleped was Aile,  
How that this blisful tiding is befalla,  
And other tidings spedeful for to say,  
He hath the lettre, and forth he goth his way.

This messenger, to don his advantage,  
Unto the kinges mother rideth swithe,<sup>3</sup>  
And salueth<sup>4</sup> hire ful faire in his langage.  
Madame, quod he, ye may be glad and blithe,  
And thanken God an hundred thousand eithe;  
My lady quene hath child, withouten doute,  
To joye and blisse of all this regne aboute.

Lo here the lettre seled of this thing,  
That I most bere in all the hast I may:  
If ye wol ought unto your sone the king,  
I am your servant bothe night and day.  
Donegilde answerd, As now at this time nay;  
But here I wol all night thou take thy rest,  
To-morwe wol I say thee what me lest.

<sup>1</sup> A boy.<sup>2</sup> Keepeth.<sup>3</sup> Quickly.<sup>4</sup> Saluteth.



This messenger drank sadly ale and wine,  
And stolen were his lettres prively  
Out of his box, while he slept as a swine;  
And contrefeted was ful subtilly  
Another lettre, wrought ful sinfully  
Unto the king directe of this matere  
Fro his constable, as ye shal after here.

This lettre spake, the queene delivered was  
Of so horrible a fendliche<sup>1</sup> creature,  
That in the castle non so hardy was  
That any while<sup>2</sup> dorste therein endure:  
The mother was an elfe by aventure  
Yeome, by charmes or by sorcerie,  
And everich man hateth hire compaignie.

We was this king whan he this lettre had seke,  
But to no wight he told his sorwes sore,  
But of his owen hand he wrote again;  
Welcome the sonde<sup>3</sup> of Crist for evermore  
To me, that am now lerned in this lore:  
Lord, welcome be thy lust and thy plesance,  
My lust I put all in thyn ordinance.

Kepeth this child, al be it foule or faire,  
And eke my wif unto min home coming:  
Crist whan him list may senden me an heire.  
More agreable than this to my liking.  
This lettre he seled, prively weping,  
Which to the messenger was taken sone,  
And forth he goth, ther is no more to done.

O messenger, fulfilled of dronkenesse,  
Strong is thy breth, thy limmes faitren ay,  
And thou bewreiest alle secrenesse;  
Thy mind is lorne, thou janglest as a jay;  
Thy face is tourned in a new array;  
Ther dronkenesse regneth in any route,  
Ther is no conseil hid withouten doute.

O Donegild, I ne have non English dignes<sup>4</sup>  
Unto thy malice, and thy tirannie:  
And therefore to the fende I thee resigna,  
Let him enditen of thy traitorie.

<sup>1</sup> Fendliche.

The gift, that which Crist hath sent.

<sup>2</sup> Should this be "wight?"

<sup>4</sup> Adequate to dignity.

Fy mannish,<sup>1</sup> fy; o nay by God I lie;  
 Fy fendliche spirit, for I dare wel telle,  
 Though thou here walke, thy spirit is in helle.

This messenger cometh fro the king again,  
 And at the kinges modres<sup>2</sup> court he light,  
 And she was of this messenger ful tain,<sup>3</sup>  
 And plesed him in all that ever she might.  
 He dranke, and wel his girdel underpight;<sup>4</sup>  
 He slepeth, and he snoreth in his gise  
 All night, until the sonne gan arise.

Eft<sup>5</sup> were his lettres stolen everich on,  
 And contrefeted lettres in this wise.  
 The king commanded his constable anon  
 Up<sup>6</sup> peine of hanging and of high jewing,<sup>7</sup>  
 That he ne shulde soffren in no wise  
 Custance within his regne for to abide  
 Three daies, and a quarter of a tide;

But in the same ship as he hire fond,  
 Hire and hire yonge sone, and all hire gere  
 He shulde put, and croude<sup>8</sup> hire to the lond,  
 And charge hire, that she never eft<sup>9</sup> come there.  
 O my Custance, wel may thy ghost have iere,  
 And sleeping in thy dreame ben in penance,  
 Whan Donegild cast<sup>10</sup> all this ordinance.

This messenger on morwe whan he awoke,  
 Unto the castel halt the nexte way;  
 And to the constable he the lettre toke;  
 And whan that he this pitous lettre sey,  
 Ful oft he sayd alas, and wala wa;  
 Lord Crist, quod he, how may this world endure?  
 So ful of sinne is many a creaturo.

O mighty God, if that it be thy will,  
 Sin thou art rightful juge, how may it be  
 That thou wolt soffren innocence to spill?<sup>11</sup>  
 And wicked folk regne in prosperitee?  
 A good Custance, alas! so wo is me,  
 That I mote be thy turmentour, or dey  
 On shames deth, ther is non other way.

<sup>1</sup> "Thou human thing!" Used here as a term of reproach.

<sup>2</sup> Mother's.

<sup>3</sup> Pleased, satisfied.

<sup>4</sup> Stuffed.

<sup>5</sup> Again.

<sup>6</sup> Upon.

<sup>7</sup> Punishment.

<sup>8</sup> Drive.

<sup>9</sup> Again.

<sup>10</sup> Devised.

<sup>11</sup> Perish.

Wepen both yong and old in al that place  
 When that the king this cursed lettre sent:  
 And Costance with a dedly pale face  
 The fourthe day toward the ship she went;  
 But natheles she taketh in good entent  
 The will of Crist, and kneling on the stound  
 She sayde, Lord, ay welcome be thy sound.

He that me kepte fro the false blame,  
 While I was in the lond amonges you,  
 He can me kepe fro harme and eke fro shame  
 In the salt see, although I se not how:  
 As strong as ever he was, he is yet now,  
 In him trust I, and in his mother dere,  
 That is to me my sail and eke my stere.

Hire litel child lay weping in hire arm,  
 And kneling pitously to him she said,  
 Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee no harm:  
 With that hire couverchief of her hed she braid<sup>1</sup>  
 And over his litel eyen she it laid,  
 And in hire arme she lulleth it ful fast,  
 And into the heven hire eyen up she cast.

Mother, quod she, and maydenbright Maria,  
 Both is, that thurgh womannes eggement  
 Mankind was lorne,<sup>2</sup> and damned ay to die,  
 For which thy child was on a crois yrent:  
 Thy blisful eyen saw all his turment,  
 Than is ther no comparison betwene  
 Thy wo, and any wo man may sustene.

Thou saw thy child yalain before thin eyen,  
 And yet now liveth my litel child parlay.<sup>3</sup>  
 Now, lady bright, to whom all woful crie,  
 Thou glory of womanhed, thou faire may,  
 Thou haven of refute, bright sterre of day  
 Rew on my child, that of thy gentillesse  
 Rewest on every rewful in distresse.

O litel child, alas! what is thy gilt,  
 That never wroughtest sinne as yet parde?<sup>4</sup>  
 Why wol thin harde father have thee spilt?  
 O mercy, dere constable, (quod she)  
 As let my litel child dwell here with thee:

<sup>1</sup> Took off.<sup>2</sup> Lost.<sup>3</sup> By my tooth.<sup>4</sup> For shame.

And if thou durst not save him fro blame,  
So kisse him once in his fathers name.

Therwith she loketh backward to the lond,  
And saide; Farewel, housbond routeles!  
And up she rist, and walketh down the strand  
Toward the ship, hire foloweth all the prees:<sup>1</sup>  
And ever she praieth hire child to hold his pees,  
And taketh hire leve, and with an holy entent  
She blesseth hire, and into the ship she went.

Vitailed was the ship, it is no drede,<sup>2</sup>  
Habundantly for hire a ful long space:  
And other necessities that shuld nede  
She had ynow, heried be Goddes grace:  
For wind and wether, almighty God purchaseth,  
And bring hire home, I can no better say,  
But in the see she driveth forth hire way.

Alla the king cometh home some after this  
Upto his castel, of the which I told,  
And asketh wher his wif and his child is;  
The constable gan about his herte cold,  
And plainly all the matere he him told  
As ye han herd, I can tell it no better,  
And shewed the king his sele and his letter;<sup>3</sup>

And sayde; Lord, as ye commanded me  
Up peins of deth, so have I don certain.  
This messenger turmented was, til he  
Moste beknowe, and tellen plat<sup>4</sup> and plain,  
Fro night to night in what place he had lain:  
And thus by wit and subtil enquering  
Imagined was by whom this harm gan spring.

The hand was knowen that the lettre wrote,  
And all the venime of this cursed dede;  
But in what wise, certainly I n'ot.  
The effect is this, that Alla out of drede<sup>5</sup>  
His moder slew, that moun<sup>6</sup> men plainly rede,  
For that she traitour was to hire ligeance:  
Thus endeth this old Donegild with meschance.

<sup>1</sup> Crowd.<sup>2</sup> Doubt.<sup>3</sup> Fiat.<sup>4</sup> Without doubt.<sup>5</sup> Must.

The sorwe that this Alla night and day  
 Maketh for his wif and for his child also,  
 Ther is no tonge that it tellen may.  
 But now wol I agen to Custance go,  
 That fleteth in the see in peine and wo  
 Five yere and more, as liked Cristes sonde<sup>1</sup>  
 Or<sup>2</sup> that hire ship approached to the londe.

Under an hethen castel at the last,  
 (Of which the name in my text I not find)  
 Custance and eke hire child the see up cast.  
 Almighty God, that saved all mankind,  
 Have on Custance and on hire child som mind,  
 That fallen is in hethen hond eftsone<sup>3</sup>  
 In point to spill, as I shal tell you sone.

Doun fro the castel cometh ther many a wight<sup>4</sup>  
 To gauren<sup>5</sup> on this ship, and on Custance:  
 But shortly fro the castel on a night,  
 The lordes steward (God yeve him meschance)  
 A theef, that had reneyed our creance,  
 Came into the ship alone, and said, he wolde  
 Hire lemman be, whether she wolde or n'olde.<sup>6</sup>

Wo was this wretched woman tho begon,  
 Hire childe cried, and she cried pitously:  
 But blisful Mary halpe<sup>7</sup> hire right anon,  
 For with hire strogling wel and mightily  
 The theef fell over bord al sodenly,  
 And in the see he drenched for vengeance,  
 And thus hath Crist unwemmed<sup>7</sup> kept Custance.

O foule lust of luxurie, lo thin ende,  
 Nat only that thou faintest mannes mind,  
 But veraily thou wolt his body shende.<sup>8</sup>  
 Th'ende of thy werk, or of thy lustes blinde,  
 Is complaining: how many may men find,  
 That not for werk sometime, but for th'entent  
 To don this sinne, ben other slain or shent.

<sup>1</sup> As it pleased Christ's will.

<sup>4</sup> Gaze.

<sup>7</sup> Unspotted, undefiled.

<sup>2</sup> Before.

<sup>5</sup> Would not.

<sup>8</sup> Ruin.

<sup>3</sup> Presently.

<sup>6</sup> Helped.

How may this webe woman haue the strength  
 Hire to defende againe this renegate?  
 O Golles, unmeasurable of length,  
 How mighte David make this so mate?  
 He yonge, and of armure so decolide,  
 How durst he loke upon thy dreddid face?  
 Wel may man seene it was but Gollies grace.

Who yet<sup>1</sup> Judith courage or hardiness  
 To sleue him Helmsman in his tent,  
 And to deliuer out of wretchednesse  
 The peple of God? I say for this entent,  
 That right as God spirit of vigour sent  
 To him, and saved him out of mannesse,  
 So sent he might and vigour to Costance.

Forth goth hire ship thurghout the nerwe more  
 Of Jubaltare<sup>2</sup> and Septe,<sup>3</sup> driving alway,  
 Sometime West, and sometime North and South,  
 And sometime Est, ful many a wey day:  
 Til Cristen moder (blessed be she ay)  
 Hath shapen thurgh hire endles goodnesse  
 To make an end of all hire hevynesse.

Now let us stint of Costance but a throw,  
 And speke we of the Romane emperour,  
 That out of Surris hath by lettres knowe  
 The slaughter of cristen folk, and dishonour  
 Don to his daughter by a false traitour,  
 I mene the cursed wicked Sondannesse,  
 That at the last let sleen<sup>4</sup> both more and lesse.

For which this emperour hath sent such  
 His senatour, with real ordinance,  
 And other lordes, God wote, many on,  
 On Surrien to taken high vengeance:  
 They breunen, sleen, and bring hem to mannesse  
 Ful many a day: but shortly this is th'ende,  
 Howward to Rome they shapen hem to wende.

This senatour repaireth with victorie  
 To Rome ward, sayling ful really,  
 And met the ship driving, as with the storie,  
 In which Costance sitteth ful pitously:  
 Nothing he knew he what she was, ne why

<sup>1</sup> Feble, dead.<sup>2</sup> Gave.<sup>3</sup> Gibraltar.<sup>4</sup> Coste, formerly Septe, opposite Gibraltar.<sup>5</sup> Came to be d

She was in swiche array, ne she wil say<sup>1</sup>  
Of hire estat, though that she shulde day.

He bringeth hire to Rome, and to his wif  
He yaf hire, and hire yonge sone also.  
And with the senatour she led hire lif.  
Thus can our lady bringen out of wo  
Woful Custance, and many another mo:  
And longe time dwelled she in that place,  
In holy werkes ever, as was hire grace

The senatoures wif hire sunte was,  
But for all that she knew hire never the more;  
I wol no longer tarian in this cas,  
But to king Alla, which I spake of yore,  
That for his wit wepeth and siketh sore,  
I wol returne, and let I wol Custance  
Under the senatoures governance.

King Alla, which that had his moder slain,  
Upon a day tell in swiche repentance,  
That if I shortly tellen shal and plain,  
To Rome he cometh to recelve his penance,  
And putte him in the popes ordinance  
In high and low, and Jesu Crist besought,  
Foryeve his wicked werkes that he had wrought

The fame anon thurghout the town is born,  
How Alla king shal come on pilgrimage,  
By herbergeours<sup>2</sup> that wenten him befor,  
For which the senatour, as was usage,  
Rode him againe, and many of his lineage,  
As wel to shewen his high magnificence,  
As to don any king a reverence.

Gret chere doth this noble senatour  
To king Alla, and he to him also;  
Everich of hem doth other gret honour;  
And so befell, that in a day or two  
This senatour is to king Alla go  
To fest, and shortly, if I shal not lie,  
Custances sone went in his compaignie.

<sup>1</sup> Say, speak.

<sup>2</sup> Herbingers, caterers for lodgings.

Som men wold sain<sup>1</sup> at requeste of Custance  
 This senatour hath lad this child to feste;  
 I may not tellen every circumstance,  
 Be as be may, ther was he at the leste:  
 But soth is this, that at his mothers heste  
 Beforn Alla, during the metes space,<sup>2</sup>  
 The child stood, loking in the kinges face.

This Alla king hath of this child gret wonder,  
 And to the senatour he said anon,  
 Whos is that faire child that st. ndeth yonder?  
 I no't, quod he, by God and by Seint John;  
 A moder he hath, but fader hath he non,  
 That I of wote. but shortly in a stound<sup>3</sup>  
 He told Alla how that this child was found.

But God wot, quod this senatour also,  
 So vertuous a liver in all my lif  
 Ne saw I never, as she, ne herd of mo  
 Of worldly woman, maiden, widewe or wif:  
 I dare wel sayn hire hadde lever<sup>4</sup> a knit  
 Thurghout hire brest, than ben a woman wikke<sup>5</sup>  
 Ther is no man could bring her to that prikke,

Now was this child as like unto Custance  
 As possible is a creature to be:  
 This Alla hath the face in remembrance  
 Of dame Custance, and thereon mused he,  
 If that the chuldes moder were aught she  
 That is his wif, and prively he sighte,<sup>6</sup>  
 And sped him fro the table that he mighte.

Parfay, thought he, fantome<sup>7</sup> is in min hed.  
 I ought to deme of skilful jugement,  
 That in the salte see my wif is ded.  
 And afterward he made his argument;  
 What wot I, if that Crist have hider<sup>8</sup> sent  
 My wif by see, as wel as he hire lent  
 To my contree, fro thennes that she went?

<sup>1</sup> Say that.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.*, during an interval between the courses of the dinner.

<sup>3</sup> Moment.

<sup>4</sup> Liever, sooner.

<sup>5</sup> Wicked.

<sup>6</sup> Sighted.

<sup>7</sup> Some fancy.

<sup>8</sup> Hither.

And after noon home with the senatour  
 Goth Alla, for to see this wonder chance.  
 This senatour doth Alla gret honour,  
 And hastily he sent after Custance:  
 But trusteth<sup>1</sup> wel, hire luste not to dance.  
 Whan that she wiste wherfore was that sonda,  
 Unnethe upon hire feet she mighte stonde.

Whan Alla saw his wif, faire he hire grette,  
 And wept, that it was routhe for to see,  
 For at the firste look he on hire sette  
 He knew wel veraily that it was she:  
 And she for sorwe, as dumb stant as a tree:  
 So was hire herte shette<sup>2</sup> in hire distresse,  
 Whan she remembered his unkindenesse.

Twice she swooneth in his owen sight,  
 He wepeth and him excuseth pitouly:  
 Now God, quod he, and all his halwes<sup>3</sup> bright  
 So wisly<sup>4</sup> on my soule as<sup>5</sup> have mercy,  
 That of youre harme as gilteles am I,  
 As is Maurice my sone, so like your face,  
 Elles the fend<sup>6</sup> me fetche out of this place.

Long was the sobbing and the bitter peina,  
 Or that hir woful hertes mighten cese,  
 Gret was the pitee for to here hem pleina,  
 Thurgh whiche pleintes gan hir wo encrese.  
 I pray you all my labour to release,  
 I may not tell hir wo until to-morwe,  
 I am so wery for to speke of sorwe.

But finally, whan that the soth<sup>7</sup> is wist,  
 That Alla gilteles was of hire wo,  
 I trow an hundred times han they kist,  
 And swiche a blisse is ther betwix hem two,  
 That save the joye that lasteth evermo,  
 Ther is non like, that any creature  
 Hath seen or ahal, while that the world may dure.

<sup>1</sup> Trust ye.<sup>2</sup> Overwhelmed.<sup>3</sup> Hollaues, holy things or beings. "All hallows."<sup>4</sup> Truly, certainly.<sup>5</sup> Take "as" with "so" as a mere redundancy of expression; *See*  
*mine, et.*<sup>6</sup> Fiend.<sup>7</sup> Truth.



The praied she hire husband meekely  
In releef of hire longe pitous pine,  
That he wold pray hire fader specially,  
That of his magester he wold encline  
To vouchesauf som day with him to dine:  
She praied him eke, he shulde by no way  
Unto hire fader no word of hire say.

Som man wold sayn, how that the child Maude  
Doth this message until this emperour:  
But as I gesse, Alla was not so nice,  
To him that is so sovaine of honour,  
As he that is of cristen folk the flour,  
Send any child, but it is bet to dame  
He went himself, and so it may wel seeme.

This emperour hath granted gentilly  
To come to dinner, as he him besoughte:  
And wel rede I, he loked besily  
Upon this child, and on his daughter thought.  
Alla goth to his inne, and as him ought  
Arraied for this feste in every wise,  
As ferforth<sup>1</sup> as his conning may suffice.

The morwe came, and Alla gan him dresse,  
And eke his wif, this emperour to mete:  
And forth they ride in joye and in gladnesse,  
And whan she saw hire fader in the strete,  
She light adoun and falleth him to fete.  
Fader, quod she, your yonge child Custance  
Is now ful clene out of your remembrance.

I am your daughter, your Custance, quod she,  
That whilom ye han sent into Surrie;  
It am I, fader, that in the salte see  
Was put alone, and dampned for to die.  
Now, goode fader, I you mercy cris,  
Send me no more into non bethenesse,  
But thanketh my lord here of his kindenesse.

Who can the pitous joye tellen all  
Betwix hem thre, sin they ben thus ymette?  
But of my tale make an ende I ahal,

<sup>1</sup> Far forth, completely.

The day goth fast, I wol no longer lette,  
 Thise glade folk to dinner ben yacette,  
 In joy and blisse at mete I let hem dwell,  
 A thousand told wel more than I can tell.

This child Maurice was athen emperor  
 Made by the pope, and lived cristenly,  
 To Cristes chirche did he gret honour;  
 But I let all his storie passen by,  
 Of Custance is my tale specially,  
 In the olde Romane gestes<sup>1</sup> men may find,  
 Mauricea lif, I bere it not in mind.

This king Alla, when he his time sey,  
 With his Custance, his holy wif so swete,  
 To Englund ben they come the righte way,  
 Ther as they live in joye and in quiete.  
 But litel while it lasteth I you hete,<sup>2</sup>  
 Joye of this world for time wol not abide,  
 Fro day to night it changeth as the tide.

Who lived ever in swiche delite o day,  
 That him ne moved<sup>3</sup> other conscience,  
 Or ire, or talent, or som kin asray,  
 Envie, or pride, or passion, or offence?  
 I ne say but for this end this sentence,  
 That litel while in joye or in plesance  
 Lasteth the blisse of Alla with Custance.

For deth, that taketh of his and low his rente,  
 Whan passed was a yere, even as I gesse,  
 Out of this world this king Alla he hente,  
 For whom Custance hath ful gret heviness.  
 Now let us praien God his soule blesse:  
 And dame Custance, finally to say,  
 Toward the toun of Rome goth hire way.

To Rome is come this holy creature,  
 And findeth ther hire trendes hole and sound:  
 Now is she scaped all hire aventure:  
 And whan that she hire fader hath yfound,  
 Down on hire knees falleth she to ground,

<sup>1</sup> I. e., the great *Historiarum*.

<sup>2</sup> Promise.

<sup>3</sup> Moved, stirred up.

~~from now we, my time is~~  
Now Jesu Crist, that of his might  
Joye after wo, governe us in his  
And kepe us alle that ben in this

' Times.

THE WIF OF BATHES PROLOGUE<sup>1</sup>

5563-5614.

Experience, though non auctoritee  
 Were in this world, is right ynough for me  
 To speke of wo that is in mariage:  
 For, lordings, sin I twelf yere was of age,  
 (Thanked be God that is eterne on live)  
 Husbondes at chirche dore have I had five,  
 (If I so often might han wedded be)  
 And all were worthy men in hir degree.

But me was told, not longe time agon is,  
 That sithen Crist ne went never but onis<sup>2</sup>  
 To wedding, in the Cane of Galilee,  
 That by that ilke<sup>3</sup> ensample taught he me,  
 That I ne shulde wedded be but ones.  
 Lo, herke eke, which a sharpe word for the nones,  
 Beside a welle Jesu, God and man,  
 Spake in represe of the Samaritan:  
 Thou hast yhadde five husbonds, sayde he;  
 And thilke man, that now hath wedded thee,  
 Is not thyn husbond: thus said he certain;  
 What that he ment therby, I can not sain.  
 But that I aske, why that the fiftre man  
 Was non husbond to the Samaritan?  
 How many might she have in mariage?  
 Yet herd I never tellen in min age  
 Upon this noumbre diffinitoun;  
 Men may devine, and glosen up and down.

But wel I wot, expresse withouten lie  
 God bad us for to wex<sup>4</sup> and multiplie;  
 That gentil text can I wel understand.  
 Eke wel I wot, he sayd, that min husbond  
 Shuld leve fader and moder, and take to me;  
 But of no noumbre mention made he,

<sup>1</sup> On the reasons for placing this prologue next to the *Man of Lawes Tale*, see *Tyrrwhitt, Discourses* I. xvi., and notes.

<sup>2</sup> Once.

<sup>3</sup> Like.

<sup>4</sup> Wax, increase.

Of bigamie or of octogamie;  
 Why shuld men than speke of it vilanie?  
 Lo here the wise king Dan' Salomon,  
 I trow he hadde wives mo than on,  
 (As wolde God it laful were to me  
 To be refreshed half so oft as he)  
 Which a gift of God had he for alle his wives?  
 No man hath swiche, that in this world on liue is  
 God wot, this noble king, as to my wite,  
 The firste night had many a mery fite  
 With ech of hem, so wel was him on liue.  
 Blessed be God that I have wedded fve,  
 Welcome the sixthe when that ever he shall.  
 For sith I wol not kepe me chaste in all,  
 When min husband is fro the world ygon,  
 Som cristen man shal wedden me anon.  
 For than the apostle saith, that I am fre  
 To wedde, a' goddes half, wher it liketh me.  
 He saith, that to be wedded is no sinne;  
 Better is to be wedded than to brinne.

What rekkest me though folk say vilanie  
 Of shrewed<sup>1</sup> Lamech, and his bigamie?  
 I wot wel Abraham was an holy man,  
 And Jacob eke, as far as ever I can,  
 And eche of hem had wives mo than two,  
 And many another holy man also.  
 Wher can ye seen in any maner age  
 That highe God defended<sup>2</sup> mariage  
 By expresse word? I pray you telleth me,  
 Or wher commanded he virginitee?

I wot as wel as ye, it is no drede,  
 The apostle, when he spake of maidenhede,  
 He said, that precept therof had he non:  
 Men may counseile a woman to ben on,<sup>3</sup>  
 But counseilling is no commandement;  
 He put it in our owen jugement.

For hadde God commanded maidenhede,  
 Than had he dampned wedding out of drede;<sup>4</sup>  
 And certes, of thar were no seeds ysowe,  
 Virginitee than wherof shuld it growe?

Poule<sup>5</sup> dorste not commanden at the lest  
 A thing, of which his maister yaf non hest.

<sup>1</sup> Lord.<sup>2</sup> To be one, &c. to be a unit.<sup>3</sup> Wished.<sup>4</sup> Doubt.<sup>5</sup> Lang.<sup>6</sup> St. 1

The dart is sette up for virginitee,  
 Catch who so may, who runneth best let see,  
 But this word is not take of every wight,  
 But ther<sup>1</sup> as God wol yeve it of his might.  
 I wot wel that the apostle was a maid,  
 But natheles, though that he wrote and said,  
 He wold that every wight were swiche as he,  
 All n<sup>2</sup> is but conseil to virginitee.  
 And for to ben a wif he yat me leve,  
 Of indulgence, so n<sup>3</sup> is it non reprove<sup>4</sup>  
 To wedden me, if that my make die,  
 Without exception of bigamie;  
 All were it good no woman for to touche,  
 (He went as in his bed or in his couche)  
 For peril is both fire and tow to assemble;<sup>5</sup>  
 Ye know what this ensample may resemble.

This is all and som, he held virginitee  
 More perfit than wedding in freeltee:<sup>6</sup>  
 (Freeltee clepe<sup>7</sup> I, but if that he and she  
 Wold lede hir lives all in chastitee)  
 I graunt it wel, I have o. non envie,  
 Who maidenhed preferre to bigamie;  
 It liketh hem to be clene in body and gerts:  
 Of min estat I wol not maken boet.

For wel ye know, a lord in his household  
 Ne hath nat every vessell all of gold:  
 Som ben of tree,<sup>8</sup> and don hir lord service.  
 God clepeth folk to him in sondry wise,  
 And everich hath of God a propre gift,  
 Som this, som that, as that him liketh shift.  
 Virginitee is gret perfection,  
 And continence eke with devotion:  
 But Crist, that of perfection is welle,  
 Ne bade not every wight he shulde go selle  
 All that he had, and yeve it to the poure,  
 And in swiche wise folow him and his lore.<sup>9</sup>  
 He spake to hem that wold live parfittly,  
 And, lordings, (by your leve) that am nat I;  
 I wol bestow the flour of all myn age  
 In th' actes and the fruit of mariage.

<sup>1</sup> Of those to whom.

<sup>2</sup> I.e., to bring them together.

<sup>3</sup> Say.

<sup>4</sup> Woe.

<sup>5</sup> Reproach.

<sup>6</sup> Freely.

<sup>7</sup> Commandment.

Tell me also, to what conclusion  
 Were members made of generation,  
 And of so parfit wise a wight ywrought?<sup>1</sup>  
 Trusteth me wel, they were nat made for nought.  
 Glasse who so wol, and say bothe up and down,  
 That they were made for purgatioun  
 Of urine, and of other thinges unale,  
 And eke to know a female from a male:  
 And for non other cause? say ye no?  
 The experience wot wel it is not so.  
 So that the clerkes be not with me wroth,  
 I say this, that they makid hem for both,  
 This is to sayn, for office, and for use  
 O. engendrure, ther we not God displese.  
 Why shuld men elles in hir bookes sette,  
 That man shal yelden to his wif hire dette?  
 Now wherwith shuld he make his payement,  
 If he ne used his sely<sup>2</sup> instrument?  
 Than were they made upon a creature  
 To purge urine, and eke for engendrure.  
 But I say not that every wight is hold,  
 That hath swiche harneis as I to you told,  
 To gon and usen hem in engendrure;  
 Than shuld men take of chastitee no cure.<sup>3</sup>  
 Crist was a maide, and shapen as a man,  
 And many a seint, sith that this world began,  
 Yet lived they ever in parfit chastitee.  
 I n'ill envie with no virginitee.  
 Let hem with bred of pured whete be fed,  
 And let us wives eten barly bred.  
 And yet with barly bred, Mark tellen ou,  
 Our Lord Jesu refreshed many a man.  
 In swiche estat as God hath cleped<sup>4</sup> us,  
 I wol persever, I n'am not precious,<sup>5</sup>  
 In wifhode wol I use min instrument  
 As frely as my maker hath it sent.  
 If I be dangerous God yeve me sorwe,  
 Min husbond shal it have both even and morwe,  
 Whan that him list come forth and pay his dette.  
 An husbond wol I have, I wol not lette,  
 Which shal be both my dettour and my thrall,<sup>6</sup>  
 And have his tribulation withall

<sup>1</sup> Harmless.<sup>2</sup> Cure.<sup>3</sup> Called.<sup>4</sup> Overseen.<sup>5</sup> Slave.

Upon his flesh, while that I am his wif.  
 I have the power during all my lif  
 Upon his propre body, and nat he ;  
 Right thus the apostle told it unto me,  
 And bad our husbandes for to love us wel ;  
 All this sentence me liketh every del.

Up stert the pardoner, and that anon ;  
 Now, dame, quod he, by God and by Saint John,  
 Ye ben a noble prechour in this cas.  
 I was about to wed a wif, alas !  
 What ? shuld I bie<sup>1</sup> it on my flesh so dere ?  
 Yet had I lever wed no wif to-yere.

Abide, quod she, my tale is not begonne. ●  
 Nay, thou shalt drinken of another tonne  
 Er that I go, shal savour worse than ale.  
 And whan that I have told thee forth my tale  
 Of tribulation in mariage,  
 Of which I am expert in all min age,  
 (This is to sayn, myself hath ben the whippe)  
 Than maigest thou chesen wheder thou wolt sippe  
 Of thilke tonne, that I shal abroche.  
 Beware of it, er thou to neigh approche.  
 For I shal tell ensamples mo than ten :  
 Who so that n'iil beware by other men  
 By him shal other men corrected be :  
 Thise same wordes writeth Ptholomee,  
 Rede in his Almageste, and take it there.

Dame, I wold pray you, if your will it were,  
 Sayde this pardoner, as ye began,  
 Tell forth your tale, and spareth for no man,  
 And techeth us yonge men of your practika.

Gladly, quod she, sin that it may you like.  
 But that I pray to all this compaignie,  
 If that I speke after my fantasie,  
 As taketh not a greese of that I say,  
 For min entente is not but for to play.

Now, sires, than wol I tell you forth my tale.  
 As ever mote I drinken win or ale  
 I shal say soth, the husbandes that I had  
 As thre of hem were good, and two were bad.  
 The thres were goode men and riche and olde.  
 Unethes mighten they the statute holde,

In which that they were bounden unto me.  
 Ye wot wel what I mene of this perde.<sup>1</sup>  
 As God me helpe, I laugh whan that I think,  
 How pitously a-night I made hem swinke,  
 But by my fay, I tolde of it no store:  
 They had me yeven hir lond and hir treasure,  
 Me neded not do longer diligence  
 To win hir love, or don hem reverence.  
 They loved me so wel by God above,  
 That I ne tolde no deintes of<sup>2</sup> hir love.  
 A wise woman wol besle<sup>3</sup> hire ever in en  
 To geten hir love, ther as she hath non.  
 But with I had hem holly in min hond,  
 And that they hadde yeven me all hir lond,  
 What shuld I taken kepe hem for to please,  
 But it were for my profit, or min ease?  
 I set hem so a-werke by my fay,  
 That many a night they songen wala wa.  
 The bacon was not fet for hem, I trow,  
 That som men have in Essex at Donmow.<sup>4</sup>  
 I governed hem so wel after my lawe,  
 That eche of hem ful blisful was and fawe<sup>5</sup>  
 To bringen me gay thinges fro the feyre.  
 They were ful glade whan I spake hem fayre,<sup>6</sup>  
 For God it wot, I chidde hem spitouly.  
 Now herkeneth how I bare me properly.

Ye wise wives, that can understond,  
 Thus shul ye speke, and bere hem wrong on hond,  
 For half so boldely can ther no man  
 Sweren and lien as a woman can.  
 (I say not this by wives that ben wise,  
 But if it be whan they hem misavise.)  
 A wise wif if that she can<sup>7</sup> hire good,  
 Shal beren hem on hond the cow is wood.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Par diez.<sup>2</sup> Set no value upon.<sup>3</sup> Dany.

<sup>4</sup> See Boccaccio's *Decamerone*, p. 162, and P. P. 442. This whimsical institution was not peculiar to Donmow. There was the same in Beccles. — A l'Abbaye Saint Melaine, près Rennes, y a, plus de six cents ans sont, un coste de lard encore tout frais et non corrompu; et neanmoins vend et ordonné aux premiers, qui par an et jour ensemble mariez ont vescu en debat, grondement, et sans s'en repentir. — *Chron. d'Europe*, t. II. p. 161.—Tyrwhitt. See Brand's *Antiquities*, v. 2, p. 177, *opp.*

<sup>5</sup> Was thin, glad.<sup>6</sup> Fair.<sup>7</sup> Know.

<sup>8</sup> Staff make them believe *shalep*, the cow is wood. The latter word may either signify that the cow is mad, or made of wood. Which of it



And taken witness of hire owen mayd  
Of hir assent: but herkeneth how I sayd.

- Sire olde kaynard,<sup>1</sup> is this thin aray?  
Why is my neighbeoures wif so gay?  
She is honoured over al wher she goth,  
I sit at home, I have no thrifty cloth.  
What dost thou at my neighbeoures hous?  
Is she so faire? art thou so amorous?  
What rownest<sup>2</sup> thou with our maide? benedictio,<sup>3</sup>  
Sire olde lechour, let thy japes be.

And if I have a gomib, or a frend,  
(Withouten gilt) thou chidest as a fend,<sup>4</sup>  
If that I walke or play unto his hous.

Thou comest home as drunken as a mouse,  
And prechest on thy bench, with evil proude;<sup>5</sup>  
Thou sayst to me, it is a gret manichie  
To wed a poure woman, for costage;<sup>6</sup>  
And if that she be riche of high parage,<sup>7</sup>  
Than sayst thou, that it is a tourmentrie  
To soffre hire pride and hire melancolie.  
And if that she be faire, thou veray knave,  
Thou sayst that every holour<sup>7</sup> wol hire have.  
She may no while in chaastitee abide,  
That is assailed upon every side.

Thou mayst som folk desire us for richesse,  
Som for our shape, and som for our fairnesse,  
And som, for she can other<sup>8</sup> sing or dance,  
And som for gentillewe and dalliance,  
Som for hire bondes and hire armes smale:  
Thus goth all to the devil by thy tale.  
Thou sayst, men may not kepe a castel wal,  
It may so long assailed be over al.  
And if that she be foul, thou sayst, that she  
Coveteth every man that she may see;  
For as a spaniel, she wol on him lepe,  
Til she may finden som man hire to chepe.

we is the preferable interpretation, it will be safest not to determine  
if we can discover the old story to which this phrase seems to be a  
reverential allusion.

<sup>1</sup> Rascal, probably derived from *canis*.

<sup>2</sup> Whimper.

<sup>3</sup> Flout.

<sup>4</sup> I. e., May it prove evil to thee!—a sort of parenthetical curse.

<sup>5</sup> Expose.

<sup>6</sup> Kindred.

<sup>7</sup> Debauchee.

<sup>8</sup> Either.

He non so grey goes goth ther in the lake,  
(As sayst thou) that wol ben withoute a make.  
And sayst, it is an hard thing for to walde<sup>1</sup>  
A thing, that no man wol, his thanks, holde.

Thus sayst thou, lord,<sup>2</sup> when thou goest to bed,  
And that no wise man nedeth for to wed,  
He no man that extendeth unto heaven.  
With wilde thunder dint<sup>3</sup> and fry leuen  
Mote thy walke<sup>4</sup> nekke be to-broke.

Thou sayst, that dropping houses, and chynges  
And chiding wives maken men to fere.  
Out of hir own hous; a, *Amoristic*,  
What alleth swike an old man for to chide?

Thou sayst, we wives wol our vices hide,<sup>5</sup>  
Til we be lost, and then we wol hem shewe.  
Wel may that be a proverbe of a shrew.

Thou sayst, that oxen, asses, hors, and houndes,  
They ben assailed at diverse stoundes,<sup>6</sup>  
Busines, labour,<sup>7</sup> or that men hem bie,  
Spones, stools, and all swiche husbandrie,  
And so ben pottes, clothes, and aray,  
But folk of wives maken non assay,  
Til they ben wedded, olde dotard shrewes!  
And than, sayst thou, we wol our vices shewe.

Thou sayst also, that it displeaseth me,  
But if that thou wolt prelen my beutes,<sup>8</sup>  
And but thou pore alway upon my face,  
And clepe me faire dame in every place;  
And but thou make a feste on thilke day  
That I was borne, and make me fresh and gay;  
And but thou do to my norice<sup>9</sup> honour,  
And to my chamberers<sup>10</sup> within my boue,  
And to my faders folk, and myn allies;  
Thus sayst thou, olde barrel ful of lies.

And yet also of our prentis Jankin,  
For his criske here, shining as gold so fin,  
And for he squiereth me both up and down,  
Yet hast thou caught a false suspicion:  
I wol him nat, though thou were ded to-marwe.  
But tell me this, why hidest thou with sorwe

<sup>1</sup> Given.<sup>2</sup> Botten.

Noun.

<sup>3</sup> Stamp, good-for-nothing.<sup>4</sup> Tires, swears.<sup>5</sup> Chambermaid.<sup>6</sup> Shrew.<sup>7</sup> Leven.<sup>8</sup> House.

The holes of thy chest away fro me!  
It is my good<sup>1</sup> as wel as thin parda.<sup>2</sup>  
What, weneest thou make an idiot of our dame?  
Now by that Lord that cleped is Saint Jans,  
Thou shalt nat botha, though that thou were wood,<sup>3</sup>  
Be maister of my body and of my good,  
That on thou shalt forgo mangre<sup>4</sup> thin eye.  
What helpeth of me to enquire and spin?  
I trow thou woldest locke me in thy chest.  
Thou shaldest say, Fayr wif, go whar thou liste;<sup>5</sup>  
Take your disport; I wol not leve no tales;  
I know you for a trewe wif, dame Alis.

We love no man, that taketh hope<sup>6</sup> or charge  
Whar that we gon, we wol be at our large.  
Of alle men yblamed mote he be  
The wise astrologien Dan<sup>7</sup> Ptholomee,  
That sayth this proverbe in his Almanage:  
Of alle men his wisdom is higheste,  
That rekketh not who hath the world in hond.

By this proverbe thou shalt wel understand,  
Have thou ynough, what thar thee rekke or care  
How merily that other folkes fare?  
For certes, olde dotard, by your leve,  
Ye shallen have queint right ynough at eve.  
He is to gret a nigard that wol warne<sup>8</sup>  
A man to light a candel at his lantern;  
He shal have never the same light parda.  
Have thou ynough, thee thar non plainen thee.

Thou sayst also, if that we make us gay  
With clothing and with precious array,  
That it is peril of our chastitee.  
And yet, with sorwe, thou enforcest thee,  
And sayst thise wordes in the apostles name:  
In habit made with chastitee and shame  
Ye women shal appareile you, (quod he);  
And nat in tressed here,<sup>9</sup> and gay perria,<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Good, property.

<sup>2</sup> Ned.

<sup>3</sup> Care.

<sup>4</sup> Duple.

<sup>5</sup> For chere.

<sup>6</sup> It pleaseth thee.

<sup>7</sup> Lord.

<sup>8</sup> Warne here seems to mean "refuse." This sense is borne out, I think, by a passage of Raimon in Chaucer's *dg.* l. l.:

"Homo, qui erranti consilium monitumq; vram,

Quasi de suo lumine lumen accendat, nihil.

Et illud ut ipse loquat, quibus illi accendunt."

which passage Chaucer appears to have had in mind.—Ed.

<sup>9</sup> Have gathered into tresses.

<sup>10</sup> Jewelling.

As perles, ne with gold, ne clothes richa.

After thy text, ne after thy rubriche

I wol not work as mochel as a gnat.

Thou sayst also, I walke out like a cat;

For who so woldu senge the cattles skin,

Than wol the cat wel dwellen in hire in;

And if the cattles skin be aleke and gay,

She wol nat dwellen in hous half a day,

But forth she wol, or any day be dawed,

To shew hire skin, and gon a caterwawed.<sup>1</sup>

This is to say, if I be gay, sire shrewe,

I wol renne out, my borel<sup>2</sup> for to shewe.

Sire olde fool, what helpeth thee to spien?

Though thou pray Argus with his hundred eyen.

To be my wardecorps,<sup>3</sup> as he can best,

In faith he shal not kepe me but me lest:<sup>4</sup>

Yet coude I make his berd, so mote I the.<sup>5</sup>

Thou sayest eke, that ther ben thinges three,

Which thinges gretly troublen all this erthe,

And that no wight ne may endure the furthe.<sup>6</sup>

O lefe sire shrewe, Jesu short thy lif.

Yet prechest thou, and sayst, an hateful wif

Yrekened is for on of thise meechances.

Be ther non other maner resemblances

That ye may liken your parables to,

But if a sely<sup>7</sup> wif be on of tho?

Thou likenest eke womans love to helle,

To barrein lond, ther water may not dwelle.

Thou likenest it also to wilde fire;

The more it brenneth, the more it hath desire

To consume every thing, that brent wol be.

Thou sayest, right as wormes shende<sup>8</sup> a tre,

Right so a wif destroieth hire husbond;

This knowen they that ben to wives bond.

Lordings, right thus, as ye han understond,

Bere I stifly min old husbondes on hond,

That thus they saiden in hir dronkennesse;

And all was false, but as I toke witnesse

On Jankin, and upon my nece also.

O Lord, the peine I did hem, and the wo,

<sup>1</sup> A caterwauling.

<sup>2</sup> Borel here means clothing in general; elsewhere it is used for a coarse brown cloth.

<sup>3</sup> Body-guard.

<sup>4</sup> Except I be willing.

<sup>5</sup> So may I thrive.

<sup>6</sup> Fourth.

<sup>7</sup> Silly.

<sup>8</sup> Destroy.

Ful gylteles, by Goddes swete pine;<sup>1</sup>  
 For as an hors, I coude bite and whine;  
 I coude plain, and I was in the gilt,  
 Or elles oftentime I had ben spilt.  
 Who so first cometh to the mill, first grint;  
 I plained first, so was our werre ystint.<sup>2</sup>  
 They were ful glad to excusen hem ful blive<sup>3</sup>  
 Of thing, the which they never agilt hir live<sup>4</sup>  
 Of wenches wold I beren hem on hond,<sup>5</sup>  
 Whan that for sike<sup>6</sup> unnethes might they stond,  
 Yet tikeled I his herte for that he  
 Wend that I had of him so gret chiertee.<sup>7</sup>  
 I swore that all my walking out by night  
 Was for to espie wenches that he dight.<sup>8</sup>  
 Under that colour had I many a mirth.  
 For all swiche wit is yeven us in our birth;  
 Decite, weping, spinning, God hath yeven  
 To women kindly, while that they may liven.  
 And thus of o thing I may avaunten me,  
 At th'ende I had the beter in eche degree,  
 By sleight or force, or by som maner thing,  
 As by continual murmur or grutching,  
 Namely a-bed, ther hadden they meschance,  
 Ther wold I chide, and don hem no plesance  
 I wold no lenger in the bed abide,  
 If that I felt his arme over my aide,  
 Til he had made his raunson unto me,  
 Than wold I soffre him do his nicetea.  
 And therefore every man this tale I tell,  
 Winne who so may, for all is for to sell:  
 With empty hond men may no haukes lure,  
 For winning wold I all his lust endure,  
 And maken me a feined appetit,  
 And yet in bacon had I never delit:  
 That maketh me that ever I wold hem chide.  
 For though the pope had sitten hem beside,  
 I wold not spare hem at hir owen bord,  
 For by my trouthe I quitte hem word for word.  
 As helpe me veray God omnipotent,  
 Tho I right now shuld make my testament,

<sup>1</sup> Self-strings.

<sup>2</sup> Sinned, offended.

<sup>3</sup> Sicknes.

<sup>4</sup> Battle stopped.

<sup>5</sup> Shame them shamefully.

<sup>6</sup> Affection.

<sup>7</sup> Readily.

<sup>8</sup> Deamed.

I ne owe hem not a word, that it n'is quit,  
 I brought it so abouten by my wit,  
 That they must yeve it up, as for the best,  
 Or elles had we never ben in rest.  
 For though he loked as a wood leon,  
 Yet shuld he faille of his conclusion.

Than wold I say, now goode lefe, take kepe.  
 How mekely loketh Wilkin oure shepe!  
 Come ner my spouse, and let me ba<sup>1</sup> thy cheke.  
 Ye shulden be al patient and meke,  
 And han a swete spiced conscience,  
 Sith ye so preche of Jobes patience.  
 Suffreth alway, sin ye so wel can preche,  
 And but ye do, certain we shal you teche  
 That it is faire to han a wif in pees.  
 On of us two moste bowen douteless:  
 And, sith a man is more resonable  
 Than woman is, ye mosten ben suffrable.  
 What aileth you to grutchen thus and grone?  
 Is it for ye wold have my queint alone?  
 Why take it all: lo, have it every del.  
 Peter, I shrew you but ye love it wel.  
 For if I wolde sell my *belle chose*,  
 I coude walke as freshe as is a rose,  
 But I wol kepe it for your owen toth.  
 Ye be to blame, by God, I say you soth.

Swiche maner wordes hadden we on hond.  
 Now wol I speken of my fourthe husbond.

My fourthe husbonde was a revellour,  
 This is to sayn, he had a paramour,  
 And I was yonge and ful of ragerie,<sup>2</sup>  
 Stibborne and strong, and joly as a pie.  
 Tho coude I dancen to an harpe smale,  
 And sing ywis as any nightingale,  
 Whan I had dronke a draught of swete wine.  
 Metellius,<sup>3</sup> the foule cherle, the swine,  
 That with a staf beraft his wif hire lif  
 For she drank wine, though I had ben his wif,  
 Ne shuld he not have daunted me fro drinke:  
 And after wine of Venus most I thinke.  
 For al so siker<sup>4</sup> as cold engendreth hayl,  
 A likerous mouth most han a likerous tayl.

<sup>1</sup> Kiss.

<sup>2</sup> See Valer. Maximus, vi. 3.

<sup>3</sup> Wantonness.

<sup>4</sup> Sure, certain.

In woman vinolent<sup>1</sup> is no defence,  
 This knowen lechours by experiance.  
 But, lord Crist, whan that it remembreth me  
 Upon my youth, and on my jolitee,  
 It tikleth me about myn herte-rote,  
 Unto this day it doth myn herte bote,<sup>2</sup>  
 That I have had my world as in my time,  
 But age, alas! that all wol envenime,<sup>3</sup>  
 Hath me beraft my beautee and my pith.<sup>4</sup>  
 Let go, farewell, the devil go therwith.  
 The flour is gon, there n'is no more to tell,  
 The breu, as I best may, now mooste I sell.  
 But yet to be right mery wol I fond.  
 Now forth to tallen of my fourthe husbond.  
 I say, I had in herte gret despit,  
 That he of any other had delit;  
 But he was quit by God and by Seint Jooe.<sup>5</sup>  
 I made him of the same wood a croce,  
 Not of my body in no foule manere,  
 But certainly I made folk swiche chere,  
 That in his owen gress I made him frise  
 For anger, and for veray jealousy.  
 By God, in erth I was his purgatorie,  
 For which I hope his soule be in gloria.  
 For, God it wote, he ate ful oft and songe,  
 Whan that his sho ful bitterly him wronge.  
 Ther was no wight, save God and he, that wiste  
 In many a wise how sore that I him twiste.  
 He died whan I come fro Jerusalem,  
 And lith ygrave under the rode-beem.<sup>6</sup>  
 All is his tombe not so curious  
 As was the sepulcre of him Darius,  
 Which that Appelles wrought so sotelly.  
 It is but wast to bury hem preciously.  
 Let him farewell, God give his soule rest,  
 He is now in his grave and in his chest.  
 Now of my fifthe husbonde wo! I telle;  
 God let his soule never come in helle.  
 And yet was he to me the mooste shrew,  
 That fele I on my ribbes all by rew,

<sup>1</sup> Full of wine.

<sup>2</sup> Kestler.

<sup>3</sup> Sickness, a kind of Penthion.

<sup>4</sup> Benefit, delight.

<sup>5</sup> Strength.

<sup>6</sup> Cross.

And ever shal, unto min ending day.  
 But in our bed he was so fresh and gay,  
 And therwithal he coude so wel me glaze,  
 When that he wolde han my belle aken,  
 That, though he had me bet on every her,  
 He coude win agen my love anon.  
 I trow, I love him the bet, for he  
 Was of his love so dangerous to me.  
 We wimmen han, if that I shal not lie,  
 In this matere a queinte fantasia.  
 Waite,<sup>1</sup> what thing we may nat lightly have,  
 Therafter wol we cry all day and crave.  
 Forbode us thing, and that destrou we;  
 Prece on us fast, and thanne wol we flee.  
 With danger attren we all our chaffare;  
 Gret prece at market maketh dere ware,  
 And to gret chepe is holden at litel price;  
 This knoweth every woman that is wise.

My fifthe husbonde, God his soule blame,  
 Which that I toke for love and no richesse,  
 He somtime was a clerk of Oxenforde,  
 And had left scole, and want at home at borde  
 With my goosib, dwelling in oure toun:  
 God have hire soule, hire name was Aliscoun.  
 She knew my herte and all my privtee,  
 Bet than our parish preest, so mote I thu.<sup>2</sup>  
 To hire bewried<sup>3</sup> I my conseil all;  
 For had my husbond pissed on a wall,  
 Or don a thing that shuld have cost his lif,  
 To hire, and to another worthy wif,  
 And to my nece, which that I loved wel,  
 I wold have told his conseil every dal.  
 And so I did ful often, God it wote,  
 That made his face ful often red and hote  
 For veray shame, and blamed himself, for he  
 Had told to me so gret a privtee.

And so befell that once in a Lent,  
 (So often times I to my goosib went,  
 For ever yet I loved to be gay,  
 And for to walke in March, April, and May  
 From hous to hous, to heren sondry tales)  
 That Jankin clerk, and my goosib dame Alis,

<sup>1</sup> Watch after.<sup>2</sup> So may I thrive.<sup>3</sup> Dislike

And I myself into the felde went.  
Myn husband was at London all that Lent;  
I had the better leiser for to pleye,  
And for to see, and eke for to be seie  
Of lusty folk; what wist I wher my grace  
Was shapen for to be, or in what place?  
Therefore made I my visitacions  
To vigilies, and to processions,  
To prechings eke, and to thise pilgrimages,  
To playes of miracles, and mariages,  
And wered upon my gay skarlet gites.<sup>1</sup>  
Thise wormes, ne thise mothes, ne thise settes  
Upon my paraille frett hem never a del,  
And wost thou why? for they were used wel.

Now wol I tellen forth what happed me  
I say, that in the felde walked we,  
Till trewely we had swiche daliance  
This clerk and I, that of my purveance  
I spake to him, and said him how that he,  
If I were widewe, shulde wedden me.  
For certainly, I say for no bobance,<sup>2</sup>  
Yet was I never without purveance  
Of mariage, ne of other thinges eke;  
I hold a mouses wit not worth a lake,  
That hath but on hole for to sterten to,  
And if that faille, than is all ydo.

I bare him on hond<sup>3</sup> he had enchanted me;  
(My dame taughte me that subtiltee)  
And eke I sayd, I mette<sup>4</sup> of him all night,  
He wold han slain me, as I lay upright,  
And all my bed was full of veray blood;  
But yet I hope that ye shuln do me good:  
For blood betokeneth gold, as me was taught.  
And al was false, I dremed of him right naught  
But as I solwed ay my dames lore,<sup>5</sup>  
As wel of that as of other thinges more.

But now, sire, let me see, what shall I sein?  
A ha, by God I have my tale again.  
Whan that my fourthe husbonde was on bare  
I wept algate<sup>6</sup> and made a sory chere,  
As wives moten, for it is the usage;  
And with my covarchafe covered my visage;

<sup>1</sup> Gown.

<sup>4</sup> Dreamed.

<sup>2</sup> Boasting.

<sup>5</sup> Counsel, opinion.

<sup>3</sup> I made him believe.

<sup>6</sup> Always.

But, for that I was purveyed of a make,<sup>1</sup>  
 I wept but smal, and that I undertake.  
 To chirche was myn husbond born a-morwe  
 With neigheboures that for him maden sorwe,  
 And Jankin our clerk was on of tho:  
 As helpe me God, whan that I saw him go  
 After the bere, me thought he had a paire  
 Of legges and of feet, so clene and faire,  
 That all my herte I yave unto his hold.  
 He was, I trow, a twenty winter old,  
 And I was fourty, if I shal say soth,  
 But yet I had alway a coltes toth.<sup>2</sup>  
 Cat-tothed<sup>3</sup> I was, and that became me wel,  
 I had the print of Seinte Venus sele.  
 As helpe me God, I was a lusty on,  
 And faire, and riche, and yonge, and wel begun;  
 And trewely, as min husbondes tolden me,  
 I had the beste queint that mighte be.  
 For certes I am all venerian  
 In faling, and my herte is marcian:  
 Venus me yave my lust and likerounesse,  
 And Mars yave me my sturdy hardinesse.  
 Min ascendent was Taure, and Mars therinne:  
 Alas, alas, that ever love was sinne!  
 I folwed ay min inclination  
 By vertue of my constellation:  
 That made me that I coude nat withdraw  
 My chambre of Venus from a good felaw.  
 Yet have I Martes merke upon my face,<sup>4</sup>  
 And also in another privee place.  
 For God so wialy be my salvation,  
 I loved never by no discretion,  
 But ever folwed min appetit,  
 All were he shorte, longe, blake, or white,  
 I toke no kepe, so that he liked me,  
 How poure he was, ne eke of what degree.  
 What shuld I saye? but at the monthes ende  
 This joly clerk Jankin, that was so hende,<sup>5</sup>  
 Hath wedded me with gret solempnitee.  
 And to him yave I all the lond and fee,  
 That ever was me yeven therbefore:  
 But afterward repented me full sore.

<sup>1</sup> Purveyed with a mate.<sup>2</sup> Cf. vi. 476.<sup>3</sup> Curled

He a'olde<sup>1</sup> suffre nothing of my list.  
 By God he smote me ones with his fist,  
 For that I rent out of his boke a lefe,  
 That of the stroke myn ere wax al deff,  
 Stibborne I was, as is a leonesse,  
 And of my tonge a veray jangleresse,  
 And walke I wold, as I had don befor,  
 Fro hous to hous, although he had it sworn:  
 For which he oftentimes wolde preche,  
 And me of olde Romaine gestes teche.

How he Sulpitius Gallus left his wif,  
 And hire forsoke for terme of all his lif,  
 Not but for open-headed he hire say<sup>2</sup>  
 Loking out at his dore upon a day.

Another Romaine<sup>3</sup> told he me by some,  
 That, for his wif was at a sommer game  
 Without his weting, he forsoke hire eke.

And than wold he upon his Bible seke  
 That ilke proverbe of Ecclesiaste,  
 Wher he commandeth, and forbedeth faste,  
 Man shal not suffer his wif go roule<sup>4</sup> aboute.

Than wold he say right thus withouten doute:  
 Who so that bildeth his hous all of salwe,<sup>5</sup>  
 And pricketh his blind horn over the falwe,<sup>6</sup>  
 And suffereth his wif to go seken halwe,<sup>7</sup>  
 Is worthy to be honged on the galwe.

But all for nought, I sette not an hawe<sup>8</sup>  
 Of his proverbes, ne of his old sawe;  
 Ne I wold not of him corrected be.  
 I hate hem that my vices tellen me,  
 And so do mo of us (God wote) than I.  
 This made him wood<sup>9</sup> with me all utterly;  
 I n' olde not forbere him in no cas.

Now wol I say you soth by Seint Thomas,  
 Why that I rent out of his boke a lefe,  
 For which he smote me, so that I was deff.

He had a booke, that gladly night and day  
 For his disport he wolde it rede alway,

<sup>1</sup> Would not.

<sup>2</sup> See *Valer. Max.* vi. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Comprovises *Sophes*, from the same authority.

<sup>4</sup> Ramble.

<sup>5</sup> Willows. See *Richardson*, v. "willow."

<sup>6</sup> Fallows.

<sup>7</sup> To run after.

<sup>8</sup> A hawthorn berry.

<sup>9</sup> Mad.

He cleped it Valerie,<sup>1</sup> and Theophrast,<sup>2</sup>  
 And with that book he lough<sup>3</sup> alway ful fast.  
 And eke ther was a clerk sometime at Rome,  
 A cardinal, that highte Saint Jerome,  
 That made a book again Jovinian,  
 Which book was ther, and eke Tertullian,  
 Crisippus, Trotula,<sup>4</sup> and Halowin,<sup>5</sup>  
 That was abbeys not far fro Paris;  
 And eke the paraboles of Salomon,  
 Ovides art, and boundes<sup>6</sup> many on;  
 And alle thise were bounden in o volume.  
 And every night and day was his custome  
 (When he had leiser and vacation  
 From other worldly occupation)  
 To reden in this book of wikked wives.  
 He knew of hem mo legendes and mo lives,  
 Than ben of goode wives in the Bible.

For trusteth wel, it is an impossible,  
 That any clerk wol spoken good of wives,  
 (But if it be of holy seintes lives)  
 Ne of non other woman never the mo.  
 Who painted the leon, telleth me, who?  
 By God, if wimmen hadden written stories,  
 As clerkes han, within hir oratories,  
 They wold have writ of men more wikkedness,  
 Than all the merke of Adam<sup>7</sup> may redress.  
 The children of Mercury and of Venus  
 Ben in hir working ful contrarious.  
 Mercury loveth wisdom and sciens,  
 And Venus loveth riot and dispens.  
 And for hir divers disposition,  
 Eche falleth in others exaltation.<sup>8</sup>  
 As thus, God wote, Mercury is dancel<sup>9</sup>  
 In Pieces, wher Venus is exaltat,  
 And Venus falleth wher Mercury is reit<sup>10</sup>.  
 Therefore no woman of no clerk is praised.  
 The clerk when he is old, and may nought do  
 Of Venus werkis not worth his old sho,

<sup>1</sup> Valerius de non damm<sup>us</sup> amore, sometimes printed with the works of St. Jerome.

<sup>2</sup> Theophrastus de septu<sup>is</sup>, quoted by Hieronymus contra Jovinianum.

<sup>3</sup> Laughed.

<sup>4</sup> A medical writer.

<sup>5</sup> The Epistles of Heloise.

<sup>6</sup> Jestis.

<sup>7</sup> All the images of Adam, i. e., all mankind.

<sup>8</sup> The exaltation of a planet anciently meant that it was in that sign of the Zodiac, where it exerted its greatest influence.

Then siteth he down, and writeth in his dotage,  
That wimmen cannot kepe hir mariage.  
But now to purpos, why I tolde thee,  
That I was beten for a book parde.

Upon a night Jankin, that was our she,  
Red on his book, as he sate by the fire,  
Of Eva first, that for hire wikkednesse  
Was all mankind brought to wretchednesse,  
For which that Jesu Crist himself was slain,  
That bought us with his herte-blood again.

Lo here expresse of wimmen may ye find,  
That woman was the lous of all mankind.

The redde he me how Sampson lost his herus  
Sleeping, his lemman kitte<sup>1</sup> hem with hire shears,  
Thurgh whiche treason lost he both his eyes.

The redde he me, if that I shal not liss,  
Of Hercules, and of his Deianire,  
That caused him to set himself a-fire.

Nothing forgat he the care and the wo,  
That Socrates had with his wives two;  
How Xantippe cast piss upon his hed.  
This sely man sat still, as he were ded,  
He wiped his hed, no more dorst he sein,  
But, er the thonder stint<sup>2</sup> ther cometh rain.

• Of Pasiphae, that was the quene of Crete,  
For shrewednesse him thought the tale swete.  
Fie, speke no more (it is a grisely thing)  
Of hire horrible lust and hire liking.

Of Clitemnestra for hire lecherie  
That falsely made hire husbond for to die,  
He redde it with ful good devotion.

He told me eke, for what occasion  
Amphiorax<sup>3</sup> at Thebes lost his lif:  
My husbond had a legend of his wif  
Eriphile, that for an ouche of gold  
Hath prively unto the Grekes told,  
Wher that hire husbond hidde him in a place,  
For which he had at Thebes sory grace.

Of Lima told he me, and of Lucie:<sup>4</sup>  
They bothe made hir husbondes for to die,

<sup>1</sup> Cat.

<sup>2</sup> Cease.

<sup>3</sup> Amphiorax.

<sup>4</sup> In the *Apollon Pictor*, No. 222, Aug. 12, D. M. the story is told thus:  
was vrom euen interdict quon zinde effrit: Lucie even quon

That on for love, that other was for hate.  
 Limes hire husband on an even late  
 Empoysoneth hath, for that she was his fo;  
 Lucia likerous loved hire husband so,  
 That for he shuld alway upon hire thinke,  
 She yave him swiche a maner love-drinke,  
 That he was ded er it were by the morwe:  
 And thus algates<sup>1</sup> husbandes hadden sorwe.

Than told he me, how on Latumens<sup>2</sup>  
 Complained to his felaw Arius,  
 That in his gardin growed swiche a tree,  
 On which he said how that his wives three  
 Honged hemself for hertes despitous.  
 O love brother, quod this Arius,  
 Yeve me a plant of thilke blessed tree,  
 And in my gardin planted shal it be.

Of later date of wives hath he redde,  
 That som han slain hir husbandes in hir bedde,  
 And let hir lechour dight ham all the night,  
 While that the corpe lay in the flore upright:  
 And som han driven nailes in hir brain,  
 While that they slepe, and thus they han hem slayn:<sup>3</sup>  
 Som han hem yeven poyson in hir drink:  
 He spake more harm than herte may bethinke.

And therwithall he knew of mo proverbes,  
 Than in this world their growen gras or herbes.

Bet is<sup>4</sup> (quod he) thun habitation  
 Be with a leon, or a foule dragon,  
 Than with a woman using for to chide.

Bet is (quod he) high in the roof abide,  
 Than with an angry woman doun in the hous,  
 They ben so wikked and contrarious:  
 They haten, that hir husbandes loven ay.

He sayd, a woman cast hire shame away,<sup>5</sup>  
 Whan she cast of hire smock; and forthermo,  
 A faire woman, but she be chast also,  
 Is like a gold ring in a sowes nose.

Who coude wene, or who coude suppose

nimis amavit. Illa sponte miscuit aculeis: hinc decepta furorē propinavit pro amoris poculo. *Lime* and *lime* in many MSS. are only distinguishable by a small stroke over the *i*, which may be easily overlooked where it is, and supposed where it is not.—Tyndal.

<sup>1</sup> Always.

<sup>2</sup> Better it is.

<sup>3</sup> These names are probably corrupt.

<sup>4</sup> A sentiment of Hesiodus, *lib. 1.*, and still.

The wo that in min herte was, and the pine;<sup>1</sup>  
 And when I saw he n'olde never fine<sup>2</sup>  
 To reden on this cursed book all night,  
 Al sodenly three leves have I plight<sup>3</sup>  
 Out of his book, right as he redde, and eke  
 I with my fist so toke him on the cheke,  
 That inoure fire he fell bakward adoun.  
 And he up starte, as doth a wood leoun,  
 And with his fist he smote me on the hed,  
 That in the flore I lay as I were ded.  
 And when he saw how stille that I lay,  
 He was agast, and wold have fled away,  
 Til at the last out of my swough<sup>4</sup> I brayde.<sup>5</sup>  
 O, hast thou slain me, false theef? I sayde,  
 And for my lond thus hast thou mordred me?  
 If I be ded, yet wol I kimen thee.  
 And nere he came, and kneled faire adoun,  
 And sayde; dere suster Alisoun,  
 As helpe me God I shal thee never smite:  
 That I have don it is thyself to wite,  
 Foryeve it me, and that I thee besoke.  
 And yet eftsones I hitte him on the cheke,  
 And sayde; theef, thus much am I awrake.<sup>6</sup>  
 Now wol I die, I may no longer speke.  
 • But at the last, with mochel care and wo  
 We fell accorded by ourselven two:  
 He gaf me all the bridel in min hond  
 To han the governance of hous and lond,  
 And of his tonge, and of his hond also,  
 And made him brenne his book anon right tho.  
 And whan that I had gotten unto me  
 By maistrie all the soverainete,  
 And that he sayd, min owen trewe wif,  
 Do as thee list, the terme of all thy lif,  
 Kepe thin honour, and kepe eke min estat;  
 After that day we never had debat.  
 God helpe me so, I was to him as kinde,  
 As any wif fro Denmark unto Inde,  
 And al so trewe, and so was he to me:  
 I pray to God that sit in majestee  
 So blisse his soule, for his mercy dere.  
 Now wol I say my tale if ye wol here.

<sup>1</sup> Cram.

<sup>2</sup> Awaked.

<sup>3</sup> Plighted.

<sup>4</sup> Swoun.

<sup>5</sup> Revenged.

The frere<sup>1</sup> lough whan he had herd all this:  
Now dame, quod he, so have I joye and blis,  
This is a long preamble of a tale.

And whan the Sompnour herd the frere gale,<sup>2</sup>  
Lo (quod this Sompnour) Goddes armes two,  
A frere wol entermete<sup>3</sup> him evermo:

Lo, goode men, a flie and eke a frere  
Wol fall in every dish and eke matere.  
What spekest thou of preambulacioun?  
What! amble or trot; or pees, or go sit down:  
Thou lettest our disport in this matere.

Ye, wolt thou so, Sire Sompnour? quod the frere;  
Now by my faith I shal, er that I go,  
Tell of a Sompnour swiche a tale or two,  
That all the folk shal laughen in this place.

Now elles, frere, I wol beahrewe thy face,  
(Quod this Sompnour) and I beahrewe me,  
But if I telle tales two or three  
Of freres, or I come to Sidenborne,  
That I shal make thin herte for to morne:  
For wel I wot thy patiences is gon.

Our hoste cried; pees, and that anon;  
And sayde; let the woman tell hire tale.  
Ye fare as folk that dronken ben of ale.  
Do, dame, tell forth your tale, and that is best.

Al redy, sire, quod she, right as you lest,  
If I have licence of this worthy frere.

Yes, dame, quod he, tell forth, and I wol here.

## The Mil of Nithes Tale.

In olde dayes of the king Artour,<sup>4</sup>  
Of which that Bretons speken gret honour,  
All was this lond fulfilled of faerie;  
The Elf-quene, with hire joly compaignie,  
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede  
This was the old opinion as I rede;

<sup>1</sup> Brother.

<sup>2</sup> Sing, i. e., laugh, chuckle.—See Tyndale.

<sup>3</sup> Interpose.

<sup>4</sup> I hope that Chaucer, by placing his Elf-quene in the days of King Artour, did not mean to intimate that the two monarchies were equally





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7. 6

*(The following information was obtained from the records of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Washington, D.C., Office of Research and Statistics, Bureau of Census.)*



7. Wife of Bhatu Pate



I speke of many hundred yeres ago;  
 But now can no man see non elves mo,  
 For now the grete charitee and prayeres  
 Of limitoures<sup>1</sup> and other holy freres,  
 That serchen every land and every streame,  
 As thikke as motes<sup>2</sup> in the sonne-beame,  
 Blissing<sup>3</sup> halles, chambres, kichenes, and boures,<sup>4</sup>  
 Citees and burghes, castles highe and toures,  
 Thorpes<sup>5</sup> and bernes,<sup>6</sup> shepenes and dairies,  
 This maketh that ther ben no faeries:  
 For ther as wont to walken was an elf,  
 Ther walketh now the limitour himself,  
 In undermeles<sup>7</sup> and in morweninges,<sup>8</sup>  
 And sayth his Matines and his holy thinges,  
 As he goth in his limitatioun.<sup>9</sup>  
 Women may now go safely up and down,  
 In every bush, and under every tree,  
 Ther is non other incubus<sup>10</sup> but he,  
 And he ne will don hem no dishonour.

And so befell it, that this king Artour  
 Had in his hous a lusty bachelor,  
 That on a day came riding fro river:  
 And happed, that, alone as she was borne,  
 He saw a maiden walking him beforne,  
 Of which maid he anon, maugre hire hed,  
 By veray force beraft hire maidenhed:  
 For which oppression was swiche clamour,  
 And swiche pursuite unto the king Artour,  
 That damned was this knight for to be ded,  
 By cours of lawe, and shuld have lost his bed,

fabulous and visionary. Master Wace has judged more candidly of the exploits of our British hero.

Ne tut mensonge, ne tut vair;  
 Ne tut folie, ne tut savoir.  
 Tant unt il conteor conté,  
 E li fableor tant fablé,  
 Par les contes enbeleor,  
 Ne tut unt fait fable sembler.

Le Brut. MS. Cotton. Vitell. A. 7.—Tyrwhitt.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. vi. 209, 252.

<sup>2</sup> Atoms, spots, what Lucretius calls "micra," loose particles floating in the air. <sup>3</sup> Blaming.

<sup>4</sup> For "thorpes," i. e., villages.

<sup>5</sup> Either "dinner-time," or the time after dinner.

<sup>6</sup> I. e., on his duty as a begging friar.

<sup>7</sup> Houses.

<sup>8</sup> Bernes.

<sup>9</sup> Mornings.

<sup>10</sup> Night-mare.

(Paraventure swiche was the statute tho.)  
 But that the quene and other ladies mo  
 So longe prajeden the king of grace,  
 Til he his lif him granted in the place,  
 And yaf him to the quene, all at hire will  
 To chese whether she wold him save or spill.

The quene thanketh the king with all hire might;  
 And after this thus spake she to the knight,  
 Whan that she saw hire time upon a day.

Thou standest yet (quod she) in swiche array,  
 That of thy lif yet hast thou no seuretee;  
 I grant thee lif, if thou canst tellen me,  
 What thing is it that women most desiren:  
 Beware, and kepe thy nekke-bone from yren.<sup>1</sup>  
 And if thou canst not tell it me anon,  
 Yet wol I yeve thee leve for to gon  
 A twelvemonth and a day, to seke and lere<sup>2</sup>  
 An answer suffisant in this matere.  
 And seuretee wol I have, or that thou pace,<sup>3</sup>  
 Thy body for to yelden in this place.

Wo was the knight, and sorwefully he aiketh;  
 But what? he may not don all as him liketh.  
 And at the last he chese him for to wende,  
 And come agen right at the yeres ende  
 With swiche answer, as God wold him purvay:  
 And taketh his leve, and wendeth forth his way.

He seeketh every hous and every place,  
 Wher as he hopeth for to finden grace,  
 To lernen what thing women loven mosts:  
 But he ne coude ariven in no coste,  
 Wher as he mighte find in this matere  
 Two creatures according in fere.<sup>4</sup>

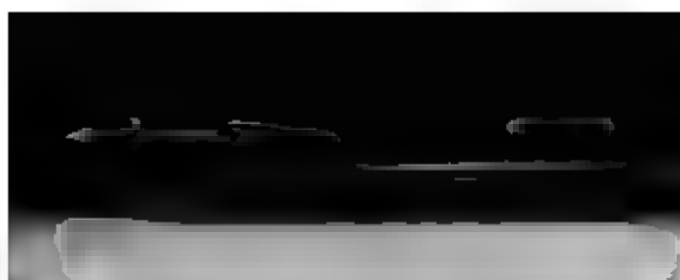
Som saiden, women loven best richesse,  
 Som saiden honour, som saiden jolinesse,  
 Som riche array, som saiden lust a-bedde,  
 And oft time to be widewe and to be wedde.

Some saiden, that we ben in herte most esed  
 Whan that we ben yflatered and ypreised.  
 He goth ful nigh the sothe, I wol not lie;  
 A man shal winne us best with flaterie;  
 And with attendance, and with besineesse  
 Ben we ylimed<sup>5</sup> bothe more and lesse.

<sup>1</sup> Iron, i. e., the sword.  
<sup>2</sup> Before thou go.

<sup>4</sup> Together.

<sup>3</sup> Learn.  
<sup>5</sup> Lined, or



And som men saiden, that we louen best  
For to be free, and do right as us lest,  
And that no man reprove us of our vice,  
But may that we ben wise, and nothing mis.  
For trewely ther n'is non of us all,  
If any wight wol claw us on the gail,  
That we n'll kike, for that he smith us seith:  
Assay, and he shal find it, that so doth.  
For be we never so vicious withinne,  
We wol be holden wise and cleue of sinne.

And som saiden, that gret delit han we  
For to be holden stable and chece sece,  
And in o purpos stedfastly to dwell,  
And not bewreyen<sup>1</sup> thing that men us tell.  
But that tale is not worth a rake-stale.<sup>2</sup>  
Parde we women comen nothing hele,  
Witnesse ou Mida; wol ye here the tale?

Ovide, amonges other thinges smale,  
Said, Mida had under his longe heres  
Growing upon his hed two asses eres;  
The whiche vice he hid, as he beste might,  
Ful subtilly from every mannes sight,  
That, save his wif, ther wist of it no mo;  
He loved hire most, and trusted hire also;  
He praied hire, that to no creature  
She n'olde tellen of his disfigure.

She swore him, nay, for all the world to winne  
She n'olde do that vilanie, ne sinne,  
To make hire husbond han so foule a name:  
She n'olde not tell it for hire owen shame.  
But natheles hire thoughte that she dide,  
That she so longe shuld a conseil hide;  
Hire thought it swal<sup>3</sup> so sore aboute hire herte,  
That nedely som word hire must asterte;  
And sith she dorst nat telle it to no man,  
Doun to a mareis<sup>4</sup> faste by she ran,  
Til she came ther, hire herte was a-fire:  
And as a bitore<sup>5</sup> bumbleth<sup>6</sup> in the mire,  
She laid hire mouth unto the water doun.  
Bewrey me not, thou water, with thy soun,  
Quod she, to thee I tell it, and no mo,  
Min husbond hath long asses eres two.

<sup>1</sup> Betray.<sup>2</sup> Rake-handle.<sup>3</sup> Swall.<sup>4</sup> Marsh.<sup>5</sup> Bittern.<sup>6</sup> Usually, to make a humming noise.

Now is min herte all hole, now is it out,  
 I might no lenger kepe it out of dout,  
 Here may ye see, though we a time abide,  
 Yet out it moste, we can no conseil hide.  
 The remenant of the tale, if ye wol here,  
 Redeth<sup>1</sup> Ovide, and ther ye may it lere.

This knight, of which my tale is specially,  
 Whan that he saw he might not come therby,  
 (This is to sayn, what women loven most)  
 Within his brest ful sorweful was his goot.  
 But home he goth, he mighte not sojourne,  
 The day was come, that homward must he turne.  
 And in his way, it happed him to ride  
 In all his care, under a forest side,  
 Wheras he saw upon a dance go  
 Of ladies foure and twenty, and yet mo.<sup>1</sup>  
 Toward this ilke dance he drow<sup>2</sup> ful yerne,<sup>3</sup>  
 In hope that he som wisdom shulde lerne;  
 But certainly, er he came fully there,  
 Yvanished was this dance, he n'iste not wher;  
 No creature saw he that bare lif,  
 Save on the grene he saw sitting a wif,  
 A fouler wight ther may no man devise.  
 Againe this knight this olde wif gan arise,  
 And said; sire knight, here forth ne lith<sup>4</sup> no way.  
 Tell me what that ye seken by your fay.  
 Paraventure it may the better be:  
 Thisse olde folk con mochel thing,<sup>5</sup> quod she.

My leve mother, quod this knight, certain,  
 I n'am but ded, but if that I can sain,  
 What thing it is that women most desire:  
 Coude ye me wisse, I wold quite wel your hire.  
 Plight me thy trouthe here in myn bond, quod she,  
 The nexte thing that I requere of thee  
 Thou shalt it do, if it be in thy might,  
 And I wol tell it you or it be night.

Have here my trouthe, quod the knight, I graunt  
 Thanne, quod she, I dare me wel avaunte,  
 Thy lif is sauf, for I wol stond therby,  
 Upon my lif the quene wol say as I:  
 Let see, which is the proudest of hem alle,  
 That wereth on a kerchief or a calle,

<sup>1</sup> Telleth.<sup>2</sup> There lies.<sup>3</sup> Drew, came.<sup>4</sup> Know a good deal.<sup>5</sup> Eagerly.



That dare saye nay of that I shal you teche.  
Let us go forth withouten longer speche.

Tho rowned she a pistol<sup>1</sup> in his arm,  
And bad him to be glad, and have no fere.

Whan they ben comen to the court, this knight  
Said, he had hold his day, as he had hight,  
And redy was his answers, as he saide.  
Ful many a noble wif, and many a maide,  
And many a widewe, for that they ben wise,  
(The queene hireself sitting as a justice)  
Assembled ben, his answer for to here,  
And afterward this knight was bode<sup>2</sup> appere.

To every wight commanded was silence,  
And that the knight shuld tell in audience,  
What thing that worldly women loven best.  
This knight ne stood not still, as doth a best,  
But to this question anon answerd  
With manly vois, that all the court it herd.

My liege lady, generally, quod he,  
Women desiren to han souverainete,  
As well over hir husbond as hir love,  
And for to ben in maistrie him above.  
This is your most desire, though ye me kille,  
Doth as you list, I am here at your wille.

In all the court ne was ther wif ne maide,  
Ne widewe, that contraried that he saide,  
But said, he was worthy to han his lif.

And with that word up stert this olde wif,  
Which that the knight saw sitting on the grane.  
Mercy, quod she, my soveraine lady queene,  
Er that your court depart, as doth me right,  
I taughte this answer unto this knight,  
For which he plichte me his trouthe there,  
The firste thing I wold of him requere,  
He wold it do, if it lay in his might.  
Before this court than pray I thee, sire knight,  
Quod she, that thou me take unto thy wif,  
For wel thou wost,<sup>3</sup> that I have kept thy lif:  
If I say false, say nay upon thy fay.

This knight answered, alas and wala wal  
I wot right wel that awiche was my behest.  
For Goddes love as chese<sup>4</sup> a new request:

<sup>1</sup> A short lesson.

<sup>2</sup> Knewest.

<sup>3</sup> Biddes.

<sup>4</sup> Pray chese.

Take all my good, and let my body go.

Nay than, quod she, I shrewe us bothe two.  
For though that I be olde, foule, and pore,  
I n'olde for all the metal ne the ore,  
That under erthe is grave,<sup>1</sup> or lith<sup>2</sup> above,  
But if thy wif I were and eke thy love.

My love! quod he, nay, my dampnation.  
Alas! that any or my nation  
Should ever so loule disparaged be.  
But all for nought; the end is this, that he  
Constrained was, he nedas must hire wed,  
And taketh this olde wif, and goth to bed.

Now wolden som men sayn paraventure,  
That for my negligences I do no cure  
To tellen you the joys and all the array,  
That at the feste was that ilke day.

To which thing shortly answeren I shal:  
I say ther was no joys ne feste at al,  
Ther n'as but hevynesse and mochel sorwe:  
For prively he wedded hire on the morwe,  
And all day after hid him as an oule,  
So wo was him, his wif loked so loule.

Gret was the wo the knight had in his thought  
Whan he was with his wif a-bed ybrought,  
He walweth, and he turneth to and fro.

This olde wif lay smiling evermo,  
And said: O dere husband, *benedicite*,  
Fareth every knight thus with his wh as yet?  
Is this the lawe of king Artoures hous?  
Is every knight of his thus dangerous?  
I am your owen love, and eke your wif,  
I am she, which that saved hath your lif,  
And certes yet did I you never unright.  
Why fare ye thus with me this firste night?  
Ye faren like a man had lost his wit.  
What is my gilt? for Goddes love tell it,  
And it shal ben amended, if I may.

Amended! quod this knight, alas! nay, nay,  
It wol not ben amended never mo;  
Thou art so lothly, and so olde also,  
And therto comen of so low a kind,  
That litel wonder is though I walwe and wind!<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Buried.

<sup>2</sup> Difficult, sparing of himself.

<sup>3</sup> Loath.

<sup>4</sup> Turn down.



So wolde God, min herte wolde trust.  
 In this, quod she, the cause of your unrest?  
 Ye certainly, quod he, no wonder is.  
 Now sire, quod she, I coude amend all this,  
 If that me list, er it were dayes thre,  
 So wel ye mighten bere you unto me.

But for ye spoken of swiche gentillmen,  
 As is descended out of old richesse,  
 That therfore shullen ye be gentilmen:  
 Swiche arrogance n'is not worth an hen.

Like who that is most vertuous alway,  
 Prive and apert,<sup>1</sup> and most entendeth ay  
 To do the gentil dedes that he can,  
 And take him for the grettest gentilman.  
 Crist wol we claime of him our gentillesse,  
 Not of our elders for hir old richesse.

For though they yeve us all hir herite,<sup>2</sup>  
 For which we claime to ben of high parage,<sup>3</sup>  
 Yet may they not bequethen, for no thing,  
 To non of us, hir vertuous living,  
 That made hem gentilmen called to be,  
 And bade us folwen hem in swiche degree.

Wel can the wise poet of Florence,  
 That highte Dant, spoken of this sentence:  
 Lo, in swiche maner rime is Dantes tale.<sup>4</sup>

Ful selde<sup>5</sup> up riseth by his branches smale  
 Prowesse of man, for God of his goodnesse  
 Wol that we claime of him our gentillesse:  
 For of our elders may we nothing claime  
 But temporel thing, that man may hurt and maimen.

Eke every wight wot this as wel as I,  
 If gentillesse were planted naturelly  
 Unto a certain lineage down the line,  
 Prive and apert, than wold they never fine<sup>6</sup>  
 To don of gentillesse the faire office,  
 They mighten do no vilanie or vice.

Take fire and bere it into the derkest hous  
 Betwix this and the mount of Caucasus,  
 And let men shette the dores, and go thonne,  
 Yet wol the fire as faire lie and breune  
 As twenty thousand men might it behol  
 His office naturel ay wol it hold,

<sup>1</sup> In private and public.

<sup>2</sup> See *Purgat.* vii. 121.

<sup>4</sup> *Selden.*
<sup>5</sup> *Lancelot.*
<sup>6</sup> *Conan.*

Up peril of my lif, til that it die.

Here may ye see wel, how that genterie<sup>1</sup>  
Is not annexed to possession,  
Sith folk ne don hir operation  
Alway, as doth the fire, lo, in his kind.  
For God it wot, men moun ful often find  
A lordes sone do shame and vilanie.  
And he that wol han pris of his genterie,  
For he was boren of a gentil hous,  
And had his elders noble and vertuons,  
And n'ill himselven do no gentil dedes,  
Ne folwe his gentil auncestrie, that ded is,  
He n'is not gentil, be he duk or erl;  
For vilains sinful dedes make a cherl.  
For gentillesse n'is but the renomes<sup>2</sup>  
Of thin auncestres, for hir high bountee,<sup>3</sup>  
Which is a strange thing to thy persone:  
Thy gentillesse cometh fro God alone.  
Than<sup>4</sup> cometh our veray gentillesse of grace,  
It was no thing bequethed us with our place.

Thinketh how noble, as saith Valerius,  
Was thilke Tullius Hostilius,  
That out of poverte rose to high noblesse.  
Redeth Senek, and redeth eke Boece,  
Ther shall ye seen expresse, that it no dred is,<sup>5</sup>  
That he is gentil that doth gentil dedia.<sup>6</sup>  
And therfore, leve husbond, I thus conclude,  
Al be it that min auncestres weren rude,  
Yet may the highe God, and so hope I,  
Granten me grace to liven vertuously:  
Than am I gentil, whan that I beginne  
To liven vertuously, and weiven sinne.

And ther as ye of poverte me repreve,  
The highe God, on whom that we beleve,  
In wilful poverte chese to lede his lif:  
And certes, every man, maiden, or wif  
May understond, that Jesus heven king  
Ne wold not chese a vicious living.

Glad poverte is an honest thing certain.  
This wol Senek and other clerkes sain.  
Who so that halt him paid of his poverte,  
I hold him rich, al had he not a sherte.

<sup>1</sup> Gentility.

<sup>2</sup> Renown.

<sup>3</sup> Got

<sup>4</sup> Thence.

<sup>5</sup> There is no doubt.

<sup>6</sup> De

He that coveiteth is a poure wight,  
 For he wold han that is not in his might.  
 But he that nought hath, ne coveiteth to have,  
 riche, although ye hold him but a knave.  
 eray poverte is sinne proprely.<sup>1</sup>

Juvenal saith of poverte merily:  
 he poure man whan he goth by the way,  
 before the theves he may sing and play.<sup>2</sup>  
 Poverte is hateful good; and, as I gesse,  
 ful gret bringer out of besinesse;  
 gret amender eke of sapience  
 To him, that taketh it in patience.

Poverte is this, although it seme elenge,<sup>3</sup>  
 Possession that no wight wol challenge.  
 Poverte ful often, whan a man is low,  
 Maketh his God and eke himself to know:  
 Poverte a spectakel is, as thinketh me,  
 Thurgh which he may his veray frendes see.  
 And therefore, sire, sin that I you not greve,  
 Of my poverte no more me repreve.

Now, sire, of elde, that ye repreven me:  
 And certes, sire, though non auctoritee  
 Were in no book, ye gentiles of honour  
 Sain, that men shuld an olde wight honour,  
 And clepe him fader, for your gentillesse;  
 And auctours shal I finden, as I gesse.

Now ther ye sain that I am foule and old,  
 Than drede ye not to ben a cokewold.  
 For filthe, and elde<sup>4</sup> also, so mote I the,  
 Ben grete wardeins upon chastitee.  
 But natheles, sin I know your delit,  
 I shal fulfill your worldly appetit.

Chese now (quod she) on of thise thinges twey,  
 To han me foule and old til that I dey,

<sup>1</sup> In this commendation of Poverty, our author seems plainly to have had in view the following passage of a fabulous conference between the Emperour Adrian and Secundus the philosopher, reported by Vincent of Beauvais, *Spec. Histor.* l. x. c. 71. *Quid est l'aupertas? Odibile bonum; sanitatis mater; remotio curarum; sapientia repertrix; negotium sine damno; possessio absque calumnia; sine sollicitudine felicitas.* What Vincent has there published appears to have been extracted from a larger collection of *Gnomæ* under the name of Secundus, which are still extant in Greek and Latin. See Fabric. Bib. Gr. l. vi. c. x. and MS. Harl. 299. The author of *Pierce Ploughman* has quoted and paraphrased the same passage, fol. 75.—*Tyrwhitt.*

<sup>2</sup> *Cantabit racuus coram latrone viator.*

<sup>3</sup> Strange.

<sup>4</sup> Age.

And be to you a trewe humble wif,  
 And never you displese in all my lif:  
 Or elles wol ye han me yonge and faire,  
 And take your aventure of the repaire,  
 That shal be to your hous because of me,  
 Or in som other place it may wel be?  
 Now chese yourselven whether that you liketh.

This knight aviseth him, and sore siketh,  
 But at the last he said in this manere;

My lady and my love, and wif so dere,  
 I put me in your wise governance,  
 Cheseth yourself which may be most plesance  
 And most honour to you and me also,  
 I do no force the whether of the two:  
 For as you liketh, it sufficeth me.

Than have I got the maisterie, quod she,  
 Sin I may chese and governe as me lest.  
 Ye certes, wif, quod he, I hold it best.

Kisse me, quod she, we be no lenger wrothe,  
 For by my trouth I wol be to you bothe,  
 This is to sayn, ye bothe faire and good.  
 I pray to God that I mote sterven wood,<sup>1</sup>  
 But I to you be al so good and trewe,  
 As ever was wif, sin that the world was newe:  
 And but I be to-morwe as faire to seen,  
 As any lady, emperice, or quene,  
 That is betwix the Est and eke the West,  
 Doth with my lif and deth right as you lest.  
 Cast up the curtein, loke how that it is.

And whan the knight saw veraily all this,  
 That she so faire was, and so yonge therto,  
 For joye he hent<sup>2</sup> hire in his armes two:  
 His herte bathed in a bath of blisse,  
 A thousand time a-row he gan hire kisse:  
 And she obeyed him in every thing,  
 That mighte don him plesance or liking.  
 And thus they live unto hir lives ende  
 In parfit joye, and Jesu Crist us sende  
 Husbondes meke and yonge, and fressh a-bed,  
 And grace to overlive hem that we wed.

And eke I pray Jesus to short hir lives,  
 That wol not be governed by hir wives.  
 And old and angry nigards of dispance,  
 God send hem sone a veray pestilence.

<sup>1</sup> Die mad.<sup>2</sup> Seest.

## THE FRERES PROLOGUE

6847-6872.

This worthy limitour, this noble Frere,  
 He made alway a maner louring chere<sup>1</sup>  
 Upon the Sompnour, but for honestee<sup>2</sup>  
 No vilains word as yet to him spake he:  
 But at the last he said unto the wif;  
 Dame, (quod he) God yeve you right good lif,  
 Ye have here touched, all so mote I the,  
 In scole matere a ful gret difficultee.  
 Ye han said mochel thing right wel, I say:  
 But, dame, here as we riden by the way,  
 Us nedeth not to speken but of game,  
 And let auctoritees<sup>3</sup> in Goddes name  
 To preching, and to scole eke of clergie.

But if it like unto this compaignie,  
 I wol you of a Sompnour tell a game;  
 Parde ye may wel knowen by the name,  
 That of a Sompnour may no good be said;  
 I pray that non of you be evil apaid;  
 A Sompnour is a renner up and down  
 With mandements for fornicatioun,  
 And is ybete at every tounes ende.

Tho spake our hoste; A, sire, ye shuld ben bande  
 And curteis, as a man of your estat,  
 In compaignie we wiln have no debat:  
 Telleth your tale, and let the Sompnour be.  
 Nay, quod the Sompnour, let him say by me  
 What so him list; whan it cometh to my lot,  
 By God I shal him quiten every grot.  
 I shal him tellen which a gret honour  
 It is to be a flatering limitour,  
 And eke of many another maner crime,  
 Which nedeth not rehersen at this time,

<sup>1</sup> Shewed a kind of discontented feeling towards him.<sup>2</sup> Out of propriety.<sup>3</sup> Texts of Scripture.

And his office I shal him tell ywis.  
 Our hoste answered; pees, no more of this.  
 And afterward he said unto the Frere,  
 Tell forth your tale, min owen maister dere.

### The Friars Tale.

WHILOM ther was dwelling in my contree  
 An archedeken, a man of high degree,  
 That boldely did execution  
 In punishing of fornication,  
 Of witchecraft, and eke of bauderie,  
 Of defamation, and avouterie,<sup>1</sup>  
 Of chirche-reves,<sup>2</sup> and of testaments,  
 Of contracts, and of lack of sacraments,  
 Of usure, and of simonie also;  
 But certes lechours did he gretest wo;  
 They shulden singen, if that they were hent;<sup>3</sup>  
 And smale titheres weren foule yshent,<sup>4</sup>  
 If any persone wold upon hem plaine,  
 Ther might astert hem no pecunial peina.  
 For smale tithes, and smale offering,  
 He made the peple pitously to sing;  
 For er the bishop hent hem with his crook  
 They weren in the archedekens book;  
 Than had he thurgh his jurisdiction  
 Power to don on hem correction.

He had a Sompnour redy to his hond,  
 A alier boy was non in Englelond;  
 For subtilly he had his espiaille,  
 That taught him wel wher it might ought avail  
 He coude spare of lechours on or two,  
 To techen him to foure and twenty mo.  
 For though this Sompnour wood be as an hare,  
 To tell his harlotrie I wol not spare,  
 For we ben out of hir correction,  
 They han of us no jurisdiction,

<sup>1</sup> Adultery.

<sup>2</sup> Caught.

<sup>3</sup> Churchwardens.

<sup>4</sup> Hurt, injured, oppress.



He never shul have, terme of all hir liven.  
 Peter, so ban the woman of the stiver,  
 Quod this Sompnoour, yput out of our cure.  
 Pees, with mischance and with misaventure;  
 Our hoste said, and let him tell his tale.  
 Now telleth forth, and let the Sompnoour gale.<sup>1</sup>  
 He spareth not, min owen maister dere.  
 This false theef, this Sompnoour, quod the stere,  
 Had alway bandes redy to his hond,  
 As any hauke to lure in Englelond,  
 That told him all the secrees that they knowe,  
 For hir acquaintance was not come of newe;  
 They weren his approvers prively.  
 He tooke himself a gret profit thereby:  
 His maister knew not alway what he wou.<sup>2</sup>  
 Withouten mandement,<sup>3</sup> a lewed man  
 He conde sompne, up paine of Cristes curse,  
 And they were inly<sup>4</sup> glad to fille his purse,  
 And maken him gret festes at the nale.<sup>5</sup>  
 And right as Judas hadde purses smale  
 And was a theef, right swiche a theef was he,  
 His master hadde but half his duetes.<sup>6</sup>  
 He was (if I shal yeven him his laud)<sup>7</sup>  
 A theef, and eke a Sompnoour, and a baud.  
 He had eke wenches at his retenue,  
 That whether that sire Robert or sire Hue,  
 Or Jakke, or Rauf, or who so that it were  
 That lay by hem, they told it in his ere.  
 Thus was the wenche and he of on assent.  
 And he wold secche a feined mandement,  
 And sompne hem to the chapitre bothe two,  
 And pill<sup>8</sup> the man, and let the wenche go.  
 Than wold he say; frend, I shal for thy sake  
 Do strike thee out of oure lettres blake;  
 Thee thar<sup>9</sup> no more as in this cas travaille;  
 I am thy frend ther I may thee availle.  
 Certain he knew of briboures many mo,  
 Than possible is to tell in yeres two:  
 For in this world n'is dogge for the bowe,<sup>10</sup>  
 That can an hurt dere from an holo<sup>11</sup> yknowe,

<sup>1</sup> Say, laugh.

<sup>2</sup> Inwardly, thoroughly.

<sup>3</sup> Freely.

<sup>4</sup> I.e., the church.

<sup>5</sup> Gained.

<sup>6</sup> Alchours.

<sup>7</sup> Pinned.

<sup>8</sup> Mandate.

<sup>9</sup> Due, duty.

<sup>10</sup> Thus went.

<sup>11</sup> Whole, without.

Bet than this Sompneur knew a alie lechour,  
 Or an avouter,<sup>1</sup> or a paramour;  
 And for that was the fruit of all his rent,  
 Therfore on it he set all his entent.

And so befell, that ones on a day  
 This Sompneur, waiting ever on his pray,  
 Rode forth to sompne a widewe, an olde rihibe,<sup>2</sup>  
 Feining a cause, for he wold han a bribe.  
 And happed that he saw befor him ride  
 A gay yeman under a forest side:  
 A bow he bare, and arwes bright and kene,  
 He had upon a courtepy of grene,  
 An hat upon his hed with frenches blake.

Sire, quod this Sompneur, haile and wel stahn.<sup>3</sup>  
 Welcome, quod he, and every good felaw;  
 Whider ridest thou under this grene shaw?  
 (Saide this yeman) wolt thou fer<sup>4</sup> to-day?

This Sompneur him answerd, and saide, nay.  
 Here faste by (quod he) is min entent  
 To riden, for to reisen up a rent,  
 That longeth<sup>5</sup> to my lordes dуетee.

A, art thou than a baillif? Ye, quod he.  
 (He dorste not for veray filth and shame  
 Say that he was a Sompneur, for the name.)

*De par dieux*, quod this yeman, leve brother,  
 Thou art a baillif, and I am another.  
 I am unknowen, as in this contree.  
 Of thin acquaintance I wol prayen thee,  
 And eke of brotherhed, if that thee list.  
 I have gold and silver lying in my chist;  
 If that thee hap to come in to our shire,  
 Al shal be thin, right as thou wolt desire.

*Grand mercy*, quod this Sompneur, by my faith.  
 Everich in others hond his trouthe laith,  
 For to be sworne brethren til they dey.  
 In daliaunce they riden forth and pley.

This Sompneur, which that was as ful of jangle  
 As ful of venime ben thise wariangles,<sup>6</sup>  
 And ever enqueriing upon every thing,  
 Brother, quod he, wher is now your dwelling,

<sup>1</sup> Adulterer.

<sup>2</sup> Probably some shrill musical instrument, used as a term of reproach.

<sup>3</sup> Well met.

<sup>4</sup> Goest thou far?

<sup>5</sup> Belongeth.

<sup>6</sup> A kind of noisy bird.



Another day if that I shuld you seeke?  
This yeman him answerd in softe speche;  
Brother, quod he, fer in the North contree,  
Wheras I hope sometime I shal thee see.  
Or we depart I shal thee so wel wisse,  
That of min hous ne shalt thou never misse.  
Now brother, quod this Sompnour, I you pray,  
Teche me, while that we riden by the way,  
(Sith that ye ben a baillif as am I)  
Som subtiltee, and tell me faithfully  
In min office how I may mooste winne.  
And spareth not for conscience or for sinne,  
But, as my brother, tell me how do ye.  
Now by my trouthe, brother min, said he,  
As I shal tellen thee a faithful tale.  
My wages ben ful streit<sup>1</sup> and eke ful smale;  
My lord is hard to me and dangerous,  
And min office is ful laborious;  
And therefore by extortion I leve,  
Forsooth I take all that men wol me yeve.  
Algates by sleighte or by violence  
Fro yere to yere I win all my dispence;  
I can no better tellen faithfully.

Now certes, (quod this Sompnour) so fare I;  
I spare not to taken, God it wote,  
But if it be to hevy or to hote.  
What I may gete in conseil prively,  
No maner conscience of that have I.  
Nere<sup>2</sup> min extortion, I might not liven,  
Ne of swiche japes wol I not be shriven.  
Stomak ne conscience know I non;  
I shrew thise shrifte-faders<sup>3</sup> everich on.  
Wel be we met by God and by Soint Jame.  
But leve brother, tell me than thy name,  
Quod this Sompnour. Right in this mene while  
This yeman gan a litel for to smile.

Brother, quod he, wolt thou that I thee telle?  
I am a tend, my dwelling is in helle,  
And here I ride about my pourchaning,  
To wote wher men wol give me any thing.  
My pourchan is th'effect of all my rente.  
Loke how thou ridest for the same entente

<sup>1</sup> Narrow.<sup>2</sup> Were it not for.<sup>3</sup> I curse these father confessors.

To winnen good, thou rekkest never how,  
 Right so fare I, for riden wol I now  
 Unto the worldes ende for a praye.

A, quod this Sompnour, benedicite, what say ye'  
 I wend ye were a yeman trewely.  
 Ye have a mannes shape as wel as I.  
 Have ye than a figure determinat  
 In helle, ther<sup>1</sup> ye ben in your estat?

Nay certainly, quod he, ther have we none,  
 But whan us liketh we can take us on,  
 Or elles make you wene<sup>2</sup> that we ben shape  
 Somtime like a man, or like an ape;  
 Or like an angel can I ride or go;  
 It is no wonder thing though it be so,  
 A lousy jogelour<sup>3</sup> can deceiven thee,  
 And parde yet can<sup>4</sup> I more craft than he.

Why, quod the Sompnour, ride ye than or gon  
 In sondry shape, and not alway in on?

For we, quod he, wol us swiche forme make,  
 As moost is able our preye for to take.

What maketh you to han al this labour?

Ful many a cause, leve sire Sompnour,  
 Seide this fend. But alle thing hath time;  
 The day is short, and it is passed prime,  
 And yet ne wan I nothing in this day;  
 I wol entend to winning, if I may,  
 And not entend our thinges to declare:  
 For, brother min, thy wit is al to bare  
 To understand, although I told hem thee.  
 But for thou axest, why labouren we:  
 For sometime we be Goddes instruments,  
 And menes to don his commandements,  
 Whan that him list, upon his creatures,  
 In divers actes and in divers figures;  
 Withouten him we have no might certain,  
 If that him list to stonden theragain.  
 And somtime at our praiere han we leve,<sup>5</sup>  
 Only the body, and not the soule to greve:  
 Witness on Job, whom that we diden wo.  
 And somtime han we might on bothe two,  
 This is to saun, on soule and body eke.  
 And somtime be we suffered sor to seke

<sup>1</sup> Where.

<sup>2</sup> Juggler.

<sup>3</sup> Knew.

<sup>4</sup> Think.

<sup>5</sup> Leave.

Upon a man, and don his soule unreste  
And not his body, and all is for the beste.  
Whan he withstandeth our temptation,  
It is a cause of his salvation,  
Al be it that it was not our entente  
He shuld be sauf, but that we wold him hente.<sup>1</sup>  
And sometime be we servants unto man,  
As to the archbishop Seint Dunstan,  
And to the apostle servant eke was I.

Yet tell me, quod this Sompnour, faithfully,  
Make ye you newe bodies thus alway  
Of elements! The fend answered, nay:  
Somtime we feine,<sup>2</sup> and sometime we arise  
With dede bodies, in ful sondry wise,  
And speke as renably, and faire, and wel,  
As to the Pytonesse<sup>3</sup> did Samuel:  
And yet wol som men say it was not he.  
I do no force of your divinites.  
But o thing warne I thee, I wol not jape,  
Thou wolt algates wete how we be shape:  
Thou shalt hereafterward, my brother dere,  
Come, wher thee nedeth not of me to lere,  
For thou shalt by thin owen experience  
Conne in a chaire redo<sup>4</sup> of this sentence,  
Bet than Virgile, while he was on live,  
Or Dant also. Now let us riden blive,  
Fer I wol holden compaignie with thee,  
Til it be so that thou forsake me.

Nay, quod this Sompnour, that shal never betide.  
I am a yeman knowen is ful wide;  
My trouthe wol I hold, as in this cas.  
For though thou were the devil Sathanas,  
My trouthe wol I hold to thee, my brother,  
As I have sworne, and eche of us to other,  
For to be trewe brethren in this cas,  
And bothe we gon abouten our pourchas.  
Take thou thy part, what that men wol thee yeve,  
And I shal min, thus may we bothe leve.  
And if that any of us have more than other,  
Let him be trewe, and part it with his brother.

<sup>1</sup> Seize, get possession of.

<sup>2</sup> Feign.

<sup>3</sup> Pythonesse, the witch of Endor.

<sup>4</sup> Learn in a professor's chair the meaning.

I graunte, quod the devil, by my feg.  
 And with that word they riden furth his way,  
 And right at entring of the tounes ende,  
 To which this Sompnour shepe<sup>1</sup> him fer to wende  
 They saw a cart, that charged was with hay,  
 Which that a carter drove forth on his way.  
 Dope was the way, for which the carts stood:  
 The carter amote, and cried as he were wood,  
 Heit ecot, heit brok, what spare ye for the stones?  
 The fend (quod he) you fleche body and bones,  
 As furthorly<sup>2</sup> as ever ye were toled,  
 So mochel we as I have with you tholed.<sup>3</sup>  
 The devil have al, bothe horn, and cart, and hay.

The Sompnour sayde, here shal we have a juy  
 And nere the fende he drow, as nought we were,  
 Ful prively, and rouned<sup>4</sup> in his ore:  
 Herken my brother, herken, by thy faith,  
 Herest thou not, how that the carter saith?  
 Hent<sup>5</sup> it anon, for he hath yeve it thee,  
 Both hay and cart, and eke his caples<sup>6</sup> thre.

Nay, quod the devil, God wot, never a del,  
 It is not his entente, trust thou me wel,  
 Axe him thyself, if thou not trowest me,  
 Or elles stint a while and thou shalt see.

This carter thakketh<sup>7</sup> his hore upon the groupe  
 And they begonne to drawen and to stoupe.  
 Heit now, quod he, ther Jesu Crist you blasse,  
 And all his hondes werk, both more and lesse:  
 That was wel twight,<sup>8</sup> min owen liard<sup>9</sup> boy,  
 I pray God save thy body and Seint Eloy.  
 Now is my cart out of the slough parda.

Lo, brother, quod the fend, what told I thee?  
 Here may ye seen, min owen dere brother,  
 The cherl spake o thing, but he thought another.  
 Let us go forth abouten our viage;  
 Here win I nothing upon this cariage.

Whan that they comen somewhat out of toun,  
 This Sompnour to his brother gan to rounne;  
 Brother, quod he, here woneth an old rebeke,  
 That had almost as lese to loss hire nekke,

<sup>1</sup> Shaped, resolved.

<sup>2</sup> Whipped.

<sup>3</sup> Stricken.

<sup>4</sup> Pulled.

<sup>5</sup> Quickly.

<sup>6</sup> Sides.

<sup>7</sup> The ridge of the back.

<sup>8</sup> A common name for a grey boy.

<sup>9</sup> Suffered.

<sup>10</sup> Horse.

As for to yewe a peny of hire good.  
 I wol have twelf pens<sup>1</sup> though that she be wood,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or I wol somone hire to our office;  
 And yet, God wot, of hire know I no vice.  
 But for thou canst not, as in this contree,  
 Winnen thy cost, take here ensample of me.

This Sompnour clappeth at the widewes gate;  
 Come out, he sayd, thou olde very trate;<sup>3</sup>  
 I trow thou hast som frere or preest with thee.

Who clappeth<sup>4</sup> said this wif, *benedicite*,  
 God save you, sire, what is your swete will?

I have, quod he, of somone here a bill.  
 Up peine of cursing, loke that thou be  
 To-morwe before the archbyskenes knee,  
 To answer to the court, of certain thinges.

Now lord, quod she, Crist Jesu, king of kinges,  
 So wisly helpe me, as I ne may.

I have ben sike, and that ful many a day.  
 I may not go so fer (quod she) ne ride,  
 But I be ded, so priketh it in my side.  
 May I not axe a libel,<sup>5</sup> sire Sompnour,  
 And answere ther by my procuratour<sup>6</sup>  
 To swiche thing as men wold apposen me?

Yes, quod this Sompnour, pay anon, let see,  
 Twelf pens to me, and I wol thee acquita.  
 I shal no profit han therby but litas  
 My maister hath the profit and not I  
 Come of, and let me riden hastily;  
 Yewe me twelf pens, I may no lenger taria.

Twelf pens, quod she, now lady Seinte Marie  
 So wisly helpe me out of care and sinne,  
 This wide world though that I shuld it winne,  
 Ne have I not twelf pens within my hold.  
 Ye knowen wel that I am poure and old;  
 Kithes<sup>7</sup> your almese upon me poure wretche.

Nay than, quod he, the soule send me setche,  
 Is I thee excuse, though thou shuldest be spilt.

Alas! quod she, God wot, I have no gilt.

Pay me, quod he, or by the swete Seinte Anne  
 As I wol bere away thy newe panne

<sup>1</sup> Pens.  
<sup>2</sup> Kneeth.  
<sup>3</sup> Froon.

<sup>4</sup> Mad.

<sup>5</sup> Trot, a familiar epithet for an old woman.

<sup>6</sup> A little book, or writ of indulgence.

<sup>7</sup> Shew, bestow.

For dette, which thou owest me of old,  
 When that thou madest thyn husband cokswold,  
 I paid at home for thy correction.

Thou liest, quod she, by my salvation,  
 Ne was I never or now, widew ne wif,  
 Sompned unto your court in all my lif;  
 Ne never I n'as but of my body trewe.  
 Unto the devil rough and blake of hewe  
 Yeve I thy body and my panne also.

And when the devil herd hire curoun so  
 Upon hire knees, he sayd in this manere;

Now, Mabily, min owen moder dere,  
 Is this your will in earnest that ye say?

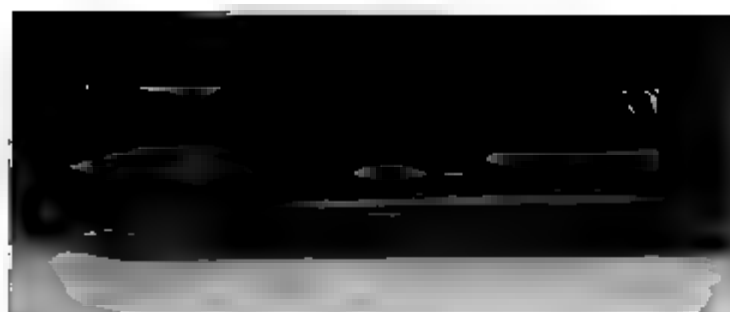
The devil, quod she, so fetch him or he dey,  
 And panne and all, but he wol him repent.

Nay, olde stot, that is not min entent,  
 Quod this Sompnour, for to repenten me  
 For any thing that I have had of thee;  
 I wold I had thy smok and every cloth.

Now brother, quod the devil, be not wroth;  
 Thy body and this panne ben min by right.  
 Thou shalt with me to helle yet to-night,  
 Wher thou shalt knowen of our privatee  
 More than a maister of divinitee.

And with that word the soule fend him hent,  
 Body and soule, he with the devil went,  
 Wher as thise Sompnours han hir heritage;  
 And God that maketh after his image  
 Mankind, save and gide us all and some,  
 And lene this Sompnour good man to become.

Lordinge, I coude have told you, (quod this frere)  
 Had I had leiser for this Sompnour here,  
 After the text of Crist, and Poule,<sup>1</sup> and John,  
 And of oure other doctours many on,  
 Swiche peines, that your hertes might agrise,  
 Al be it so, that no tonge may devise,  
 Though that I might a thousand winter telle,  
 The peines of thilke cursed hous of helle.  
 But for to kepe us fro that cursed place,  
 Waketh, and prayeth Jesu of his grace,  
 So kepe us fro the temptour Sathanae.  
 Harknoth this word, beware as in this can.



The leon sit in his awaite alway  
To ale the innocent, if that he may.  
Disposeth ay your hartes to withstond  
The fend, that you wold maken thral and bond;  
He may not tempten you over your might,  
For Crist wol be your champion and your knight;  
And prayeth, that this Sompnour him repent  
Of his misdedes, or that the fend him hent.



## THE SOMPNOURES PROLOGUE

7247-7278.

THIS Sompnour in his stirops high he stood,  
Upon this Frere his herte was so wood,  
That like an aspen leef he quoke for ire:  
Lordings, quod he, but o thing I desire,  
I you beseche, that of your curtesie,  
Sin ye han berd this false Frere lie,  
As suffereth<sup>1</sup> me I may my tale telle.

This Frere bosteth that he knoweth helle,  
And, God it wot, that is but litel wonder,  
Freres and fendes ben but litel asonder.

For parde, ye han often time herd telle,  
How that a Frere ravished was to helle  
In spirit ones by a visoun,  
And as an angel lad<sup>2</sup> him up and down,  
To shewen him the peines that ther were,  
In all the place saw he not a Frere,  
Of other folk he saw ynow in wo.

Unto this angel spake the Frere tho;  
Now, sire, quod he, han Freres swiche a grace,  
That non of hem shal comen in this place?

Yes, quod this angel, many a millioun:  
And unto Sathanas he lad him down.  
(And now hath Sathanas, saith he, a tayl  
Broder than of a carrike<sup>3</sup> is the sayl)  
Hold up thy tayl, thou Sathanas, quod he,  
Shew forth thin ers, and let the Frere see  
Wher is the nest of Freres in this place.  
And er than half a furlong way of space,  
Right so as bees out swarmen of an hive,  
Out of the devils ers ther gonnen drive  
A twenty thousand Freres on a route.  
And thurghout hell they swarmed al aboute,

<sup>1</sup> That ye suffer.<sup>2</sup> Led.<sup>3</sup> A large ship.

—And com agen, as fast as they may gon,  
And in his ere they crepen everich on:  
He clapt his tayl agen, and lay ful still.

This Frere, whan he loked had his fill  
Upon the turments of this sory place,  
His spirit God restored of his grace  
Into his body agen, and he awoke;  
But natheles for fere yet he quoke,  
So was the devils ere ay in his mind,  
That is his heritage of veray kind.

God save you alle, save this cursed frere;  
My prologue wol I end in this manere.

## The Sompourers Tale.

LoRDINGS, ther is in Yorkshire, as I gesse,  
A merak contree ycalled Holdernesse,  
In which ther went a limitour aboute  
To preche, and eke to beg, it is no doute.  
And so befell that on a day this frere  
Had preched at a chirche in his manere,  
And specially aboven every thing  
Excited he the peple in his preching  
To trentals,<sup>1</sup> and to yeve for Goddes sake,  
Wherwith men mighten holy houses make,  
Ther as divine service is honoured,  
Not ther as it is wasted and devoured,  
Ne ther it nedeth not for to be yeven,  
As to possessioners, that mowen leven  
(Thanked be God) in wele and abundance.  
Trentals, sayd he, deliveren fro penance  
Hir frendes soules, as wel olde as yonge,  
Ye, whan that they ben hastily ysonge,  
Not for to hold a preest jolif and gay,  
He singeth not but o masse on a day.  
Delivereth out (quod he) anon the soules.  
Ful hard it is, with fleshhook or with oules

<sup>1</sup> A service of thirty masses for the dead.

To ben yclawed, or to bren or bake:  
 Now spede you hastily for Cristes sake,  
 And whan this fere had said all his entent,  
 With *qui cum patre* forth his way he went.  
 Whan folk in chirche had yeve him what hem list,  
 He went his way, no lenger wold he rest,  
 With scrippe and tipped staf, ytucked his:  
 In every hous he gan to pore and prie,  
 And begged mele and chese, or elles corn.  
 His felaw had a staf tipped with horn,  
 A pair of tables all of ivory,  
 And a pointel<sup>1</sup> ypolished fetisly,  
 And wrote alway the names, as he stood,  
 Of alle folk that yave hem any good,  
 Askaunre<sup>2</sup> that he wolde for hem preya.  
 Yeve us a bushel whete, or malt, or reys,  
 A Goddes kichel,<sup>3</sup> or a trippe<sup>4</sup> of chese,  
 Or elles what you list, we may not chese;  
 A Goddes halfpeny, or a masse peny;  
 Or yeve us of your braun, if ye have any,  
 A dagon<sup>5</sup> of your blanket, leve dame,  
 Our suster dere, (lo here I write your name)

<sup>1</sup> Pencil, style.

<sup>2</sup> The Glossary interprets *askaunre* to mean *asken, aside, advantage*; &c. *asken* *asken*; upon what authority I know not. It will be better to ascertain the other passages in which the same word occurs, before we determine the sense of it. See ver. 14, 204 *Askaunre* that craft is so right to love.—*Tru. l. 244*: *Askaunre*, lo! is this not wisely spoken?—*Ibid.* 292: *Askaunre*, what, may I not stonden here?—*Lydg. Trag. fol. 156, b*: *Askaunre* I am of manere most changeable. In the first and last instance, as well as in the text, *askaunre* seems to signify simply *as if*; *quasi*. In the two others it signifies a little more; *as if to say*. This latter signification may be clearly established from the third line, which in the Italian original (*Filistrato* di Boccaccio, l. i.) stands thus: *Quasi dicere, e no ci si può stare?* So that *askaunre* is there equivalent to *quasi dicere* in Italian.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>3</sup> — It was called a Goddes kichel, because godfathers and godmothers used commonly to give one of them to their godchildren, when they asked blessing. 8p. And so we are to suppose a Goddes halfpeny, in ver. 7821, was called for the same reason, &c. But this is all *gratis dictum*, I believe. The phrase is French, and the true meaning of it is explained by M. de la Mounoye in a note upon the *Contes de B. D. Periers*, t. ii. p. 107. *Belle oraison de Dieu*] Expression du petit peuple, qui rapporte plaisamment tout à Dieu.—Rien n'est plus commun dans la bouche des bonnes vieilles, que ces espèces d'Hebraïsmes: *Il m'en coûte un bel oeu de Dieu*; *Il ne se vout pas se pouvoir enjouer de Dieu*; *Donnez moi une benite amende de Dieu*.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>4</sup> A small piece.

<sup>5</sup> Chiton.

<sup>6</sup> Gilt.



Bacon or beef, or swiche thing as ye find.  
 A sturdy harlot went hom ay behind,  
 That was hir hostes man, and bare a sasse,  
 And what man yave hem, laide it on his bakke.  
 And when that he was out at dore, anon  
 He plained away the names everich on,  
 That he before had written in his tables:  
 He served hem with nisses<sup>1</sup> and with fables.  
 Nay, ther thou liest, thou Sompneur, quod the fre  
 Pese, quod our hoste, for Cristes moder dore,  
 Tell forth thy tale, and spare it not at all.  
 So thrive I, quod this Sompneur, so I shall.  
 So long he went fro houe to houe, til he  
 Came to an houe, ther he was wont to be  
 Refreshed more than in a hundred places.  
 Sike lay the husband man, whos that the place is,  
 Bedred<sup>2</sup> upon a couche low he lay:  
 Druw hic, quod he, O Thomas frend, good day,  
 Sayde this frere all curtialy and soft.  
 Thomas, quod he, God yelde it you, ful oft  
 Have I upon this benche faren ful wale,  
 Here have I eten many a mery mele.  
 And fro the benche he drove away the cat,  
 And laied adoun his potent<sup>3</sup> and his hat,  
 And eke his scrip, and set himself adoun:  
 His telaw was ywalked into toun  
 Forth with his knave, into that hostelrie,  
 Wher as he shope<sup>4</sup> him thilke night to lie.  
 O dere maister, quod this sike man,  
 How have ye faren sin that March began?  
 I saw you not this fourtene night and more.  
 God wot, quod he, laboured have I ful sore,  
 And specially for thy salvation  
 Have I sayd many a precious orison,  
 And for our other frendes, God hem blessen.  
 I have this day ben at your chirche at messe,  
 And said a sermon to my simple wit,  
 Not all after the text of holy writ,  
 For it is hard to you, as I suppose,  
 And therefore wol I teche you ay the glose.  
 Glosing is a ful glorious thing certain,  
 For letter sleth,<sup>5</sup> so as we clerkes sein.

<sup>1</sup> Tises.<sup>2</sup> Bedridden.<sup>3</sup> Walking-stick.<sup>4</sup> Shoped.<sup>5</sup> The letter killeth.

Ther have I taught hem to be charitable,  
And spend hir good ther it is resonable.

And ther I saw our dame, a, wher is she?

Yonder I trow that in the yard she be,  
Sayde this man, and she wol come anon.

Ey maister, welcome be ye by Seint John,  
Sayde this wit, how fare ye hertily?

This frere ariseth up ful curtisly,  
And hire embraceth in his armes narwe,  
And kisseth hire swete, and chirketh<sup>1</sup> as a sparwe  
With his lippes: dame, quod he, right wel,  
As he that is your servant every del,  
Thanked be God, that you yaf soule and lif,  
Yet saw I not this day so faire a wif  
In all the chirche, God so save ma.

Ye, God amende defautes, sire, quod she,  
Algates welcome be ye, by my lay.

*Grand mercy*, dame, that have I found alway.  
But of your grete goodnese, by your leve,  
I wolde pray you that ye not you greve,  
I wol with Thomas speke a litel throw:<sup>2</sup>  
Thise curates ben so negligent and slow  
To gropen tendrely a conscience.

In shrift, in preching is my diligence  
And study, in Peters wordes and in Poules,  
I walke and fissahe Cristen mennes soules,  
To yeld our Lord Jesu his propre rent;  
To sprede his word is sette all min entent.

Now by your faith, o dere sire, quod she,  
Chideth him wel for Seinte Charitee.

He is ay angry as is a pissemire,  
Though that he have all that he can desire,  
Though I him wrie<sup>3</sup> a-night, and make him warm,  
And over him lay my leg and eke min arm,  
He grometh as our bore, lith in our stie:  
Other disport of him right non have I,  
I may not plesse him in no maner cas.

O Thomas, *jeo vous dis*, Thomas, Thomas,  
This maketh the tend, this muste ben amended.  
Ire is a thing that high God hath defended,  
And therof wol I speke a word or two.

Now, maister, quod the wif, er that I go,

<sup>1</sup> Chirpeth.

<sup>2</sup> Time.

<sup>3</sup> Cover.

What wol ye dine ? I wol go tharabouta.

Now, dame, quod he, *jeo sone dis sans doute*

Have I nat of a capon but the liver,

And of your white bred nat but a shiver,

And after that a roasted pigges hed,

(But I ne wolde for me no beest were ded)

Than had I with you homly suffisaunce.

I am a man of litel sustenance.

My spirit hath his fostring in the Bible.

My body is ay so redy and so penible<sup>1</sup>

To waken, that my stomak is destroyed.

I pray you, dame, that ye be nought annoied,

Though I so frendly you my conseil shewe;

By God I n'old have told it but a tewe.

Now, sire, quod she, but o word er I go.

My child is ded within thise wekes two,

Sone after that ye went out of this toun.

His deth saw I by revelatioun,

Sayde this frere, at home in our dortour.<sup>2</sup>

I dare wel seyn, that er than half an hour

After his deth, I saw him borne to blisse

In min avision, so God me wisse.

So did our sextein, and our termerere,<sup>3</sup>

That han ben trewe freres fifty yere;

They may now, God be thanked of his lone,<sup>4</sup>

Maken hir jubilee, and walke alone.

And up I arose, and all our convent eke,

With many a tere trilling on our cheke,

Withouten noise or clatering of belles,

*Te deum* was our song, and nothing elles,

Save that to Crist I bade an orison,

Thanking him of my revelation.

For, sire and dame, trusteth me right wel,

Our orisons ben more effectuel,

And more we seen of Cristes secree thinges,

Than borel<sup>5</sup> folk, although that they be kinges.

We live in poverte, and in abstinence,

And borel folk in richesse and dispence

Of mete and drinke, and in hir foule delit.

We han this worldes lust all in despit.

Lazar and Dives liveden diversely,

And divers guerdon hadden they therby.

<sup>1</sup> Painstaking.

<sup>2</sup> Dormitory.

<sup>3</sup> Keeper of the infirmary.

<sup>4</sup> Lone, gift.

<sup>5</sup> Common. See on Rev. 1802.

Who so wol pray, he must fast and be clene,  
 And fat his soule, and make his body lene.  
 We fare, as sayth the apostle; cloth and food  
 Sufficeth us, though they be not ful good.  
 The clenenesse and the fasting of us freres,  
 Maketh that Crist accepteth our praieres.

Lo, Moises forty daies and forty night  
 Fasted, er that the high God ful of might  
 Spake with him in the mountagne of Sinay  
 With empty wombe of fasting many a day,  
 Received he the lawe, that was writen  
 With Goddes finger; and Eli, wel ye witen,  
 In mount Oreb, er he had any speche  
 With highe God, that is our lives leche,<sup>1</sup>  
 He fasted long, and was in contemplanee.

Aaron, that had the temple in governance,  
 And eke the other preestes everich on,  
 Into the temple whan they shulden gon  
 To praien for the peple, and do servise,  
 They n'olden drinken in no maner wise  
 No drinke, which that might hem dronken make,  
 But ther in abstinence pray and wake,  
 Lest that they deiden:<sup>2</sup> take heed what I say—  
 But they be sobre that for the peple pray—  
 Ware that I say—no more: for it sufficeth.  
 Our Lord Jeau, as holy writ deviseth,  
 Yave us ensample of fasting and praieres:  
 Therefore we mendianta, we sely<sup>3</sup> freres,  
 Ben wedded to poverte and continence,  
 To charitee, humblesse, and abstinence,  
 To persecucion for rightwisesse,  
 To weping, misericorde, and to clenenesse.  
 And therefore may ye see that our praieres  
 (I speke of us, we mendianta,<sup>4</sup> we freres)  
 Ben to the highe God more acceptable  
 Than youre, with your festes at your table.

Fro Paradis first, if I shal not lie,  
 Was man out chased for his glotonie,  
 And chast was man in Paradis certain.  
 But herken now, Thomas, what I shal sein,  
 I have no text of it, as I suppose,  
 But I shal find it in a maner glose;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Physician.<sup>4</sup> Mendicants.<sup>2</sup> Died.<sup>5</sup> A sort of gloss or note.<sup>3</sup> Humble.



That specially our swete Lord Jesus  
 Speake this by freres, when he sayde thus,  
 Blessed be they that poure in spirit ben.  
 And so forth all the gospel may ye sen,  
 Whether it be liker our profession,  
 Or hire that swimmen in possession,  
 He on hir pompe, and on hir glotonie,  
 And on hir lewednesse: I hem defie.  
 He thinketh they ben like Jovinian,  
 Fat as a whale, and walken as a swan;  
 Al vinolant as botel in the spence;<sup>1</sup>  
 Hir praier is of ful gret reverence;  
 When they for soules say the Psalm of Davit,  
 Lo, but they say, *Cor meum eructavit*.

Who foloweth Cristes gospel and his lore  
 But we, that humble ben, and chaste, and pore,  
 Workers of Goddes word, not auditours?  
 Therefore right as an hauke upon a sours<sup>2</sup>  
 Up springeth into the aire, right so prelates  
 Of charitable and chaste besy freres,  
 Maken hir sours to Goddes eres<sup>3</sup> two.  
 Thomas, Thomas, so mote I ride or go,  
 And by that lord that cleped is Seint Ives,  
 N'ere thou our broder, shuldest thou not thrive.  
 In our chapitre pray we day and night  
 To Crist, that he thee sende hele and might  
 Thy body for to welden<sup>4</sup> hastily.

God wot, quod he, nothing therof fele I,  
 As help me Crist, as I in fewe yeres  
 Have spended upon diverse maner freres  
 Ful many a pound, yet fare I never the bet;  
 Certain my good have I almost beset.<sup>5</sup>  
 Farewel my good, for it is al ago.

The frere answered, O Thomas, dost thou so?  
 What nedeth you diverse freres to seche?  
 What nedeth him that hath a parfit leche,  
 To sechen other leches in the toun?  
 Your inconstance is your confusion.  
 Hold ye than me, or elles our covent,  
 To pray for you ben insufficient?  
 Thomas, that jape n'is not worth a mite;  
 Your maladie is for we han to lite.

<sup>1</sup> Store-room.<sup>2</sup> Govers.<sup>3</sup> Eres.<sup>4</sup> Employed, spent.<sup>5</sup> Eres.

A, yeve that covent half a quarter otes;  
 And yeve that covent four and twenty grotes;  
 And yeve that frere a peny, and let him go:  
 Nay, nay, Thomas, it may no thing be so.  
 What is a ferthing worth parted on twelve?  
 Lo, eche thing that is oned<sup>1</sup> in himselve  
 Is more strong than whan it is yscatered.  
 Thomas, of me thou shalt not ben yflatered,  
 Thou woldest han our labour al for nought.  
 The highe God, that all this world hath wrought,  
 Saith, that the workman worthy is his hire.  
 Thomas, nought of your tresor I desire  
 As for myself, but that all our covent  
 To pray for you is ay so diligent:  
 And for to bidden Cristes owen chirche,  
 Thomas, if ye wol lernen for to wirche,<sup>2</sup>  
 Of bilding up of chirches may ye finde  
 If it be good, in Thomas lif of Inde.

Ye ligen here ful of anger and of ire,  
 With which the devil set your herte on fire,  
 And chiden here this holy innocent  
 Your wif, that is so good and patient.  
 And therefore trow me, Thomas, it thee lent,  
 Ne strive not with thy wif, as for the best.  
 And bere this word away now by thy faith,  
 Touching swiche thing, lo, what the wise saith:

Within thy hous ne be thou no leon;  
 To thy suggest<sup>3</sup> do non oppression;  
 Ne make thou not thin acquaintance to sea.

And yet, Thomas, eftsones charge I thee,  
 Beware from ire that in thy bosom slepeth,  
 Ware fro the serpent, that so alily crespeth  
 Under the graas, and stingeth subtilly.  
 Beware, my sone, and herken patiently,  
 That twenty thousand men han lost hir lives  
 For striving with hir lemmans and hir wiven.  
 Now sith ye han so holy and meek a wif,  
 What nedeth you, Thomas, to maken strif?  
 Ther n'is ywis no serpent so cruel,  
 Whan man tredeth on his tail, ne half so fel,  
 As woman is, whan she hath caught an ire;  
 Veray<sup>4</sup> vengeance is than all hire desire.

<sup>1</sup> United.<sup>2</sup> Suggests.<sup>3</sup> Work.<sup>4</sup> True.



Ire is a sinne, on of the grete seven,  
Abhominable unto the God of heven,  
And to himself it is destruction.  
This every lewed<sup>1</sup> vicar and parson  
Can say, how ire engendreth homicide;  
Ire is in soth excoitour of pride.

I coud of ire say so mochel sorwe,  
My tale shulde lasten til to-morwe.  
And therefore pray I God both day and night,  
An irous<sup>2</sup> man God send him lital night.  
It is gret harm, and certes gret pitee  
To sette an irous man in high degree.

Whilom ther was an irous potestat,  
As saith Senek,<sup>3</sup> that during his estat  
Upon a day out riden knightes two.  
And, as fortune wold that it were so,  
That on of hem came home, that other nought.  
Anon the knight before the juge is brought,  
That saide thus; thou hast thy felaw slain,  
For which I deme thee to the deth certain.  
And to another knight commanded he;  
Go, lede him to the deth, I charge thee.  
And happed, as they wenten by the way  
Toward the place ther as he shulde dey,  
The knight came, which men wenden<sup>4</sup> had be dede.  
Than thoughten they it was the beste rede  
To lede hem bothe to the juge again.  
They saiden, lord, the knight ne hath not slain  
His felaw, here he stondeth hol alive.

Ye shull be ded, quod he, so mot I thrive,  
That is to say, both on, and two, and three.  
And to the firste knight right thus spake he.

I damned<sup>5</sup> thee, thou must algate be ded:  
And thou also must nedes lese thyn hed,  
For thou art cause why thy felaw deyeth.  
And to the thridde knight right thus he seyeth,  
Thou hast not don that I commanded thee.  
And thus he did do aen hem alle three.

Irous Cambises was eke dronkelew,<sup>6</sup>  
And ay delighted him to ben a shrew.

<sup>1</sup> Simple, unlearned.

<sup>2</sup> Angry.

<sup>3</sup> This story is told of Cn. Pico, by Seneca de Ira, l. c. xvi., and of an Emperor Heracles, in the *Gesta Rom. c. xli.*—Tyrwhitt.

<sup>4</sup> Thought.

<sup>5</sup> Condemned.

<sup>6</sup> Drunken, given to drink. See Seneca de Ira, iii. 14.

And so befell, a lord of his meinie,<sup>1</sup>  
 That loved vertuous moralitee,  
 Sayd on a day betwix hem two right thus  
 A lord is lost, if he be vicious;  
 And drunkenneſſe is eke a foule record  
 Of any man, and namely<sup>2</sup> of a lord.  
 Ther is ful many an eye and many an ere  
 Awaiting on a lord, and he n'ot wher.  
 For Goddes love drinke more attemprely.<sup>3</sup>  
 Win<sup>4</sup> maketh man to lesen<sup>5</sup> wretchedly  
 His mind, and eke his limmes everich on.  
 The revers shalt thou see, quod he, anon,  
 And prove it by thyn owen experience,  
 That win ne doth to folk no swiche offence.  
 Ther is no win bereveth me my might  
 Of hond, ne foot, ne of min eyen sight.  
 And for despit he dranke mochel more  
 An hundred part than he had don before,  
 And right anon, this cursed irous wretche  
 This knightes ſone let before him fetchen,  
 Commanding him he ſhuld before him ſtand:  
 And ſodenly he took his bow in hond,  
 And up the ſtreng he pulled to his ere,  
 And with an arwe he ſlew the child right ther.

Now whether have I a ſiker<sup>6</sup> hond or non?  
 Quod he, Is all my might and minde agon?  
 Hath win bereved me min eyen ſight?

What ſhuld I tell the answer of the knight?  
 His ſon was ſlain, ther is no more to ſay.  
 Beth ware<sup>7</sup> therfore with lordes for to play,  
 Singeth<sup>8</sup> *Placebo*, and I ſhal if I can,  
 But if it be unto a poure man:  
 To a poure man man ſhuld his vices telle,  
 But not to a lord, though he ſhuld go to helle

Lo, irous Cirus,<sup>9</sup> thilke Perſien,<sup>10</sup>  
 How he deſtroyed the river of Giſen,<sup>11</sup>  
 For that an hors of his was dreint<sup>12</sup> therin,  
 Whan that he wente Babilon to win:  
 He made that the river was ſo ſmal,  
 That wimmen might it waden over al.

<sup>1</sup> Court.<sup>2</sup> Especially.<sup>3</sup> Temperately.<sup>4</sup> Wine.<sup>5</sup> Loss.<sup>6</sup> Sickly, unsteady.<sup>7</sup> Beware ye how ye play, &c.<sup>8</sup> Sing.<sup>9</sup> Cyrus.<sup>10</sup> I. e., also a Persian.<sup>11</sup> Gydes.<sup>12</sup> Dross.

Lo, what said he, that so wel techen can?  
 No be no felaw to non irous man,  
 No with no wood<sup>1</sup> man walke by the way,  
 Lest thee repent; I wol no forther say.

Now, Thomas, leve brother, leve thin ire,  
 Thou shalt me find as just, as is a squire;  
 Hold not the devils knif ay to thin herte,  
 Thin anger doth thee all to sore smerte,  
 But shew to me all thy confession.

Nay, quod the sike man, by Seint Simon,  
 I have ben shriven this day of my curat;  
 I have him told al holly<sup>2</sup> min estat.  
 Nedeth no mo to speke of it, sayth he,  
 But if me list of min humilitee.

Yeve me than of thy gold to make our cloistre,  
 Quod he, for many a mucle and many an oistre,  
 Whan other men han ben ful wel at ese,  
 Hath been our food, our cloistre for to rese;<sup>3</sup>  
 And yet, God wot, uneth<sup>4</sup> the fundament  
 Parfourmed is, ne of our pavement  
 N'is not a tile yet within our wones;<sup>5</sup>  
 By God we oween fourty pound for stones.  
 Now help, Thomas, for him that harwed<sup>6</sup> helle,  
 For elles mote we oure bokes selle,  
 And if ye lacke oure predication,<sup>7</sup>  
 Than goth this world all to destruction  
 For who so fro this world wold us bereve,  
 So God me save, Thomas, by your leve,  
 He wold bereve out of this world the sonne.  
 For who can teche and worken as we conne?  
 And that is not of litel time, (quod he)  
 But aithen Elie was, and Elisee,  
 Han freres ben, that find I of record,  
 In charitee, ythonked be our Lord.  
 Now, Thomas, help for Seinte Charitee.

And down anon he sette him on his knee.  
 This sike man woxe wel neigh wood for ire,  
 He wolde that the frere had ben a-fire  
 With his false dissimulation.

Swiche thing as is in my possession,

<sup>1</sup> Mad.

<sup>2</sup> Sincerely, &c., not yet.

<sup>3</sup> Harrowed, terrified.

<sup>4</sup> Wholly.

<sup>7</sup> Practising.

<sup>5</sup> Halls.

<sup>6</sup> Dwelling.

Quod he, that may I yeve you and non other:  
Ye sain me thus, how that I am your brother.  
Ye certes, quod this frere, ye, trusteth wel;  
I took our dame the letter of our sele.

Now wel, quod he, and somewhat shal I yeve  
Unto your holy covent while I live;  
And in thin hond thou shalt it have anon,  
On this condition, and other non,  
That thou depart<sup>1</sup> it so, my dere brother,  
That every frere have as moche as other:  
This shalt thou swere on thy profession  
Withouten fraud or cavilation.

I swere it, quod the frere, upon my faith.  
And therwithall his hond in his he layth;  
Lo here my faith, in me shal be nowak.

Than put thin hond adoun right by my bak,  
Saide this man, and grope wel behind,  
Benethe my buttok, ther thou shalte find  
A thing, that I have hid in privete.  
A, thought this frere, that shal go with me.  
And doun his hond he launcheth to the clifte,<sup>2</sup>  
In hope for to finden ther a gifte.

And whan this sike man felte this frere  
About his towel gropen ther and here,  
Amid his hond he let the frere a fart;  
Ther n'is no capel drawing in a cart,  
That might han let a fart of swiche a soun.

The frere up sterte, as doth a wood leoun  
A, false cherl, quod he, for Goddes bones,  
This hast thou in despit don for the nones:  
Thou shalt abie<sup>3</sup> this fart, if that I may.

His meinie,<sup>4</sup> which that herden this affray,  
Came leping in, and chased out the frere,  
And forth he goth with a ful angry chere,  
And fet<sup>5</sup> his felaw, ther as lay his store:  
He loked as it were a wilde bore,  
And grinte with his teeth, so was he wroth.  
A sturdy pas doun to the court he goth,  
Wher as ther woned<sup>6</sup> a man of gret honour,  
To whom that he was alway confessour:  
This worthy man was lord of that village.  
This frere came, as he were in a rage,

<sup>1</sup> Divide.<sup>2</sup> Servant.<sup>3</sup> Gist.<sup>4</sup> Fetched.<sup>5</sup> Safer &c.<sup>6</sup> Dwelt.



Wher as this lord sat eting at his bord:  
Omnethes might the frere speke o word,  
Til atte last he saide, God you see.

This lord gan loke, and saide, *Benedicite!*  
What? frere John, what maner world is this?  
I see wel that som thing ther is amle;  
Ye loken as the wood were ful of theves.  
Sit down anon, and tell me what your greve is,  
And it shal ben amended, if I may.

I have, quod he, had a despit to day,  
God yelde you, adoun in your village,  
That in this world ther n'is so poure a page,  
That he n'olde have abhominatioun  
Of that I have received in youre town:  
And yet ne greveth me nothing so sore,  
As that the olde charl, with lokkes hore,  
Blasphemed hathoure holy convent eke.

Now, maister, quod this lord, I you beseke  
No maister, sire, quod he, but servitour,  
Though I have had in scole that honour.  
God liketh not, that men us Rabi call,  
Neither in market, ne in your large hall.

No force,<sup>1</sup> quod he, but tell me all your greffe.  
Sire, quod this Frere, an odious mecheafe  
His day betid is to min ordre, and me,  
And so per consequens to eche degree  
Of holy chirche, God amende it sone.

Sire, quod the lord, ye wot what is to don  
Distempere you not, ye han my confessor.  
Ye han the salt of the erthe, and the savour;  
For Goddes love your patience now hold;  
Telle me your greffe. And he anon him told  
As ye han herd before, ye wot wel what.

The lady of the hous ay stille sat,  
Til she had herd what the Frere said. -

Ey, goddes moder, quod she, blisful maid,  
Is ther ought elles? tell me faithfully.  
Madame, quod he, how thinketh you therby?  
How that me thinketh? quod she; so God me spede,  
I say, a cherie hath don a cheries dede.  
What shuld I say? God let him never the;<sup>2</sup>  
His eike hed is ful of vanites;  
I hold him in a maner frenesie.

<sup>1</sup> No matter.<sup>2</sup> Never sure well, or prosper.

Madame, quod he, by God I shal not lie,  
But I in other wise may ben awreke.<sup>1</sup>  
I shal diffame him over all, ther I speke;  
This false blasphemour, that charged me  
To parten that wol not departed be,  
To every man ylike, with meschance.

The lord sat stille, as he were in a trance,  
And in his herte he rolled up and down,  
How had this cherl imaginatioun  
To shewen swiche a probleme to the frere.  
Never erst or now ne her<sup>2</sup> I swiche matere;  
I trow the Devil put it in his mind.  
In all Arsmetrike<sup>3</sup> shal ther no man find  
Beforn this day of swiche a question.

Who shulde make a demonstration,  
That every man shuld han ylike his part  
As of a soun or savour of a fart?  
O nice proude cherl, I shrewe his face.<sup>4</sup>

Lo, sire, quod the lord, with harde grace,  
Who ever herd of swiche a thing or now?  
To every man ylike? tell me how.

It is an impossible, it may not be.

Ey, nice cherl, God let him never the.<sup>5</sup>

The rombling of a fart, and every soun,

N'is but of aire reverberatioun,

And ever it wasteth lite and lite away;

Ther n'is no man can demen, by my fay,

If that it were departed equally.

What? lo my cherl, lo yet how shrewedly

Unto my confessour to-day he spake;

I hold him certain a demoniake.

Now ete your mete, and let the cherl go play,

Let him go hongre himself a devil way.

Now stood the lordes squier atte bord,

That carf his mete, and herde word by word

Of all this thing, of which I have you sayd.

My lord, quod he, be ye not evi<sup>6</sup> apaid,

I coude telle for a goun<sup>7</sup>-cloth<sup>8</sup>

To you, sire frere, so that ye be not wroth,

How that this fart should even ydeled<sup>9</sup> be

Amonge your covent, if it liked thee.

<sup>1</sup> Avenged.

<sup>4</sup> Thire.

<sup>3</sup> Arithmetic.

<sup>6</sup> Stuff enough to make a gown.

<sup>2</sup> Curse his ing;

<sup>5</sup> De

Tell, quod the lord, and thou shalt have anon  
 A gowne-cloth, by God and by seint John.  
 My lord, quod he, whan that the weder is faire,  
 Withouten winde, or pertourbing of aire,  
 Let bring a cart-whale here into this hall,  
 But loke that it have his spokes all;  
 Twelf spokes hath a cart-whale comunly;  
 And bring me than twelf freres, wete ye why?  
 For threttene is a covent as I gesse:  
 Your confessor here for his worthynesse  
 Shal parfourme up the noubre of his covent.  
 Than shull they knele adoun by on assent,  
 And to every spokes end in this manere  
 Ful sadly lay his nose shal a frere;  
 Your noble confessor, ther God him save,  
 Shal hold his nose upright under the nave.  
 Than shal this cherl, with bely stif and tought  
 As any tabour, hider ben ybrought;  
 And set him on the whale right of this cart  
 Upon the nave, and make him let a fart,  
 And ye shull seen, up peril of my lif,  
 By veray preef that is demonstratif,  
 That equally the soun of it wol wende,  
 And eke the stinke, unto the spokes ende,  
 Save that this worthy man, your confessor,  
 (Because he is a man of gret honour)  
 Shal han the firste fruit, as reason is.  
 The noble usage of freres yet it is,  
 The worthy men of hem shul first be served.  
 And certainly he hath it wel deserved;  
 He hath to-day taught us so moche good,  
 With preching in the pulpit ther he stood,  
 That I may vouchesauf, I say for me,  
 He hadde the firste smel of fartes thre,  
 And so wold all his brethren hardely,  
 He bereth him so faire and holyly.

The lord, the lady, and eche man, save the frere,  
 Sayden, that Jankin spake in this matere  
 As wel as Euclide, or elles Ptholomee.  
 Touching the cherl, they sayden, subtiltes  
 And highe wit made him speken as he spake;  
 He n'is no fool, ne no demoniake.  
 And Jankin hath ywonne a newe gowne;  
 My tale is don, we ben almost at tounne.

## THE CLERKES PROLOGUE

7877-7908.

SIRRE Clerk of Oxenforde, our hoste said,  
 Ye ride as stille and coy, as doth a maid,  
 Were' newe spoused, sitting at the bord:  
 This day ne herd I of your tonge a word.  
 I trow ye studie abouten som<sup>1</sup> sophime:  
 But Salomon saith, that every thing hath time,  
 For Goddes sake as beth<sup>2</sup> of better chere,  
 It is no time for to studien here.

Tell us som mery tale by your fay;  
 For what man that is entred in a play,  
 He nedes most unto the play assent.  
 But precheth not, as freres don in Lent,  
 To make us for our olde sinnes wepe,  
 Ne that thy tale make us not to slepe.

Tell us som mery thing of adventures,  
 Your termes, your coloures, and your figures,  
 Kepe hem in store, til so be ye endite  
 His stile, as whan that men to kinges writte.  
 Speketh so plain at this time, I you pray,  
 That we may understonden what ye say.

This worthy Clerk benignely answerde;  
 Hoste, quod he, I am under your yerde,<sup>3</sup>  
 • Ye have of us as now the governance,  
 And therfore wolde I do you obeysance,  
 As fer as reson asketh hardely.<sup>4</sup>

I wol you tell a tale, which that I  
 Lerne at Padowe<sup>5</sup> of a worthy clerk,  
 As preved by his wordes and his werk.  
 He is now ded, and nailed in his cheste,  
 I pray to God so yeve his soule reste.

Fraunceis Petrark, the laureat poete,  
 Highte this clerk, whos rethorike swete

<sup>1</sup> Who were.<sup>4</sup> Certainly.<sup>2</sup> Do be.<sup>3</sup> Staff, i.e., on<sup>5</sup> Padua.





1. Clorkoe Tale.



100



Illumined all Itaille of poetrie,  
 As Ignyan' did of philosophie,  
 Or law, or other art particulere:  
 But deeth, that wol not suffre us dwellen here,  
 But as it were a twinkling of an eye,  
 Hens both hath alaine, and alle we shul dye.  
 But forth to tellen of this worthy man,  
 That taughte me this tale, as I began,  
 I say that first he with his stile enditeth  
 (Or he the body of his tale writeth)  
 A proeme, in the which describeth he  
 Piemont, and of Saluces the contree,  
 And speketh of Apennin the nilles his,  
 That ben the boundes of west Lumbardies  
 And of mount Vesulus in special,  
 Wher as the Poo out of a welle smal  
 Taketh his firste springing and his cours,  
 That estward ay encreaseth in his cours  
 To Emelle<sup>2</sup> ward, to Ferare, and Venise,  
 The which a longe thing were to devise.  
 And trewely, as to my jugement,  
 Me thinketh it a thing impertinent,  
 Save that he wol conveyen his matere:  
 But this is the tale which that ye mow here.

## The Clerkes Tale.

THEN is right at the West side of Itaille  
 Down at the rote of Vesulus the cold,  
 A lusty plain, habundant of vitaille,  
 Ther many a toun and tour thou maist behold,  
 That founded were in time of fathers old,  
 And many another delitable sighte,  
 And Saluces this noble contree highte.

A markis whilom lord was of that lond,  
 As were his worthy elders him before,  
 And obeysant, ay redy to his hond,

<sup>1</sup> An early lawyer of Milan, skilled in astrology and other sciences.—  
 so *Pythagoras*.      <sup>2</sup> A part of Italy, so called from the *via Emilia*.

Were all his lieges, bothe lesse and more:  
Thus in delit he liveth, and hath don yore,  
Beloved and drad, thurgh favour of fortune,  
Both of his lordes, and of his communa.

Therwith he was, to speken of linage,  
The gentilest yborne of Lumbardie,  
A faire person, and strong, and yong of age,  
And ful of honour and of curtesie:  
Discret ynough, his contree for to gie,<sup>1</sup>  
Sauf in som thinges that he was to blame,  
And Walter was this yonge lordes name.

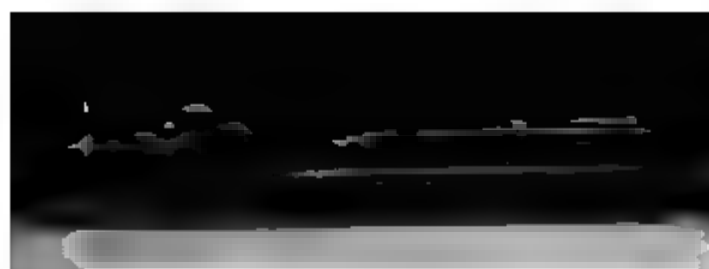
I blame him thus, that he considered nought,  
In time coming what might him betide,  
But on his lust present was all his thought,  
And for to hauke and hunt on every side:  
Wel neigh all other cures let he slide,  
And eke he n'old (and that was worst of all)  
Wedden no wif for ought that might befall.

Only that point his peple bare so sore,  
That flockmel<sup>2</sup> on a day to him they went,  
And of hem, that wisest was of lore,<sup>3</sup>  
(Or elles that the lord wold best assent  
That he shuld tell him what the peple ment,  
Or elles coud he wel shew swiche matere)  
He to the markis said as ye shull here.

O noble markis, your humanitee  
Assureth us and yeveth us hardinesse,<sup>4</sup>  
As oft as time is of necessitee,  
That we to you mow tell our hevinesse:  
Accepteth, lord, than of your gentillesse,  
That we with pitous herte unto you plaine,  
And let your eres nat my vois disdaine.

Al have I not to don in this matere  
More than another man hath in this place,  
Yet for as moch as ye, my lord so dera,  
Han alway shewed me favour and grace,  
I dare the better aske of you a space  
Of audience, to shewen our request,  
And ye, my lord, to don right as you lest.

<sup>1</sup> Guide.<sup>2</sup> In a flock.<sup>3</sup> Counsel.<sup>4</sup> Confid



For ourtes, lord, so wel us liketh you  
And all your werke, and ever have don, that we  
Ne condan not ourself devisen how  
We mighten live in more felicitie:  
Save o thing, lord, if it your wille be,  
That for to be a wedded man you lest,<sup>1</sup>  
Than were your peple in soverain hertes rest.

Boweth your nekke under the blisful yok  
Of soveraintee, and not of servise,  
Which that men clepen spousaile or wedlok:  
And thinketh, lord, among your thoughtes wise,  
How that our dayes passe in sondry wise;  
For though we slepe, or wake, or roma, or ride,  
Ay flieth the time, it wol no man abide.

And though your grene youthe floure as yet  
In crepeth age alway as still as ston,  
And deth manaseth<sup>2</sup> every age, and smit  
In eche estat, for ther escapeth non:  
And al so certain, as we knowe eche on  
That we shul die, as uncertain we all  
Ben of that day whan deth shal on us fall.

Accepteth than of us the trewe entent,  
That never yet refuseden your hest,  
And we wol, lord, if that ye wol assent,  
Chese you a wife in short time at the mest,  
Borne of the gentildest and of the best  
Of all this lond, so that it oughte seme  
Honour to God and you, as we can deme.

Deliver us out of all this besy drede,  
And take a wit, for highe Goddes sake:  
For if it so befell, as God forbede,  
That thurgh your deth your linage shulde slake,<sup>3</sup>  
And that a strange successour shuld take  
Your heritage, o! wo were us on live:  
Wherefore we pray you hastily to wive.

Hir meke praiere and hir pitous chere  
Made the markis for to han pitee.  
Ye wol, quod he, min owen peple dere,

<sup>1</sup> Were willing.<sup>2</sup> Menaseth, threateneth.<sup>3</sup> Slake, fail.

To that I never er thought constrainen me,  
 I me rejoyced of my libertee,  
 That sudden<sup>1</sup> time is found in mariage;  
 Ther I was free, I moste ben in servage.

But natheles I see your trewe entent,  
 And trust upon your wit, and have don agȝ  
 Wherefore of my free will I wol assent  
 To wedden me, as sone as ever I may.  
 But ther as ye han profred me to-day  
 To chesen me a wif, I you release  
 That chois, and pray you of that prefer cense.

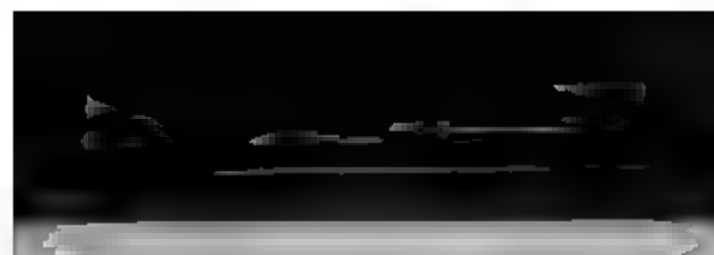
For God it wot, that children often ben  
 Unlike hir worthy eldres hem before,  
 Bountee cometh al of God, not of the stree,<sup>2</sup>  
 Ot which they ben ygendred and ybore:  
 I trust in Goddes bountee, and thertore  
 My mariage, and min estat, and rest  
 I him betake, he may don as him lest.

Let me alone in chesing of my wif,  
 That charge upon my bak I wol endure:  
 But I you pray, and charge upon your lif,  
 That what wif that I take, ye me assure  
 To worship hire while that hire lif may dure,  
 In word and werk both here and elles where,  
 As she an emperoures doughter were.

And forthermore this shuln ye swere, that ye  
 Again my chois shul never grutch ne strive.  
 For sith I shal forgo my libertee  
 At your request, as ever mote I thrive,  
 Ther as min herte is set, ther wol I wive:  
 And but ye wol assent in swiche manere,  
 I pray you speke no more of this matere.

With hertly will they swornen and assenten  
 To all this thing, ther saide not o wight nay:  
 Beseeching him of grace, or<sup>3</sup> that they wenten,  
 That he wold granten hem a certain day  
 Of his spousaile, as sone as ever he may,  
 For yet alway the peple somewhat dred,  
 Lest that this markis wolde no wit wed.

<sup>1</sup> Sudden.<sup>2</sup> Stock.<sup>3</sup> Before.



He granted hem a day, swiche as him list,  
On which he wold be wedded sikerly,  
And said he did all this at hir request;  
And they with humble herte ful buxumly  
Kneling upon hir knees ful reverently  
Him thonken all, and thus they han an end  
Of hir entente, and home agen they wend.

And hereupon he to his officers  
Commandeth for the feste to purvay.  
And to his privie knightes and squieres  
Swiche charge he yave, as him list on hem lay:  
And they to his commandement obey,  
And eche of hem doth al his diligence  
To do unto the feste al reverence.

## PARS SECUNDA.

Nought fer fro<sup>1</sup> thilke paleis honourable,  
Wher as this markis shope his mariage,  
Ther stood a thorpe,<sup>2</sup> of sighte delitable,  
In which that poure folk of that village  
Hadden hir bestes and hir herbergage,  
And of hir labour toke hir sustenance,  
After that the erthe yave hem habundance.

Among this poure folk ther dwelt a man,  
Which that was holden pourest of hem all:  
But highe God sometime senden han  
His grace unto a litel oxes stall:  
Janicola men of that thorpe him call.  
A doughter had he, faire ynough to sight,  
And Grisildis this yonge maiden hight.

But for to speke of vertuous beautes,  
Than was she on the fairest under sonne:  
Ful pourely yfostred up was she:  
No likerous lust was in hire herte yronne;  
Wel ofter of the well than of the tonne  
She dranke, and for she wolde vertue please,  
She knew wel labour, but non idel ease.

<sup>1</sup> Not far from.<sup>2</sup> Village.



But though this mayden tendre were of age,  
Yet in the brest of hire virginitee  
Ther was enclosed sad and ripe corage:  
And in gret reverence and charitee  
Hire olde poure fader fostred she:  
A few sheep spinning on the feld she kept,  
She wolde not ben idel til she slept.

And whan she homward came, she wolde brin,  
Wortes and other herbes times oft,  
The which she shred and sethe<sup>1</sup> for hire living,  
And made hire bed ful hard, and nothing soft:  
And ay she kept hire fadres lif on loft<sup>2</sup>  
With every obeisance and diligence,  
That child may don to fadres reverence.

Upon Grisilde, this poure creature,  
Ful often sithe this markis sette his eye,  
As he on hunting rode paraventure:  
And whan it fell that he might hire espie,  
He not with wanton loking of folie  
His eyen cast on hire, but in sad wise  
Upon hire chere he wold him oft avise,

Commending in his herte hire womanhede,  
And eke hire vertue, passing any wight  
Of so yong age, as wel in chere as dede.  
For though the peple have no gret insight  
In vertue, he considered ful right  
Hire bountee,<sup>3</sup> and disposed that he wold  
Wedde hire only, if ever he wedden shold.

The day of wedding came, but no wight can  
Tellen what woman that it shulde be,  
For which mervaille wondred many a man,  
And saiden, whan they were in privetee,  
Wol not our lord yet leve his vanitee?  
Wol he not wedde? alas, alas the while!  
Why wol he thus himself and us begile?

But natheles this markis hath do make<sup>4</sup>  
Of gemmes, sette in gold and in asure,  
Broches and ringes, for Grisildes sake,

<sup>1</sup> Boiled.

<sup>2</sup> Goodness.

<sup>3</sup> Kept it up, supported it.

<sup>4</sup> Caused to be made.

And of hire clothing toke he the mesure  
Of a maiden like unto hire stature,  
And eke of other ornamentes all,  
That unto swiche a wedding shulde fall.

The time of underne<sup>1</sup> of the same day  
Approcheth, that this wedding shulde be,  
And all the paleis put was in array,  
Both halle and chambres, eche in his degree,  
Houses of office stuffed with plantee  
Ther mayst thou see of deinteous vitaille,  
That may be found, as far as lasteth Itaille.

This real<sup>2</sup> markis richely arraide,  
Lordes and ladies in his compaignie,  
The which unto the feste weren praide,<sup>3</sup>  
And of his retenue the bachelerie,  
With many a soun of sondry melodie,  
Unto the village, of the which I told,  
In this array the righte way they hold.

Grisilde of this (God wot) ful innocent,  
That for hire shapen was all this array,  
To fetchen water at a welle is went,  
And cometh home as sone as ever she may.  
For wel she had herd say, that thilke day  
The markis shulde wedde, and, if she might,  
She wolde sayn han seen som of that sight.

She thought, I wol with other maidens stond,  
That ben my felawes, in our dore, and see  
The markissee, and therto wol I fond<sup>4</sup>  
To don at home, as sone as it may be,  
The labour which that longeth unto me,  
And than I may at leiser hire behold,  
If she this way unto the castel hold.

And as she wolde over the threswold gon,  
The markis came and gan hire for to call,  
And she set down hire water-pot anon  
Beside the threswold in an oxes stall,  
And down upon hire knees she gan to fall,  
And with sad countenance kneleth still,  
Til she had herd what was the lordes will.

<sup>1</sup> The third hour, i.e., nine o'clock.

<sup>2</sup> Enriched.

<sup>3</sup> Royal.

<sup>4</sup> Contented.

This thoughtful markis spake unto this maid  
 Ful soberly, and said in this manere:  
 Wher is your fader, Grisildis? he said.  
 And she with reverence in humble chere  
 Answered, lord, he is al redy here.  
 And in she goth withouten lenger lette,<sup>1</sup>  
 And to the markis she hire under sette.<sup>2</sup>

He by the hond than toke this poure man,  
 And saide thus, whan he him had aside:  
 Janicola, I neither may ne can  
 Lenger the plesance of min herte hide,  
 If that thou vouchesauf, what so betide,  
 Thy doughter wol I take or that I wend  
 As for my wif, unto hire lives end.

Thou lovest me, that wot I wel certain,  
 And art my faithful liegeman ybore,  
 And all that liketh me, I dare wel sain  
 It liketh thee, and specially therfore  
 Tell me that point, that I have said before,  
 If that thou wolt unto this purpos drawe,  
 To taken me as for thy son in lawe.

This soden cas this man astoned so,  
 That red he wex, abaist,<sup>3</sup> and al quaking  
 He stood, unnethes said he wordes mo,  
 But only thus; Lord, quod he, my willing  
 Is as ye wol, ne ageins your liking  
 I wol no thing, min owen lord so dere,  
 Right as you list, governeth<sup>4</sup> this matere.

Than wol I, quod this markis softly,  
 That in thy chambre, I, and thou, and she,  
 Have a collation, and wost thou why?  
 For I wol ask hire, if it hire wille be  
 To be my wif, and reule<sup>5</sup> hire after me:  
 And all this shal be don in thy presence,  
 I wol not speke out of thin audience.

And in the chambre, while they were aboute  
 The trettee, which as ye shul after here,  
 The peple came into the hous withoute,

<sup>1</sup> Longer delay.<sup>2</sup> Fetched.<sup>3</sup> Abashed.<sup>4</sup> Govern, settle.<sup>5</sup> Rule



And wondred hem, in how honest manere  
Ententiffy she kept hire fader dere:  
But utterly Grisildis wonder might,  
For never erst ne saw she swiche a sight.

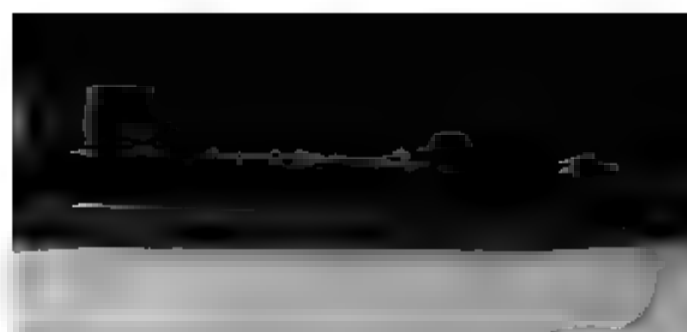
No wonder is though that she be astoned,  
To see so gret a gest come in that place,  
She never was to non swiche gestes woned,<sup>1</sup>  
For which she loked with ful pale face.  
But shortly forth this matere for to chace,  
Thise arn the wordes that the markis said  
To this benigne, veray,<sup>2</sup> faithful maid.

Grisilde, he said, ye shuln wel understond,  
It liketh to your fader and to me,  
That I you wedde, and eke it may so stound  
As I suppose, ye wol that it so be:  
But thise demaundes aske I first (quod he)  
That sin it shal be don in hasty wise,  
Wol ye assent, or elles you avise?

I say this, be ye redy with good herte  
To all my lust, and that I freely may  
As me best thinketh do you laugh or smerte,  
And never ye to grutchen, night ne day,  
And eke whan I say ya, ye say not nay,  
Neither by word, ne frowning countenance?  
Swere this, and here I swere our alliance.

Wondring upon this thing, quaking for drede,  
She saide; Lord, indigne and unworthy  
Am I, to thilke honour, that ye me bede,<sup>3</sup>  
But as ye wol yourself, right so wol I:  
And here I swere, that never willingly  
In werk, ne thought, I n'll you disobeie  
For to be ded, though me were loth to dele.

This is ynough, Grisilde min, quod he.  
And forth he goth with a ful sobre chere,  
Out at the dore, and after than came she,  
And to the peple he said in this manere:  
This is my wif, quod he, that stondest here.  
Honoureth her, and loveth hire, I pray,  
Who so me loveth, ther n'is no more to say.



And for that nothing of hire olde gere  
She shulde bring into his hous, he had  
That women shuld despoilen hire right thare,  
Of which thise ladies weren nothing glad  
To handle hire clothes wherin she was clad:  
But natheles this maiden bright of hew  
Fro foot to hed they clothed hem all new.

Hire heres han they kempt, that ley waterred  
Ful rudely, and with hir fingers smal  
A coroune on hire hed they han ydressed,  
And sette hire ful of nouches<sup>1</sup> gret and smal:  
Of hire array what shuld I make a tale?  
Unneth the peple hire knew for hire fairnesse,  
Whan she transnewed<sup>2</sup> was in swiche richesse.

This markis hath hire spoused with a ring  
Brought for the same cause, and than hire sette  
Upon an hors snow-white, and wel amblyng,  
And to his paleis, or he lenger lette,<sup>3</sup>  
(With joyful peple, that hire lad and mette)  
Conveyed hire, and thus the day they spende  
In revel, til the sonne gan descende.

And shortly forth this tale for to chace,  
I say, that to this newe markiscase  
God hath swiche favour sent hire of his grace,  
That it ne semeth not by likeliness<sup>4</sup>  
That she was borne and fed in rude nesse,  
As in a cote, or in an oxen stall,  
But nourished in an emperours hall.

To every wight she waxen is so dore,  
And worshipful, that folk ther<sup>5</sup> she was bore,  
And fro hire birthe knew hire yere by yere,  
Unnethes<sup>6</sup> trowed they, but dorst han swore,  
That to Janicle, of which I spake before,  
She doughter n'as,<sup>7</sup> for as by conjecture  
Hem thoughte she was another creature.

<sup>1</sup> Ouches.<sup>2</sup> Changed.<sup>3</sup> Without having delayed longer.<sup>4</sup> Not probable, or, not by chance.<sup>5</sup> Who lived where.<sup>6</sup> Scarcely.<sup>7</sup> Was not.

For though that ever vertuous was she,  
 She was encreased in swiche excellence  
 Of thewes' good, yset in high bountee,  
 And so discrete, and faire of eloquence,  
 So benigne, and so digne of reverence,  
 And coude so the peples herte embrace,  
 That eche hire loveth that loketh on hire face.

Not only of Saluces in the town  
 Published was the bountee of hire name,  
 But eke beside in many a regioun,  
 If on saith wel, another saith the same:  
 So spredeth of hire his bountee the fame,  
 That men and women, yong as wel as old,  
 Gon to Saluces upon hire to behold.

Thus Walter lowly, nay but really,<sup>2</sup>  
 Wedded with fortunat honestete,  
 In Goddes pees liveth ful esily  
 At home, and grace ynough outward had he:  
 And for he saw that under low degree  
 Was honest vertue hid, the peple him held  
 A prudent man, and that is seen ful seld.

Not only this Grisildis thurgh hire wit  
 Coude all the fete of wifly homlinesse,  
 But eke whan that the cas required it,  
 The comune profit coude she redresse:  
 Ther n'as discord, rancour, ne hevinesse  
 In all the lond, that she ne coude appease,  
 And wisely bring hem all in hertes ease.

Though that hire husbond absent were or no  
 If gentilmen, or other of that contree  
 Were wroth, she wolde bringen hem at on,  
 So wise and ripe wordes hadde she,  
 And jugement of so gret equitee,  
 That she from heven sent was, as men wend,  
 Peple to save, and every wrong to amend.

Not longe time after that this Grisilde  
 Was wedded, she a daughter hath ydore,  
 All had hire lever han borne a knave child:

<sup>1</sup> Manners.<sup>2</sup> Royally.

Glad was the markis and his folk therfore,  
 For though a maiden childe come all before,  
 She may unto a knave child attaine  
 By likelyhed, sin she n'is not barrene.

PARS TERTIA.

Ther fell, as it befalleth times mo,  
 Whan that this childe had souked but a throwe,<sup>1</sup>  
 This markis in his herte longed so  
 To tempt his wif, hire sadnesse for to knowe,  
 That he ne might out of his herte throwe  
 This marveillous desir his wif to assay,  
 Needles, God wot, he thought hire to assay.

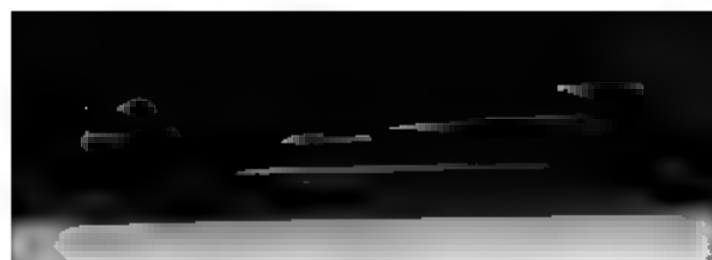
He had assaied hire ynough before,  
 And found hire ever good, what nedeth it  
 Hire for to tempt, and alway more and more!  
 Though som men praise it for a subtil wit,  
 But as for me, I say that evil it sit  
 To assay a wif whan that it is no nede,  
 And putten hire in anguish and in drede.

For which this markis wrought in this manere;  
 He came a-night alone ther as she lay  
 With sterne face, and with ful trouble chere,  
 And sayde thus: Grisilde, (quod he) that day  
 That I you toke out of your poure array,  
 And put you in estat of high noblesse,  
 Ye han it not forgotten, as I gesse.

I say, Grisilde, this present dignitee,  
 In which that I have put you, as I trow,  
 Maketh you not forgetful for to be  
 That I you toke in poure estat ful low,  
 For any wele ye mote yourselven know.  
 Take hede of every word that I you say,  
 Ther is no wight that hereth it but we tway.

Ye wote yourself wel how that ye came here  
 Into this hous, it is not long ago,  
 And though to me ye be right lefe and dere,

<sup>1</sup> A little while.



Unto my gentils ye be nothing so:  
They say, to hem it is gret shame and wo  
For to be suggetes, and ben in servage  
To thee, that borne art of a smal linage.

And namely sin thy doughter was ybore,  
Thise wordes han they spoken douteles,  
But I desire, as I have don before,  
To live my lif with hem in rest and pees:  
I may not in this cas be reccheles;  
I mote do with thy doughter for the best,  
Not as I wold, but as my gentils last.

And yet, God wote, this is ful loth to me:  
But natheles withouten youre weting<sup>1</sup>  
I wol nought do, but thus wol I (quod he)  
That ye to me assenten in this thing.  
Shew now youre patience in youre working,  
That ye me hight and swore in youre village  
The day that maked was our mariage.

Whan she had herd all this, she not amoved<sup>2</sup>  
Neither in word, in chere, ne countenance,  
(For as it semed, she was not agreved)  
She sayde: Lord, all lith in your plesance,  
My child and I, with hertely obeisance  
Ben youre all, and ye may save or spill,  
Your owen thing: werketh after your will.

Ther may no thing, so God my soule save,  
Like unto you, that may displesen me:  
Ne I desire nothing for to have,  
Ne drede for to lese, sauf only ye:  
This will is in myn herte, and ay shal be,  
No length of time, or deth may this deface,  
Ne change my corage to an other place.

Glad was this markis for hire answering,  
But yet he feined as he were not so,  
Al drery was his chere and his loking,  
Whan that he shuld out of the chambre go.  
Sone after this, a furlong way or two,  
He prively hath told all his entent  
Unto a man, and to his wif him sent.

<sup>1</sup> Knowledge.

<sup>2</sup> Moved.

A maner sergeant was this prive man,  
 The which he faithful often bounden had  
 In thinges gret, and also swiche folk wel can  
 Don execution on thinges bad:  
 The lord knew wel, that he him loved good deal,  
 And whan this sergeant wist his lordes will,  
 Into the chambre he stalked him ful still.

Madame, he sayd, ye mote foryeve it me,  
 Though I do thing, to which I am constrained:  
 Ye ben so wise, that right wel known ye,  
 That lordes heetes may not ben yfined,<sup>1</sup>  
 They may wel be bewailed and complained,  
 But men mote nedes to hir lust obey,  
 And so wel I, ther n'is no more to say.

This child I am commanded for to take.  
 And spake no more, but out the child he hent  
 Despitously, and gan a chere to make,<sup>2</sup>  
 As though he wold have slain it, or he went  
 Grisildis most al suffer and al consent:  
 And as a lambe, she sitteth meke and still,  
 And let this cruel sergeant do his will.

Suspecions was the diffame of this man,  
 Suspect his face, suspect his word also,  
 Suspect the time in which he this began:  
 Alas! hire doughter, that she loved so,  
 She wende he wold han slaien it right tho,  
 But natheles she neither wept ne siked,  
 Conforming hire to that the markis liked.

But at the last to speken she began,  
 And mekely she to the sergeant praid  
 (So as he was a worthy gentil man)  
 That she might kisse hire child, or that it doid:  
 And in hire barme<sup>3</sup> this litel child she leid,  
 With ful sad face, and gan the child to blisse,  
 And lulled it, and after gan it kisse.

And thus she sayd in hire benigne vois:  
 Farewel, my child, I shal thee never see,  
 But sin I have thee marked with the crois,

<sup>1</sup> Mirked, done with a signed seal only.

<sup>2</sup> To affect a manner.

<sup>3</sup> Lap.

Of thilke fader yblessed mote thou be,  
That for us died upon a crois of tree:  
Thy soule, litel child, I him betake,<sup>1</sup>  
For this night shalt thou dien for my sake.

I trow that to a norice<sup>2</sup> in this cas<sup>3</sup>  
It had ben hard this routhe for to see:  
Wel might a moder than han cried alas,  
But natheles so sad stedfast was she,  
That she endured all adversitee,  
And to the sergeant mekely she sayde,  
Have here agen your litel yonge mayde.

Goth now (quod she) and doth my lordes best:  
And o thing wold I pray you of your grace,  
But if my lord forbade you at the lest,  
Burieth this litel body in som place,  
That beastes ne no briddes it to-race.  
But he no word to that purpos wold say,  
But toke the child and went upon his way.

This sergeant came unto his lord again,  
And of Grisildes wordes and hire chere  
He told him point for point, in short and plain,  
And him presented with his doughter dere.  
Somwhat this lord hath routhe in his manere,  
But natheles his purpos held he still,  
As lordes don, whan they wol han hir will.

And bad this sergeant that he prively  
Shulde this child ful softe wind and wrappe,  
With alle circumstances tendrely,  
And carry it in a cofre,<sup>4</sup> or in a lappe;<sup>5</sup>  
But upon peine his hed of for to swappe<sup>6</sup>  
That no man shulde know of his entent,  
Ne whens he came, ne whider that he went;

But at Boloigne, unto his suster dere,  
That thilke tyme of Pavie was countesse,  
He shuld it take, and shew hire this matere,  
Beseching hire to don hire besinesse  
This child to fostren in all gentillesse,  
And whos child that it was he bade hire hide  
From every wight, for ought that may betide.

<sup>1</sup> Commend to him.<sup>2</sup> Nurse.<sup>3</sup> Matter.<sup>4</sup> Chest.<sup>5</sup> The skirt of a garment.<sup>6</sup> Strike off.

This sergeant goth, and hath fulfild this thing.  
 But to this marquis now retorne we;  
 For now goth he ful fast imagining,  
 If by his wives chere he mighte see,  
 Or by hire wordes apperceive, that she  
 Were changed, but he never coud hire finde,  
 But ever in on ylike sad and kinde.

As glad, as humble, as bery in service  
 And eke in love, as she was wont to be,  
 Was she to him, in every maner wise;  
 Ne of hire doughter not a word spake she:  
 Non accident for non adversitee  
 Was seen in hire, ne never hire doughters name  
 Ne nevened<sup>1</sup> she, for earnest ne for game.

#### PARS QUARTA.

In this estat ther passed ben foure yere  
 Er she with childe was, but, as God wold,  
 A knave childe she bare by this Walters  
 Ful gracious, and fair for to behold:  
 And whan that folk it to his fader told,  
 Not only he, but all his contree mery  
 Was for this childe, and God they thonke and hery.<sup>2</sup>

Whan it was two yere old, and from the brest  
 Departed of his norice<sup>3</sup>, on a day  
 This markis caughte yet another lest<sup>4</sup>  
 To tempte his wif yet ofter, if he may.  
 O! nedeles was she tempted in assay.  
 But wedded men ne connen no mesure,  
 Whan that they finde a patient creature.

Wif, quod this markis, ye han herd of this  
 My peple sikely beren our mariage,  
 And namely sin my sone yboren is,  
 Now is it warse than ever in al our age:  
 The murmur sleth myn herte and my corage,  
 For to myn eres cometh the vois so smerte,  
 That it wel nis destroyed hath myn herte.

<sup>1</sup> Named.

<sup>2</sup> Praise.

<sup>3</sup> Nurse.

<sup>4</sup> Desire.

Now say they thus, whan Walter is agon,  
 Than shal the blood of Janicle succede,  
 And ben our lord, for other han we non:  
 Swiche wordes sayn my peple, it is no drede,<sup>1</sup>  
 Wel ought I of swiche murmur taken hede,  
 For certainly I drede al swiche sentence,  
 Though they not plainen<sup>2</sup> in myn audiance.

I wolde live in pees, if that I might:  
 Wherefore I am disposed utterly,  
 As I his suster served er by night,  
 Right so thinke I to serve him prively.  
 This warne I you, that ye not sodenly  
 Out of yourself for no wo shuld outraie,<sup>3</sup>  
 Both patient, and therof I you prais.

I have, quod she, sayd thus and ever shal,  
 I wol no thing, ne n'll no thing certain,  
 But as you list. not greveth me at al,  
 Though that my doughter and my sone be slain  
 At your commandement: that is to sain,  
 I have not had no part of children twein,  
 But first sikenesse, and after wo and peina.

Ye ben my lord, doth with your owen thing  
 Right as you list, asketh no rede of me:  
 For as I left at home al my clothing  
 Whan I came first to you, right so (quod she)  
 Left I my will and al my libertee,  
 And toke your clothing: wherfore I you prey,  
 Doth your plesance, I wol youre lust obey.

And certes, if I hadde prescience  
 Your will to know, er ye your lust me told,  
 I wold it do withouten negligence:  
 But now I wote your lust, and what ye wold,  
 All your plesance ferme and stable I hold,  
 For wist I that my deth might do you ese,  
 Right gladly wold I dien, you to ples.

Deth may not maken no comparisoun  
 Unto your love. And whan this markis say  
 The constance of his wif, he cast adoun

<sup>1</sup> Doubt.<sup>2</sup> Complain.<sup>3</sup> Fly out, display passion.

His eye two, and wondreth how she may  
In patience suffer al this array:  
And forth he goth with drewe countenance,  
But to his herte it was ful gret plesance.

This ugly sergeant in the same wise  
That he hire daughter caughte, right as he  
(Or worse, if men can any worse devise)  
Hath hent<sup>1</sup> hire sone, that ful was of beautee;  
And ever in on so patient was she,  
That she no chere<sup>2</sup> made of hevynesse,  
But kist hire sone and after gan it blame.

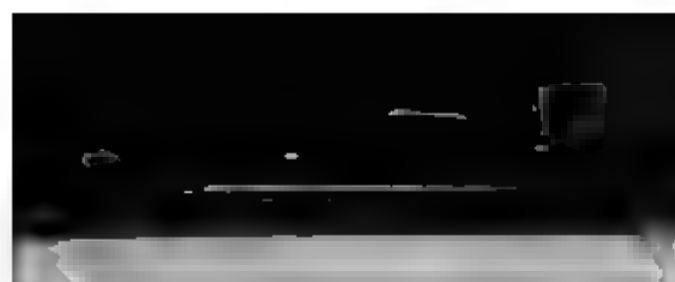
Save this she praled him, if that he might,  
Hire litel sone he wold in erthe grave,  
His tendre limmes, delicat to sight,  
Fro foules and fro bestes for to save.  
But she non answer of him mighte have,  
He went his way, as him no thing ne rought,  
But to Boloigne he tendrely it brought.

This markis wondreth ever longer the more  
Upon hire patience, and if that he  
No hadde sothly knowen therbefore,  
That partly hire children loved she,  
He wold han wend that of som subtiltee  
And of malice, or for cruel corage,  
That she had suffred this with sad visage.

But wel he knew, that next himself, certain  
She loved hire children best in every wise.  
But now of women wold I aaken fayn,  
If thise assaies mighten not suffice;  
What coud a sturdy husband more devise  
To prove hire wifhood, and hire stedfastnesse,  
And he continuing ever in sturdinesse?

But ther ben folk of swiche condition,  
That, whan they han a certain purpos take,  
They can not stint of hir intention,  
But, right as they were bounden to a stake,  
They wol not of hir firste purpos alake:  
Right so this markis fully hath purposed  
To tempt his wif, as he was first disposed.

<sup>1</sup> Taken.<sup>2</sup> There.



He waiteth, if by word or countenance  
That she to him was changed of courage:  
But never could he finden variance,  
She was ay on in herte and in visage,  
And ay the further that she was in age,  
The more trewe (if that it were possible)  
She was to him in love, and more penible.<sup>1</sup>

For which it seemed thus, that of hem twe  
Ther was but o will; for as Walter leet,  
The same lust was hire plesance also;  
And God be thanked, all fell for the best.  
She shewed wel, for no worldly unrest  
A wif, as of hirself, no thing ne sholde  
Wille in effect, but as hire husbond wolde.

The sclandre<sup>2</sup> of Walter wonder wide spradde,  
That of a cruel herte he wikkedly,  
For he a poure woman wedded hadde,  
Hath murdred both his children prively:  
Swich murmur was among hem comunly.  
No wonder is: for to the peple ere  
Ther came no word, but that they murdred were.

For which ther as his peple therbefore  
Had loved him wel, the sclandre of his diffame  
Made hem that they him hateden therefore:  
To ben a murtherour is an hateful name.  
But natheles, for earnest ne for game,  
He of his cruel purpos n'olde stente,  
To tempt his wif was sette all his entente.

Whan that his doughter twelf yere was of age,  
He to the court of Rome, in subtil wise  
Enformed of his will, sent his message,  
Commanding him, swiche billes to devise,  
As to his cruel purpos may suffice,  
How that the pope, as for his peples rest,  
Bade him to wed another, if him leet.

I say he bade, they shulden contrefete  
The popes bulles, making mention  
That he hath love his firste wif to late,

<sup>1</sup> Painstaking.<sup>2</sup> Scandal.

As by the popes dispensation,  
 To stinten rancour and dissension  
 Betwix his peple and him: thus spake the bull,  
 The which they han published at the full.

The rude peple, as no wonder is,  
 Wenden ful wel, that it had ben right so:  
 But whan thise tidings came to Grindildis,  
 I deme that hire herte was ful of wo;  
 But she ylike sad for evermo  
 Disposed was, this humble creature,  
 The adversitees of fortune al to endure;

Abiding ever his lust and his plesance,  
 To whom that she was yeven, herte and al,  
 As to hire veray worldly suffiaunce.  
 But shortly if this storie tell I shal,  
 This markis writen hath in special  
 A lettre, in which he sheweth his entente,  
 And secretly he to Boloigne it sente,

To the erl of Pavie, which that hadde the  
 Wedded his suster, prayed he specially  
 To bringen home agein his children two  
 In honourable estat al openly:  
 But o thing he him prayed utterly,  
 That he to no wight, though men wold enquire,  
 Shulde not tell whos children that they were,

But say, the maiden shuld ywedded be  
 Unto the markis of Saluces anon.  
 And as this erl was prayed, so did he,  
 For at day sette he on his way is gon  
 Toward Saluces, and lordes many on  
 In rich arraie, this maiden for to gide,  
 Hire yonge brother riding hire beside.

Arraied was toward hire mariage  
 This fresche maiden, ful of gemmes clere,  
 Hire brother, which that seven yere was of age,  
 Arraied eke ful fresh in his manere:  
 And thus in gret noblesse and with glad chere  
 Toward Saluces shaping hir journey  
 Fro day to day they riden in hir way.

## PARS QUINTA.

Among al this, after his wicked usage,  
 This markis yet his wif to tempten more  
 To the uttereste prefe of hire corage,  
 Fully to have experience and lore,  
 If that she were as stedefast as before,  
 He on a day in open audience  
 Ful boistously hath said hire this sentence:

Certes, Grisilde, I had ynough plesance  
 To han you to my wif, for your goodnesse,  
 And for your trouthe, and for your obeynance,  
 Not for your linage, ne for your richesse,  
 But now know I in veray sothfastnesse,<sup>1</sup>  
 That in gret lordship, if I me wel avise,  
 Ther is gret servitude in sondry wise.

I may not don, as every ploughman may:  
 My peple me constreineth for to take  
 Another wif, and criden day by day;  
 And eke the pope rancour for to slake<sup>2</sup>  
 Consenteth it, that dare I undertake:  
 And trewely, thus moche I wol you say,  
 My newe wif is coming by the way.

Be strong of herte, and voide<sup>3</sup> anon hire place,  
 And thulke dower that ye broughten me  
 Take it agen, I grant it of my grace.  
 Returneth to your fadres hous, (quod he)  
 No man may alway have prosperitee.  
 With even herte I rede<sup>4</sup> you to endure  
 The stroke of fortune, or of aventure.

And she agen answerd in patience:  
 My lord, quod she, I wote, and wist alway,  
 How that betwixen your magnificence  
 And my poverte no wight ne can ne may  
 Maken comparison, it is no nay;  
 I ne held me never digne in no manere  
 To be your wif, ne yet your chamberere.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Truth.<sup>2</sup> Give up.<sup>4</sup> Advise.<sup>3</sup> Alay.<sup>5</sup> Chamber maid.

And in this hous, ther ye me lady made,  
(The highe God take I for my witness,  
And all so wialy<sup>1</sup> he my soule glad)  
I never held me lady ne maistresse,  
But humble servant to your worthiness,  
And ever shal, while that my lif may dure,  
Aboven every worldly creature.

That ye so longe of your benigntee  
Han holden me in honour and nobley,  
Wheras I was not worthy for to be,  
That thanks I God and you, to whom I pray  
Foryelde<sup>2</sup> it you, ther is no more to sey:  
Unto my fader gladly wol I wende,  
And with him dwell unto my lives ende;

Ther I was fostred of a childe ful smal,  
Til I be ded my lif ther wol I lede,  
A widew clene in body, herte and al.  
For sith I yave to you my maidenhede,  
And am your trewe wif, it is no drede,  
God shilde swiche a lordes wit to take  
Another man to husbond or to make.

And of your newe wif, God of his grace  
So graunte you wele and prosperite:  
For I wol gladly yelden hire my place,  
In which that I was blisful wont to be.  
For sith it liketh you, my lord, (quod she)  
That whilom weren all myn hertes rest,  
That I shal gon, I wol go whan you lest.

But ther as ye me profre swiche dowaire  
As I first brought, it is wel in my mind,  
It were my wretched clothes, nothing faire,  
The which to me were hard now for to find.  
O goode God! how gentil and how kind  
Ye semed by your speche and your visage,  
The day that makid was oure marriage!

But soth is said, algate I find it trewe,  
For in effect it preved is on me,  
Love is not old, as whan that it is newe.

<sup>1</sup> Certainly, truly.

<sup>2</sup> Repay



But certes, lord, for non adversitee<sup>1</sup>  
To dien in this cas, it shal not be  
That ever in word or werke I shal repent,  
That I you yave min herte in hole entent.

My lord, ye wote, that in my fadres place  
Ye dide me stripe out of my poure wede,  
And richely ye clad me of your grace;  
To you brought I nought elles out of drede,  
But faith, and nakednesse, and maidenhede;  
And here agen your clothing I restore,  
And eke your wedding ring for evermore.

The remenant of your Jeweles redy be  
Within your chambre, I dare it safly seyn;  
Naked out of my fadres hous (quod she)  
I came, and naked I mote turne again.  
All your plesance wolde I folwe fain:  
But yet I hope it be not your entent,  
That I smokles out of your paleis went.

Ye coude not do so dishonest a thing,  
That thilke wombe, in which your children lay,  
Shulde before the peple, in my walking,  
Be seen al bare: wherfore I you pray  
Let me not like a worme go by the way:  
Remembre you, min owen lord so dere,  
I was your wif, though I unworthy were.

Wherfore in guerdon of my maidenhede,  
Which that I brought and not agen I bare,  
As vouchesauf to yeve me to my mede  
But swiche a smok as I was wont to were,  
That I therwith may wrie<sup>2</sup> the wombe of hire  
That was your wif: and here I take my leve  
Of you, min owen lord, lest I you greve.

The smok, quod he, that thou hast on thy bake,  
Let it be still, and bere it forth with thee.  
But wel unnethes<sup>3</sup> thilke word he spake,  
But went his way for routhe and for pitea.  
Before the folk hireselven stripeth she,  
And in hire smok, with foot and hed al bare,  
Toward hire fadres hous forth is she fare.

<sup>1</sup> For it were no adversity.

<sup>2</sup> Cover.

<sup>3</sup> Right unreasonably.

The folk hire folwen weping in hir way,  
 And fortune ay they curwen as they go;  
 But she fro weping kept hire eyen drey,  
 Ne in this time word ne spake she non.  
 Hire fader, that this tiding hard anon,  
 Curseth the day and time, that nature  
 Shope him to ben a liven creature.

For out of doute this olde poure man  
 Was ever in suspect of hire mariage:  
 For ever he demed, sin it first began,  
 That whan the lord fulfilled had his esage,  
 Him wolde think it were a disparage  
 To his estat, so lowe for to alight,  
 And voiden hire as soon as ever he might.

Agein his doughter hastily goth he,  
 (For he by noise of folk knew hire coming)  
 And with hire olde cote, as it might be,  
 He covereth hire ful sorwefully weping:  
 But on hire body might he it not bring,  
 For rude was the cloth, and more on age  
 By daies felse<sup>1</sup> than at hire mariage.

Thus with hire fader for a certain space  
 Dwelleth this flour of wify<sup>2</sup> patience,  
 That nother by hire wordes ne hire face,  
 Beforn the folk, ne eke in hir absence,  
 Ne shewed she that hire was don offence,  
 Ne of hire high estat no remembrance  
 Ne hadde she, as by hire countenance.

No wonder is, for in hire gret estat  
 Hire goot was ever in pleine humilitee;  
 No tendre mouth, no herte delicat,  
 No pompe, no semblant of realtee;  
 But ful of patient benignitee,  
 Discrete, and prideles, ay honourable,  
 And to hire husband ever meke and stable.

Men speke of Job, and most for his humblesse,  
 As clerkes, whan hem list, can wel endite,  
 Namely of men, but as in sothfastnesse,

<sup>1</sup> Many.<sup>2</sup> True.

Though clerkes praisen women but a lite,  
 Ther can no man in humblesse him acquite  
 As woman can, ne can be half so trewe  
 As women ben, but it be falle of newe.

## PARS SEXTA.

Fro Boloigne is this erl of Pavie come,  
 Of which the fame up sprang to more and leese;  
 And to the peples eres all and some  
 Was couth<sup>1</sup> eke, that a newe markisene  
 He with him brought, in swiche pomp and richesne,  
 That never was ther seen with mannes eye  
 So noble array in al West Lombardia.

The markis, which that shope<sup>2</sup> and knew all this,  
 Er that this erl was come, sent his message  
 For thilke poure sely Grisildis;  
 And she with humble herte and glad visage,  
 Not with no swollen thought in hire corage,  
 Came at his hest, and on hire knees hire sette,  
 And reverently and wisely she him grette.

Grisilde, (quod he) my will is utterly,  
 This maiden, that shal wedded be to me,  
 Received be to-morwe as really  
 As it possible is in myn hous to be:  
 And eke that every wight in his degree  
 Have his estat in sitting and service,  
 And high plesance, as I can best devise.

I have no woman suffisant certain  
 The chambres for to array in ordinance  
 After my lust, and therfore wolde I fain,  
 That thin were all swiche manere governances  
 Thou knowest eke of old all my plesance;  
 Though thin array be bad, and evil besey,  
 Do thou thy devoir at the leste wey.

Not only, lord, that I am glad (quod she)  
 To don your lust, but I desire also  
 You for to serve and please in my degree,

<sup>1</sup> Known.<sup>2</sup> Shaped, devised.

Withouten fainting, and shal evermo:  
 Ne never for no wele, ne for no wo,  
 Ne shal the goot withun myn herte stente  
 To love you best with all my trewe entente.

And with that word she gan the hows to light,<sup>1</sup>  
 And tables for to sette, and beddes make,  
 And peined hire to don all that she might,  
 Praying the chambereres for Goddes sake  
 To hasten hem, and faste swepe and chafe,  
 And she the moste servisable of all  
 Hath every chescire arrayed, and his hall.

Abouten unden<sup>2</sup> gan this cri alight,  
 That with him brought thise noble children away;  
 For which the peple ran to see the sight  
 Of hir array, so richely besey:  
 And than at erst amonges hem they sey,  
 That Walter was no fool, though that him leet  
 To change his wif; for it was for the best.

For she is fairer, as they demen all,  
 Than is Grisilde, and more tendre of age,  
 And fairer fruit betwene hem shulde fall,  
 And more pleasant for hire high linage:  
 Hire brother eke so faire was of visage,  
 That hem to seen the peple hath caught plesance,  
 Commending now the markis governance.

O stormy peple, unsead and ever untrewe,  
 And undiscrete, and changing as a fane,<sup>3</sup>  
 Delighting ever in rombel<sup>4</sup> that is newe,  
 For like the mone waken ye and wane:  
 Ay ful of clapping, dere ynough a jane,<sup>5</sup>  
 Your dome<sup>6</sup> is fals, your constance evil proveth,  
 A ful gret fool is he that on you leveth.<sup>7</sup>

Thus saiden sode folk in that citee,  
 Whan that the peple gased up and down:  
 For they were glad, right for the noveltee,

<sup>1</sup> Decorate.<sup>2</sup> Remour.<sup>3</sup> Judgment.<sup>4</sup> Nine o'clock.<sup>5</sup> A small coin, properly of Japan, i.e., Ginea.<sup>6</sup> Vane, weathercock.<sup>7</sup> Believeth.

To have a newe lady of hir toun.  
No more of this make I now mentioun,  
But to Grisilde agen I wol me dresse,  
And telle hire constance, and hire businessse.

Ful besy was Grisilde in every thing,  
That to the feste was appertinent;  
Right naught was she abaist<sup>1</sup> of hire clothing,  
Though it were rude, and somdel eke to-rent,  
But with glad chere to the yate<sup>2</sup> is went  
With other folk, to grete the markisesse,  
And after that doth forth hire businessse.

With so glad chere his gastes she receiveth,  
And conningly everich in his degree,  
That no defeaute no man apperceiveth,  
But ay they wondren what she mighte be,  
That in so poure array was for to see,  
And coude<sup>3</sup> swiche honour and reverence,  
And worthily they preisen hire prudence.

In all this mene while she ne stent  
This maide and eke hire brother to commend  
With all hire herte in ful benigwe entent,  
So wel, that no man coude hire preise amend:  
But at the last whan that thise lordes wend  
To sitten down to mete, he gan to call  
Grisilde, as she was besy in the hall.

Grisilde, (quod he, as it were in his play)  
How liketh thee my wif, and hire beautee?  
Right wel, my lord, quod she, for in good fay,  
A fairer saw I never non than she:  
I pray to God yeve you prosperitee;  
And so I hope, that he wol to you send  
Plesance ynowh unto your lives end.

O thing beseche I you and warne also,  
That ye ne prikke with no turmenting  
This tendre maiden as ye han do mo:<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ashamed.  
<sup>2</sup> Understood.

<sup>3</sup> Gode.  
<sup>4</sup> Mo.

For she is fostred in hire nourishing  
More tenderly, and to my supposing  
She mighte not adventure endure,  
As coude a poure<sup>1</sup> fostred creature.

And when this Walter saw hire patient,  
Hire glade chere, and no malice at all,  
And he so often hadde hire don offence,  
And she ay soke and constant as a wall,  
Continuing ever hire innocence over all,  
This sturdy markis gan his herte dresse  
To rewe<sup>2</sup> upon hire wifly stedefastnesse.

This is ynough, Grisilde min, quod he,  
Be now no more agast, ne evil afraid,  
I have thy faith and thy benigneite,  
As wel as ever woman was, assaid<sup>3</sup>  
I' gret estat, and pourellich arraied:  
Now know I, dere wif, thy stedefastnesse,  
And hire in armes toke, and gan to kesse.

And she for wonder toke of it no kepe;<sup>4</sup>  
She herde not what thing he to hire said:  
She ferde<sup>5</sup> as she had start out of a slepe,  
Til she out of hire masednesse<sup>6</sup> abraid.  
Grisilde, quod he, by God that for us deid,  
Thou art my wif, non other I ne have,  
Ne never had, as God my soule save.

This is thy doughter, which thou hast supposed  
To be my wif; that other faithfully  
Shal be min heir, as I have ay disposed;  
Thou bare hem of thy body trewely:  
At Boloigne have I kept hem prively:  
Take hem agen, for now maist thou not say,<sup>7</sup>  
That thou hast lorn non of thy children tway.

And folk, that otherwise han said of me,  
I warne hem wel, that I have don this dede  
For no malice, ne for no crueltee,  
But for to assay in thee thy womanhede:  
And not to sleepe my children (God forbede)

<sup>1</sup> Poorly.  
<sup>4</sup> In.

<sup>5</sup> Heed.

<sup>2</sup> Address to pity.  
<sup>6</sup> Feared.

<sup>3</sup> Tasted.  
<sup>7</sup> Surprised.



But for to kepe hem prively and still,  
Til I thy purpos knew, ~~and~~ all thy will.

Whan she this herd aswonne doun she falleth  
For pitous joye, and after hire swooning  
She both hire yonge children to hire calleth,  
And in hire armes pitously weping  
Embraceth hem, and tendrely kissing  
Ful like a moder with hire salte teares  
She bathed both hir visage and hir heres.

O, which a pitous thing it was to see  
Hire swooning, and hire humble vois to here!  
*Grand mercy*, lord, God thank it you (*quod she*)  
That ye han saved me my children dere:  
Now rekke<sup>1</sup> I never to be ded right here,  
Sin I stond in your love, and in your grace,  
No force of deth, ne whan my spirit pace.

O tendre, o dere, o yonge children mine,  
Your woful mother wened<sup>2</sup> stedfastly,  
That cruel boundes, or som foul vermine  
Had eten you; but God of his mercy,  
And your benigne fader tendrely  
Hath don you kepe: and in that same stound<sup>3</sup>  
Al sodenly she swapt<sup>4</sup> adoun to ground.

And in hire swough<sup>5</sup> so sadly holdeth she  
Hire children two, whan she gan hem embrace,  
That with gret sleight and gret difficultee  
The children from hire arm they gan arrace  
O! many a tere on many a pitous face  
Doun ran of hem that stoden hire beside,  
Unnethe abouten hire might they abide.

Walter hire gladeth,<sup>6</sup> and hire sorwe slaketh,  
She riseth up abashed from hire trance,  
And every wight hire joye and feste maketh,  
Til she hath caught agen hire contenance,  
Walter hire doth so faithfully plesance,  
That it was deintee for to seen the chere  
Betwix hem two, sin they ben met in fere.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Care.<sup>2</sup> Moment.<sup>3</sup> Gladness.<sup>4</sup> Fall.<sup>5</sup> Thought.<sup>6</sup> Swoon.<sup>7</sup> Together.

Thise ladies, whan that they hir<sup>1</sup> time sey,  
 Han taken hire, and into chambre gon,  
 And stripen hire out of hire rude arrey,  
 And in a cloth of gold that brighte shone,  
 With a coroune of many a riche stone  
 Upon hire hed, they into hall hire broughte:  
 And ther she was honoured as hire ought.

Thus hath this pitous day a blisful end;  
 For every man, and woman, doth his might  
 This day in mirth and revel to dispend,  
 Til on the welkin<sup>2</sup> shone the sterres bright:  
 For more solempne in every mannes sight  
 This feste was, and greter of costage,  
 Than was the revel of hire mariage.

Ful many a yere in high prosperitee  
 Liven thise two in concord and in rest,  
 And richely his doughter married he  
 Unto a lord, on of the worthiest  
 Of all Itaille, and than in pees and rest  
 His wives fader in his court he kepeth,  
 Til that the soule out of his body crepeth.

His sone succedeth in his heritage,  
 In rest and pees, after his fadres day:  
 And fortunat was eke in mariage,  
 Al<sup>3</sup> put he not his wif in gret assay:  
 This world is not so strong, it is no nay,  
 As it hath ben in olde times yore,  
 And herkneth, what this auctour saith therfore.

This story is said, not for that wives shuld  
 Folwe Grisilde, as in humilitee,  
 For it were importable,<sup>4</sup> tho they wold;  
 But for that every wight in his degree  
 Shulde be constant in adversitee,  
 As was Grisilde, therfore Petrark writeth  
 This storie, which with high stile he enditeth.

For sith a woman was so patient  
 Unto a mortal man, wel more we ought  
 Receiven all in gree<sup>5</sup> that God us sent.

<sup>1</sup> Their<sup>2</sup> Heaven.<sup>3</sup> Although.<sup>4</sup> Unbearable.<sup>5</sup> Given.

For gret skill is he prove that he wrought;  
But he ne tempteth no man that he bought,  
As saith seint Jame, if ye his pistell<sup>1</sup> rede;  
He preveth folk al day, it is no drede:

And suffreth us, as for our exercise,  
With sharpe scourges of adversitee  
Ful often to be bete in sondry wise;  
Not for to know our will, for certes he  
Or we were borne, knew all our freeltee;<sup>2</sup>  
And for our best is all his governance;  
Let us than live in vertuous suffraunce.

But o<sup>3</sup> word, lordings, herkeneth, or I go  
It were ful hard to finden now adayes  
In all a tonn Grisildes three or two:  
For if that they were put to swiche assayes,  
The gold of hem hath now so bad slayes<sup>4</sup>  
With bras, that though the coine be faire at eye,  
It wolde rather brast atwo<sup>5</sup> than plie.<sup>6</sup>

For which here, for the wives love of Batha,  
Whos lif and al hire secte God maintene  
In high maistrie, and elles were it scathe,  
I wol with lusty herte fresshe and grene,  
Say you a song to gladen you, I wene:  
And let us stint of<sup>7</sup> earnestful matere.  
Herkeneth my song, that saith in this manere.

Grisilde is ded, and eke hire patience,  
And both at ones buried in Itaille:  
For which I crie in open audience,  
No wedded man so hardy be to assaille  
His wives patience, in trust<sup>8</sup> to find  
Grisildes, for in certain he shal faille.

O noble wives, ful of high prudence,  
Let non humilitee your tonges naile:  
Ne let no clerk have cause or diligence  
To write of you a storie of swiche mervaille,

<sup>1</sup> Epistle.<sup>2</sup> One.<sup>3</sup> Yield.<sup>4</sup> Alloy.<sup>5</sup> Cease from.<sup>6</sup> Frailty.<sup>7</sup> Burst in two.<sup>8</sup> In hope.

As of Grisildis patient and kinde,  
 Last Chichevache<sup>1</sup> you swalwe in hire entraille.

Folweth ecco,<sup>2</sup> that holdeth no silence,  
 But ever answereth at the countretaille;<sup>3</sup>  
 Beth not bedaffed<sup>4</sup> for your innocence,  
 But sharply taketh on you the governaille;  
 Emprinteth wel this lesson in your minde,  
 For comun profit, sith it may availle.

Ye archewives, stondeþ ay at defence,  
 Sin ye be strong, as is a gret camaille,<sup>5</sup>  
 Ne suffreth not, that men do you offence.  
 And sclendre wives, feble as in bataille,  
 Beth egre as is a tigre yond in Inde;  
 Ay clappeth<sup>6</sup> as a mill, I you counsaile.

Ne drede hem not, doth hem no reverence,  
 For though thin husbond armed be in maille,  
 The arwes of thy crabbed eloquence  
 Shal perce his brest, and eke his aventaille.<sup>7</sup>  
 In jalousie I rede eke thou him binde,  
 And thou shalt make him couche as doth a quaille.

If thou be faire, ther<sup>8</sup> folk ben in presence  
 Shew thou thy visage, and thin apparaille:  
 If thou be foule, be free of thy dispence,  
 To get thee frendes ay do thy travaille:

<sup>1</sup> This excellent reading is restored upon the authority of the best MSS. instead of the common one, *Chichevache*. The allusion is to the subject of an old ballad, which is still preserved in MS. *Hart* 2751. fol. 270. b. It is a kind of pageant, in which two beasts are introduced, called *Bycorne* and *Chichevache*. The first is supposed to feed upon obedient husbands, and the other upon patient wives; and the humour of the piece consists in representing *Bycorne* as pampered with a superfluity of food, and *Chichevache* as half starved.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>2</sup> Echo.

<sup>3</sup> A tally, answering exactly to the other.

<sup>4</sup> Fooled.

<sup>5</sup> Camel.

<sup>6</sup> Talk, rattle.

<sup>7</sup> The forepart of the armour. Sk. He deduces it from *avant*. But *aventaille* was the common name for that aperture in a close helmet through which the wearer was to breathe, Nicot, in v.; so that perhaps *aventaille* meant originally an helmet with such an aperture; see *avant* & *aventaille*.

<sup>8</sup> Where.

Be ay of chere as light as lefe on linde,  
And let him care, and wepe, and wringe, and waille.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Tyrwhitt has the following remarks, which deserve notice: Beside the MSS. C. I. Ask. I. 2, and others, we have the authority of both Jaxton's Editt. for concluding the *Clerk's Tale* in this manner. I say nothing of the two Editt. by Fynewson, as they are mere copies of Jaxton's second. But I must not conceal a circumstance, which seems to contradict the supposition that the *Merchant's Prologue* followed immediately. In those same MSS. the following stanza is interpolated:—

This worthy Clerk when ended was his tale,  
Our Hoste aside and swore by cockes bones,  
Me were lever than a barrel of ale  
My wif at home had herd this legend once;  
This is a gentil tale for the nones,  
As to my purpos, wiste ye my wille,  
But thing that wel not be, let it be stille.

Whatever may be thought of the genuineness of these lines, they can at best, in my opinion, be considered as a fragment of an unfinished prologue, which Chaucer might once have intended to place at the end of the *Clerk's tale*. When he determined to connect that tale with the *Merchant's* in another manner, he may be supposed, notwithstanding, to have left this stanza for the present uncanceled in his MS. He has made use of the thought, and some of the lines, in the Prologue which connects the *Mentor's Tale* with *Malice*, ver. 13885--13906.

## THE MARCHANTES PROLOGUE

9089-9120.

WEPING and wailing, care and other sorwe  
 I have ynough, on even and on morwe,  
 Quod the marchant, and so have other mo,  
 That wedded ben; I trowe that it be so:  
 For wel I wot it fareth so by me.  
 I have a wif, the werste that may be,  
 For though the fend to hire ycoupled were,  
 She wolde him overmatche I dare wel swere.  
 What shulde I you reherse in special  
 Hire high malice? she is a shrew at al.<sup>1</sup>

Ther is a long and a large difference  
 Betwix Grisil les grete patience,  
 And of my wif the passing crueltee.  
 Were I unbounden, all so mote I the,  
 I wolde never eft<sup>2</sup> comen in the snare.  
 We wedded men live in sorwe and care,  
 Assay it who so wol, and he shal finde  
 That I say soth, by seint Thomas of Inde,  
 As for the more part, I say not alle;  
 God shilde that it shulde so befallie.

A, good sire hoste, I have ywedded be  
 Thise monethes two, and more not parde;  
 And yet I trowe that he, that all his lif  
 Wifles hath ben, though that men wolde him  
 Into the herte, ne coude in no manere  
 Tellen so much sorwe, as I you here  
 Coud tellen of my wives cursednesse.

Now, quod our hoste, marchant, so God ye  
 Sin ye so mochel knowen of that art,  
 Ful hertely I pray you tell us part.

Gladly, quod he, but of min owen sore  
 For sory herte I tellen may no more.

<sup>1</sup> In all respects.<sup>2</sup> Again.<sup>3</sup> Threat thine.

## The Marchantes Tale.

9121-9152.

WHILOM ther was dwelling in Lombardie  
 A worthy knight, that born was at Pavis  
 In which he lived in gret prosperitee;  
 And sixty yere a wifes man was he,  
 And folwed ay his bodily delit  
 On women, ther as was his appetit,  
 As don thise fooles that ben seculere.  
 And whan that he was passed sixty yere,  
 Were it for holinesse or for dotage,  
 I cannot sain, but swiche a gret corage  
 Hadde this knight to ben a wedded man,  
 That day and night he doth all that he can  
 To espien, wher that he might wedded be;  
 Praying our lord to granten him, that he  
 Mighte ones knowen of that blisful lit,  
 That is betwix an husbond and his wif,  
 And for to live under that holy bond,  
 With which God firste man and woman bond.  
 Non other lif (said he) is worth a bene:  
 For wedlok is so esy and so clene,  
 That in this world it is a paradise.  
 Thus saith this olde knight, that was so wise.  
 And certainly, as soth as God is king,  
 To take a wif, it is a glorious thing,  
 And namely whan a man is old and hore,<sup>1</sup>  
 Than is a wif the fruit of his tresore;  
 Than shuld he take a yong wif and a faire,  
 On which he might engendren him an heire  
 And lede his lif in joye and in solas,  
 Wheras thise bachelers singen alas,  
 Whan that they finde any adversitee  
 In love, which n'is but childish vanitee.

<sup>1</sup> Heavy, grey.

And trewely it sit wel to be so,  
 That bachelers have often peine and wo:  
 On brotel ground they bilde, and brotelnesse  
 They finden, whan they wenen<sup>1</sup> sikernessee:  
 They live but as a bird or as a beste,  
 In libertee and under non arreste,  
 Ther as a wedded man in his estat  
 Liveth a lit blisful and ordinat,  
 Under the yoke of mariage ybound:  
 Wel may his herte in joye and blisse abound.  
 For who can be so buxom<sup>2</sup> as a wif?  
 Who is so trewe and eke so ententif  
 To kepe him, sike and hole,<sup>3</sup> as is his make?<sup>4</sup>  
 For wele or wo she n'ill him not forsake:  
 She n'is not wery him to love and serve,  
 Though that he lie bedrede<sup>5</sup> til that he starve.<sup>6</sup>

And yet som clerkes sain, it is not so,  
 Of which he Theophrast is on of tho:  
 What foren though Theophrast list for to he?

Ne take no wif, quod he, for husbondrie,  
 As for to spare in houshold thy dispence:  
 A trewe servant doth more diligence  
 Thy good to kepe, than doth thin owen wif,  
 For she wol claimen half part al hire lif.  
 And if that thou be sike, so God me save,  
 Thy veray frendes or a trewe knave  
 Wol kepe thee bet than she, that waiteth ay  
 After thy good, and hath don many a day.

This sentence, and an hundred things werre  
 Writeth this man ther God his bones curse.  
 But take no kepe of al swiche vanitee,  
 Defieth Theophrast, and herkeneth me.

A wif is Goddes yeste veraily;  
 All other maner yestes hardely,  
 As londes, rentes, pasture, or commune,<sup>7</sup>  
 Or mebles,<sup>8</sup> all ben yestes of fortune,  
 That passen as a shadow on the wall:  
 But drode<sup>9</sup> thou not, if plainly speke I shal,  
 A wif wol last and in thin hous endure,  
 Wel longer than thee list paraventure.

<sup>1</sup> Suppose.<sup>2</sup> Obedient, faithful.<sup>3</sup> Ill or well.<sup>4</sup> Make.<sup>5</sup> Bedridden.<sup>6</sup> Die.<sup>7</sup> Common-land, I suppose.<sup>8</sup> Moveables.<sup>9</sup> Dote.

Marriage is a ful gret sacrament;  
 He which that hath no wif I hold him chent;<sup>1</sup>  
 He liveth helples, and all desolat:  
 (I speke of folk in secular estat)  
 And herkeneth why, I say not this for nought,  
 That woman is for mannes helpe ywrought.  
 The highe God, whan he had Adam makid,  
 And saw him al alone belly naked,  
 God of his grete goodnesse saide than,  
 Let us now make an helpe unto this man  
 Like to himself, and than he made him Eve.

Here may ye see, and hereby may ye prove,  
 That a wif is mannes helpe and his comfort,  
 His paradis terrestre and his disport;  
 So buxom and so vertuous is she,  
 They mosten nedes live in unites:  
 O flesh they ben, and o flesh, as I gesse,  
 Hath but on herte in wele and in distresse.

A wif! a! seinte Marie, *benedicite*,  
 How might a man have any adversite  
 That hath a wif! certes I cannot seye.  
 The blisse the which that is betwix hem tweye  
 Ther may no tonge telle or herte think.  
 If he be poure, she helpeth him to swinke;  
 She kepeth his good, and wasteth never a del;  
 All that hire husbond doth, hire liketh wel;  
 She saith not ones nay, whan he saith ye;  
 Do this, saith he; al redy, sire, saith she.

O blisful ordre, o wedlok precious,  
 Thou art so mery, and eke so vertuous,  
 And so commended, and approved eke,  
 That every man that holt<sup>2</sup> him worth a leke,  
 Upon his bare knees ought all his lif  
 Thanken his God, that him hath sent a wif,  
 Or elles pray to God him for to send  
 A wif, to last unto his lives end.  
 For than his lif is set in sikernes,<sup>3</sup>  
 He may not be deceived, as I gesse,  
 So that he werche after his wives rede;  
 Than may he boldly beren up his hede,  
 They ben so trewe, and therwithal so wise.  
 For which, if thou wilt werchen as the wise,

<sup>1</sup> *Reined.*<sup>2</sup> *Hold.*<sup>3</sup> *Sickness.*

Do alway so, as women wol thee rede.

Lo how that Jacob, as thim clerkis rede,  
By good counsell of his mother Rebekke  
Bounde the kiddes skin about his nakke;  
For which his fadres bannoun he was.

Lo Judith, as the storie eke tell can,  
By good counsell she Goddes peple kept,  
And slow him Holofernes while he slept.

Lo Abigail, by good counsell how she  
Saved hire husband Nabal, when that he  
Shuld han be slain. And loke, Hester also  
By good counsell delivered out of we  
The peple of God, and made him Mardochee  
Of Assuere enhauused for to be.

Ther a'is no thing in gree superlatif  
(As saith Senek) above an humble wif.  
Suffer thy wives tonge, as Caton bit,<sup>1</sup>  
She shal command, and thou shalt suffer it,  
And yet she wol obey of curtesie.

A wif is keper of thun husbandrie:  
Wel may the sike man bewaile and wepe,  
Ther as ther is<sup>2</sup> no wif the hous to kepe.  
I warne thee, if wisely thou wilt werche,  
Love wel thy wif, as Crist loveth his church  
If thou lovest thyself, love thou thy wif.  
No man hateth his flesh, but in his lif  
He fostreth it, and therefore bid I thee  
Cherish thy wif, or thou shalt never the.<sup>3</sup>  
Husband and wif, what so men jape or play,  
Of worldly folk holden the siker way:  
They ben so knit, ther<sup>4</sup> may non harm betide,  
And namely upon the wives side.

For which this January, of whom I told,  
Considered hath within his dayes old  
The lusty lif, the vertuous quite,  
That is in mariage hony-swete.  
And for his frendes on a day he sent  
To tellen hem th' effect of his entent.

With face sad, his tale he hath hem told:  
He sayde, frendes, I am here and old,

<sup>1</sup> Biddeth, cf. Cato, *Distich.* III. 25. "Uxoris linguam, et frugis est, bene memento."

<sup>2</sup> I.e., where there is.

<sup>3</sup> Thine.

<sup>4</sup> Them.

And almost (God wot) on my pitten brinke,  
 Upon my soule somewhat most I thinke.  
 I have my body folily<sup>1</sup> dispended,  
 Blessed be God that it shal ben amended:  
 For I wol ben certain a wedded man,  
 And that anon in all the hast I can.  
 Unto som maiden, faire and tendre of age,  
 I pray you shapeth for my mariage  
 All sodenly, for I wol not abide:  
 And I wol fonde<sup>2</sup> to espie on my side,  
 To whom I may be wedded hastily.  
 But for as moche as ye ben more than I,  
 Ye shullen rather swiche a thing espie  
 Than I, and whar me beste were to allien.

But o thing warn I you, my frendes dere,  
 I wol non old wif han in no manere:  
 She shal not passen twenty yere certain.  
 Old fish and yonge flesh wold I have fain.  
 Bet is (quod he) a pike than a pikerel,  
 And bet than old beef is the tendre veel.  
 I wol no woman thirty yere of age,  
 It is but benestraw and gret forage.  
 And eke thise olde widewes (God it wote)  
 They connen so moch craft on Wades bote,<sup>3</sup>  
 So mochel broken harm whan that hem lest,  
 That with hem shuld I never live in rest.  
 For sondry scoles maken subtil clerkes;  
 Woman of many scoles half a clerk is.  
 But certainly, a yong thing men may gie,  
 Right as men may warm wax with handes plie,<sup>4</sup>  
 Wherefore I say you plainly in a clause,  
 I wol non old wif han right for this cause.

For if so were I hadde swiche meschance,  
 That I in hire no coude have no plesance,  
 Than shuld I lede my lif in avoutrie,<sup>5</sup>  
 And so streight to the devil whan I die.  
 Ne children shuld I non upon hire geten:  
 Yet were me lever houndes had me eten,  
 Than that min heritage shulde fall  
 In straunge houndes: and this I tell you all.

<sup>1</sup> Foolishly.

<sup>2</sup> Try.

<sup>3</sup> *Travail and Cress.* III. 615, the words "a tale of Wade" are put to evoke some romantic history. Tyrwhitt confesses he cannot explain the present allusion.

<sup>4</sup> Bending, moulding.

<sup>5</sup> Adultery.

I dote not, I wot the cause why  
 Men shulden wedde: and furthermore wot I,  
 Ther speketh many a man of mariage,  
 That wot no more of it than wot my page,  
 For which causes a man shuld take a wif,  
 If he ne may not liven chaat his lif,  
 Take him a wif with gret devotion,  
 Because of leful procreation  
 Of children, to the honour of God above,  
 And not only for paramour or love;  
 And for they shulden lecharie eschue,  
 And yeld hir dette whan that it is due:  
 Or for that eche of hem shuld helpan other  
 In meschefe, as a suster shal the brother,  
 And live in chastitee ful holily.

But, sires, (by your leve) that am not I,  
 For God be thanked, I dare make avaunt,  
 I fele my limmes stark and suffisant  
 To don all that a man belongeth to:  
 I wot myselfen best what I may do.  
 Though I be hoor, I fare as doth a tre,  
 That bloometh er the fruit ywoxen be;  
 The blommy tre n'is neither drie ne ded:  
 I fele me no wher hoor but on my hed.  
 Min herte and all my limmes ben as grene,  
 As laurer thurgh the yere is for to sene.  
 And sin that ye han herd all min entent,  
 I pray you to my will ye wolde assent.

Diverse men diversely him told  
 Of mariage many ensamples old;  
 Som blamed it, som praised it certain;  
 But atte laste, shortly for to sein,  
 (As all day falleth altercation  
 Betwixen frendes in disputison)  
 Ther fell a strif betwix his brethren two,  
 Of which that on was cleped Placebo,  
 Justinus sothly called was that other.

Placebo sayd; O January brother,  
 Ful litel node han ye, my lord so dere,  
 Conseil to aske of any that is here:  
 But that ye ben so ful of sapience,  
 That you ne liketh for your high prudence  
 To weiven<sup>1</sup> fro the word of Salomon.  
 This word sayd he unto us everich on;

<sup>1</sup> Depart.

Werke alle thing by conseil, thus sayd he,  
 And than ne shalt thou not repenten thee.  
 But though that Salomon spake swiche a word,  
 Min owen dere brother and my lord,  
 So wisly God my soule bringe at rest,  
 I hold your owen conseil is the best.

For, brother min, take of me this motif,  
 I have now ben a court-man all my lif,  
 And God it wot, though I unworthy be,  
 I have stonden in ful gret degree  
 Abouten lordes of ful high estat:  
 Yet had I never with non of hem debat,  
 I never hem contraried trewely.  
 I wot wel that my lord can more than I;  
 What that he saith, I hold it firme and stable,  
 I say the same, or elles thing semblable.  
 A ful gret fool is any conseilour,  
 That serveth any lord of high honour,  
 That dare presume, or ones thinken it,  
 That his conseil shuld passe his lordes wit.  
 Nay, lordes be no fooles by my fay.  
 Ye han yourselven shewed here to-day  
 So high sentence, so holily, and wel,  
 That I consent, and confirme every del  
 Your wordes all, and your opinioun.  
 By God ther n'is no man in all this town  
 Ne in Itaille, coud bet han ysayd:  
 Crist holt him of this conseil wel apaid.  
 And trewely it is an high corage  
 Of any man that stopen is in age,  
 To take a young wif, by my fader kin:  
 Your herte hongeth on a joly pin.

Doth now in this matere right as you lest,  
 For finally I hold it for the best.

Justinus, that ay stille sat and herd,  
 Right in this wise he to Placebo answerd.  
 Now, brother min, be patient I pray,  
 Sin ye han said, and herkneth what I say.

Senek among his other wordes wise  
 Saith, that a man ought him right wel avise,  
 To whom he yeveth his lond or his catel,<sup>1</sup>  
 And sith I ought avisen me right wel,

<sup>1</sup> Goods.

To whom I yave my good away fro me,  
 Wel more I ought a visen me, parde,  
 To whom I yave my body: for alway  
 I warne you wel it is no childes play  
 To take a wif without avisement.  
 Men must enqueren (this is min assent)  
 Wheder she be wise and sobre, or dronkelewe,  
 Or proud, or elles other waies a shrew,  
 A chidester, or a wastour of thy good,  
 Or riche or poure, or elles a man is wood.  
 Al be it so, that no man finden shal  
 Non in this world, that trotteth hol' in al,  
 Ne man, ne beste, swiche as men can devise,  
 But natheles it ought ynough suffice  
 With any wif, if so were that she had  
 Mo goode thewes,<sup>1</sup> than hire vices bad:  
 And all this axeth leiser to enquire.  
 For God it wot, I have wept many a tere  
 Ful prively, sin that I had a wif.  
 Praise who so wol a wedded mannes lif,  
 Certain I find in it but cost and care,  
 And observances of alle bliesses bare.  
 And yet, God wot, my neighebour aboute,  
 And namely<sup>2</sup> of women many a route,<sup>3</sup>  
 Sain that I have the moste stedefast wif,  
 And eke the mekest on that bereth lif.  
 But I wot best, wher wringeth<sup>4</sup> me my sho.  
 Ye may for me right as you liketh do.  
 Aviseth you, ye ben a man of age,  
 How that ye entren into mariage;  
 And namely with a yong wif and a faire.  
 By him that made water, fire, erthe, and aire,  
 The yongest man, that is in all this route,  
 Is besy ynow to bringen it aboute  
 To han his wif alone, trusteth me:  
 Ye shul not plesen hire fully yeres thre,  
 This is to sain, to don hire ful plesance.  
 A wif axeth ful many an observance.  
 I pray you that ye be not evil apaid.  
 Wel, quod this January, and hast thou saide'  
 Straw for Senek, and straw for thy proverbes,  
 I counte not a panier ful of herbes

<sup>1</sup> Whole, sound.<sup>2</sup> Especially.<sup>3</sup> Company.<sup>4</sup> Quoth<sup>5</sup> Pinch

Of scole termes; wiser men than thou,  
As thou hast herd, assented here right now  
To my purpos: Placebo, what saye ye?

I say it is a cursed man, quod he,  
That letteth matrimoine sikerly.<sup>1</sup>  
And with that word they risen sodenly,  
And ben assented fully, that he sholde  
Be wedded whan him list, and wher he wolde.

High fantasie and curious besinesse  
Fro day to day gan in the soule empressse  
Of January about his mariage.  
Many a faire shap, and many a faire viage  
Ther passeth thurgh his herte night by night.  
As who so toke a mirrour polished bright,  
And set it in a comune market place,  
Than shuld he see many a figure pace  
By his mirrour, and in the same wise  
Gan January in with his thought devise  
Of maidens, which that dwelten him beside:  
He wiste not wher that he might abide.  
For if that on have beautee in hire face,  
Another stont so in the peples grace  
For hire sadnesse<sup>2</sup> and hire benignitee,  
That of the peple the gretest vois hath she:  
And som were riche and hadden a bad name.  
But natheles, betwix earnest and game,  
He at the last appointed him on on,  
And let all other from his herte gon,  
And chees hire of his owen auctoritee,  
For love is blind all day, and may not see.  
And whan that he was in his bed ybrought,  
He purtreied in his herte and in his thought  
Hire freshe beautee, and hire age tendre,  
Hire middel smal, hire armes long and selendre,  
Hire wise governance, hire gentillesse,  
Hire womanly bering, and hire sadnesse.

And whan that he on hire was condescended,  
Him thought his choys it might not ben amended;  
For whan that he himself coucluded had,  
Him thought eche other mannes wit so bad,  
That impossible it were to replie  
Again his choys; this was his fantasie.

<sup>1</sup> Entirely.

<sup>2</sup> Seriousness.

His frendes sent he to, at his instance,  
And praied hem to don him that plesance,  
That hastily they wolden to him come ;  
He wolde abregge hir labour all and some :  
Neded no more to hem to go ne ride,  
He was appointed ther he wolde abide.

Placebo came, and eke his frendes sone,  
And alderfirst he bade hem all a bone,<sup>1</sup>  
That non of hem non argumentes make  
Again the purpos that he hath ytake :  
Which purpos was plesant to God (said he)  
And veray ground of his prosperitee.

He said, ther was a maiden in the toun,  
Which that of beautee hadde gret renoun,  
Al were it so, she were of smal degree,  
Sufficeth him hire youth and hire beautee :  
Which maid (he said) he wold han to his wif  
To lede in ese and holinesse his lif :  
And thanked God, that he might han hire all,  
That no wight with his blame parten shall :  
And praied hem to labour in this nede,  
And shapen that he faille not to spede.  
For than, he sayd, his spirit was at ese ;  
Than is (quod he) nothing may me displese,  
Save o thing pricketh in my conscience,  
The which I wol reherse in your presence.

I have (quod he) herd said ful yore ago,  
Ther may no man han parfite blisses two,  
This is to say, in erthe and eke in heven.  
For though he kepe him fro the sinnes seven,  
And eke from every branch of thilke tree,  
Yet is ther so parfit felicitye,  
And so gret ese and lust in mariage,  
That ever I am agast now in min age,  
That I shal leden now so mery a lif,  
So delicat, withouten wo or strif,  
That I shal han min heven in erthe here.  
For ain that veray heven is bought so dere  
With tribulation and gret penance,  
How shuld I than, living in swiche plesance  
As alle wedded men don with hir wives,  
Come to the blame, ther Crist eterne on live is?

<sup>1</sup> Begged of them a boon.

This is my drede, and ye, my brethren twide,  
 Amcoileth<sup>1</sup> me this question I preie.

Justinus, which that hated his folie,  
 Answerd anon right in his japerie;  
 And for he wold his longe tale abrage,  
 He wolde non auctoritee allege,  
 But sayde, sire, so ther be non obstacle  
 Other than this, God of his his miracle,  
 And of his mercy may so for you werche,  
 That er ye have your rights of holy cherche,  
 Ye may repent of wedded mannes lif,  
 In which ye sain ther is no wo ne strif:  
 And elles God forbede, but if he sent  
 A wedded man his grace him to repent  
 Wel often, rather than a single man.  
 And therefore, sire, the best rede<sup>2</sup> that I can,  
 Despeire you not, but haveth in memorie,  
 Paraventure she may be your purgatorie;  
 She may be Goddes niene and Goddes whippe;  
 Than shal your soule up unto heven skippe  
 Swifter than doth an arow of a bow.  
 I hope to God hereafter ye shal know,  
 That ther n'is non so gret felicitee  
 In mariage, ne never more shal be,  
 That you shal let of<sup>3</sup> your salvation,  
 So that ye use, as skill is and reson,  
 The lustes of your wif attemprely,  
 And that ye plesse hire nat to amorously:  
 And that ye kepe you eke from other sinna.  
 My tale is don, for my wit is but thinna.  
 Beth not agast hereof, my brother dere,  
 But let us waden out of this matere.  
 The wif of Bathe, if ye han understonde,  
 Of mariage, which ye now han in honde,  
 Declared hath ful wel in litel space:  
 Fareth now wel, God have you in his grace.

And with this word this Justine and his brother  
 Han take hir leve, and eche of hem of other.  
 And whan they saw that it must nedes be,  
 They wroughten so by sleighte and wise tretes,  
 That she this maiden, which that Maius hight,  
 As hastily as ever that she might,

<sup>1</sup> Absolve, answer.<sup>2</sup> Advice.<sup>3</sup> Let.

Shal wedded be unto this January.  
 I trow it were to longe you to tary,  
 If I you told of every script and bond,  
 By which that she was feoffed<sup>1</sup> in his lond;  
 Or for to rekken of hire rich array.  
 But finally ycomen is the day,  
 That to the chirche bothe ben they went,  
 For to receive the holy sacrament.  
 Forth cometh the preest, with stole about his neck  
 And bade hire be like Sara and Rebekke,  
 In wisdome and in trouthe of mariage:  
 And sayd his orisons, as is usage,  
 And crouched<sup>2</sup> hem, and bade God shuld hem bless  
 And make all siker<sup>3</sup> ynow with holynesse.

Thus ben they wedded with solempnitee:  
 And at the feste sitteth he and she  
 With other worthy folk upon the deis.<sup>4</sup>  
 Al ful of joye and blisse is the paleis,  
 And ful of instrumenta, and of vitaille,  
 The mooste deinteous of all Itaille.  
 Beforn hem stood swiche instruments of sound,  
 That Orpheus, ne of Thebes Amphion,  
 Ne maden never swiche a melodie.  
 At every cours in came loude ministralcie,  
 That never Joab tromped for to here,  
 Ne he<sup>5</sup> Theodomas yet half so clere  
 At Thebes, whan the citee was in doute.  
 Bacchus the win hem skinketh<sup>6</sup> al aboute,  
 And Venus laugheth upon every wight,  
 (For January was become hire knight,  
 And wolde bothe assaien his corage  
 In libertee, and eke in mariage)  
 And with hire firebrond in hire hond aboute  
 Danceth before the bride and all the route.  
 And certainly I dare right wel say this,  
 Ymeneus, that God of wedding is,  
 Saw never his lif so mery a wedded man.  
 Hold thou thy peece, thou poet Marcian,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Feod, dowered.

<sup>2</sup> Signed them with the cross

<sup>3</sup> Sure, fast.

<sup>4</sup> Dais.

<sup>5</sup> The pronoun *he* is used emphatically. Theodomas was probably celebrated trumpeter in some "romantic history" of Thebes, to which the poet alludes.

<sup>6</sup> Pourth out, maketh flow freely.

<sup>7</sup> Marcianus Capella

That writest us that ilke wedding mery  
Of hire Philologie and him Mercurie,  
And of the songes that the Muses songe:  
To smal is both thy pen and eke thy tonge  
For to descriven of this mariage.

Whan tendre youth hath wedded stouping age,  
Ther is swiche mirth that it may not be writen;  
Assaieth it yourself, than may ye witen  
If that I lie or non in this matere.

Maius, that sit with so benigne a chere,  
Hire to behold it semed faerie,  
Quene Hester loked never with swiche an eye  
On Assuere, so meke a look hath she,  
I may you not devise all hire beautee;  
But thus moch of hire beautee tell I may,  
That she was like the brighte morwe of May  
Fulfilled of all beautee, and plesance.

This January is ravished in a trance,  
At every time he loketh in hire face,  
But in his herte he gan hire to manace,  
That he that night in armes wold hire streine  
Harder than ever Paris did Heleine.  
But natheles yet had he gret pitee  
That thilke night offenden hire must he,  
And thought, alas, o tendre creature,  
Now wolde God ye mighten wel endure  
All my corage, it is so sharpe and kene;  
I am agast ye shal it nat sustene.  
But God forbede, that I did all my might.  
Now wolde God that it were waxen night,  
And that the night wold lasten ever mo.  
I wold that all this peple were ago.  
And finally he doth all his labour,  
As he best mighte, saving his honour,  
To haste hem fro the mete<sup>1</sup> in subtil wise.

The time came that reson was to rise,  
And after that men dance, and drinken fast,  
And spices all about the hous they cast,  
And ful of joye and blisse is every man,  
All but a squier, that highte Damian,  
Which carf beforn the knight ful many a dav:  
He was so ravisht on his lady May,

<sup>1</sup> From the banquet.

That for the veray peine he was nie wood;<sup>1</sup>  
 Almost he swelt, and swouned ther he stood:  
 So sore hath Venus hurt him with hire brond,  
 As that she bare it dancing in hire hond.  
 And to his bed he went him hastily;  
 No more of him as at t<sup>2</sup> . . . speke I;  
 But ther I let him wep<sup>3</sup> . . . and plaine,  
 Till freshe May wol rew<sup>4</sup> . . . is peine.  
 O perilous fire, that in<sup>5</sup> . . . dstraw bredeth!  
 O famuler fo,<sup>6</sup> that his<sup>7</sup> . . . edeth!<sup>8</sup>  
 O servant traitour, false of<sup>9</sup> . . . hewe,<sup>10</sup>  
 Like to the nedder<sup>11</sup> in bosca<sup>12</sup> . . . is untrewa,  
 God shelde us alle from yon<sup>13</sup> . . . quaintance!  
 O January, dronken in ples<sup>14</sup> . . .  
 Of mariage, see how thy Da<sup>15</sup> . . .  
 Thin owen aquier and thy boua man,  
 Entendeth for to do thee vilanie:  
 God grante thee thin homly fo to espie,  
 For in this world n'is werse pestilence,  
 Than homly fo, all day in thy presence.  
 Performed bath the sonne his arke diurne,  
 No longer may the body of him sojourne  
 On the orizont, as in that latitude:  
 Night with his mantel, that is derke and rude,  
 Gan oversprede the Hemisperie aboute:  
 For which departed is this lusty route  
 Fro January, with thank on every side.  
 Home to hir houses lustily they ride,  
 Ther as they don hir thinges, as her<sup>16</sup> lest,  
 And whan they saw hir time gon<sup>17</sup> to rest.  
 Sone after that this hastif January  
 Wol go to bed, he wol no longer tary.  
 He drinketh Ipocras, clarre, and vernage<sup>18</sup>  
 Of spices hot, to encreasen his corage:

<sup>1</sup> Mad.<sup>2</sup> Domestic foe.<sup>3</sup> Proffeth.<sup>4</sup> Cf. vs. 12355. "under hewe of boldnesse."<sup>5</sup> Adder.<sup>6</sup> Time for them to go.

<sup>7</sup> The Vernage, whatever may have been the reason of its name, was probably a wine of Crete, or of the neighbouring continent. Froissart v. iv. c. 18. De l'isle de Candie il leur venoit tresbonnes malvoies et grenaches (i. e. gervaches) dont ils estoient largement servis et confortes. Our author in another place, var. 13000, 1. joins together the wines of Malvoie and Vernage. Malvasia was a town upon the eastern coast of the Morea, near the site of the ancient Epidaurus (Lamara) within a small distance from Crete.—Tyrwhitt.

And many a letnarie had he ful fine,  
Swiche as the cursed monk dan<sup>1</sup> Constantine  
Hath written in his book *de Coitu*;

To ete hem all he wolde nothing eschue;  
And to his priuee frendes thus sayd he:

For Goddes love, as sone as it may be,  
Let voiden all this hous in curteis wise.  
And they han don right as he wol devise.

Men drinken, and the travers drawe anon;  
The bride is brought a-bed as still as ston;  
And whan the bed was with the preest yblessed,  
Out of the chambre hath every wight him dressed,  
And January hath fast in armes take  
His freshe May, his paradis, his make.  
He lulleth hire, he kisseth hire ful oft;  
With thicke bristles of his berd unsoft,  
Like to the skin of houndfish, sharp as brere,  
(For he was shave al newe in his manere)  
He rubbeth hire upon hire tondre face,  
And sayde thus; Alas! I mote trespass  
To you, my spouse, and you gretly offend,  
Or time come that I wol doun descend.  
But natheles considereth this (quod he)  
Ther n'is no werkman, whatsoever he be,  
That may both werken wel and hastily:  
This wol be don at leiser parfity.  
It is no force how longe that we play;  
In trewe wedlok coupled be we tway;  
And blessed be the yoke that we ben inne,  
For in our actes may ther be no sinne.  
A man may do no sinne with his wif,  
Ne hurt himselfen with his owen knif:  
For we have leve to play us by the lawe.

Thus laboureth he, til that the day gan dawne,  
And than he taketh a sop in fine clarre,  
And upright in his bed than sitteth he.  
And after that he sang ful loud and clere,  
And kist his wif, and maketh wanton chere.  
He was al coltish, ful of ragerie,  
And ful of jergon, as a flecked pie.  
The slakke skin about his necke shaketh,  
While that he sang, so chanteth he and craketh.

<sup>1</sup> Lord, master, a corruption of Dominus. So Dom is still used in France.



But God wot what that May thought in hire herte  
When she him saw up sitting in his sherte  
In his night cap, and with his necke lene:  
She praiseth not his playing worth a benne.  
Then sayd he thus; my reste wol I take  
Now day is come, I may no longer wake;  
And down he layd his hed and slept til prime.  
And afterward, when that he saw his tyme,  
Up riseth January, but freshe May  
Held hire in chambre til the fourthe day,  
As usage is of wives for the beste.  
For every labour sometime moote han reste,  
Or elles longe may he not endure;  
This is to say, no lives creature,  
Be it of fish, or brid, or best, or man.

Now wol I speke of woful Damian,  
That langueth<sup>1</sup> for love, as ye shul here;  
Therefore I speke to him in this manere.  
I say, O sely Damian, alas!  
Answer to this demand, as in this case,  
How shalt thou to thy lady freshe May  
Tellen thy wo? She wol alway say nay;  
Eke if thou speke, she wol thy wo bewrein;<sup>2</sup>  
God be thin help, I can no better sein.

This sike Damian in Venus fire  
So brennoth, that he dieth for desire;  
For which he put his lif in aventure,  
No longer might he in this wise endure,  
But prively a penner gan he borwe,  
And in a lettre wrote he all his sorwe,  
In manere of a complaint or a lay,  
Unto his faire freshe lady May.  
And in a purse of silk, heng on his sherte,  
He hath it put, and layd it at his herte.

The mone that at none was thilke day  
That January hath wedded freshe May  
In ten of Taure, was into Cancer gliden;<sup>3</sup>  
So long hath Maius in hire chambre abiden,

<sup>1</sup> Languisheth.

<sup>2</sup> Betray.

<sup>3</sup> The greatest number of MSS. read, two, two, two, or so. But it gives (four days complete, ver. 9767) is not sufficient for the passage from the second degree of Taure into Cancer. The mean motion of the moon being =  $14^{\circ}.14'.25''$ . her motion in four da. is  $57^{\circ}.45'$ . or not quite 58 degrees; so that, supposing her to

As custome is unto thise nobles alle.  
 A bride shal not eten in the halle,  
 Til dayes four or three dayes at the leste  
 Ypassed ben, than let hire go to feste.  
 The fourthe day complete fro none to none,  
 Whan that the highe messe was ydone,  
 In halle sat this January and May,  
 As fresh as is the brighte somers day.  
 And so befel, how that this goode man  
 Remembred him upon this Damian,  
 And sayde; Seinte Marie, how may it be,  
 That Damian entendeth<sup>1</sup> not to me?  
 Is he ay sike? or how may this betide?

His squiers, which that stoden ther beside,  
 Excused him, because of his siknesse,  
 Which letted<sup>2</sup> him to don his besinesse:  
 Non other cause mighte make him tary.

That me forthinketh, quod this January;  
 He is a gentil squier by my trouthe,  
 If that he died, it were gret harme and routh.  
 He is as wise, discret, and as secree,  
 As any man I wote of his degree,  
 And therto manly and eke servisable,  
 And for to ben a thrifty man right able.  
 But after mete as sone as ever I may  
 I wol myselfe visite him, and eke May,  
 To don him all the comfort that I can.  
 And for that word him blessed every man,  
 That of his bountee and his gentillesse  
 He wolde so comforten in siknesse  
 His squier, for it was a gentil dede.

Dame, quod this January, take good hede,  
 At after mete, ye with your women alle,  
 (Whan that ye ben in chambre out of this halle)  
 That all ye gon to see this Damian:  
 Doth him disport, he is a gentil man,  
 And telleth him that I wol him visite,  
 Have I no thing but rested me a lite:

from the second of Taurus, she would not, in that time, be advanced beyond the 25th degree of Gemini. If she set out from the 10th degree of Taurus, as I have corrected the text, she might properly enough be said, in four days, to be *gliden into* Cancer.—*Tyrwhitt.*

<sup>1</sup> Attendeth.

<sup>2</sup> Hindered.

And spedde you faste, for I wol abide  
Till that ye slepen faste by my side.  
And with that word he gan unto him calle  
A squier, that was marshal of his halle,  
And told him certain thinges that he wolde.

This freshe May hath streight hire way yholde  
With all hire women unto Damian.

Doun by his beddes side sit she than,  
Comforting him as goodly as she may.

This Damian, whan that his time he say,<sup>1</sup>  
In secree wise, his purse, and eke his bill,<sup>2</sup>  
In which that he ywritten had his will,  
Hath put into hire hond withouten more,  
Save that he siked wonder depe and sore,  
And softely to hire right thus sayd he;  
Mercie, and that ye nat discover me.

For I am ded, if that this thing be kid.<sup>3</sup>

This purse hath she in with<sup>4</sup> hire bosome hid,  
And went hire way; ye get no more of me;  
But unto January ycome is she,  
That on his beddes side sate ful soft.  
He taketh hire, and kisseth hire ful oft:  
And layd him doun to slepe, and that anon.<sup>1</sup>  
She feined hire, as that she muste gon  
Ther as ye wote that every wight mot nede;  
And whan she of this bill hath taken hede,  
She rent it all to cloutes at the last,  
And in the prives softely it cast.<sup>2</sup>

Who studieth now but faire freshe May?  
Adoun by olde January she lay,  
That slepte, til the cough hath him awaked:  
Anon he prayd hire stripen hire al naked,  
He wolde of hire, he said, have som plesance  
And said, hire clothes did him encombrance.  
And she obeieth him, be hire lefe or loth.  
But lest that precious folk be with me wroth,  
How that he wrought, I dare nat to you tell,  
Or wheder hire thought it paradis or hell;  
But ther I let hem worken in hir wise  
Til evesong rang, and that they must arise.

Were it by destinee, or aventure,  
Were it by influence, or by nature,

<sup>1</sup> Saw.

<sup>2</sup> Made known.

<sup>3</sup> Billet, writing.

<sup>4</sup> Within.



Or constellation, that in swiche estat  
The heven stood at that time fortunat,  
As for to put a bill of Venus werkes  
(For alle thing hath time, as sayn this clerk)  
To any woman for to get hire love,  
I cannot say, but grete God above,  
That knoweth that non act is causeles,  
He deme of all, for I wol hold my pees.  
But soth is this, how that this freshe May  
Hath taken swiche impression that day  
Of pitee on this sike Damian,  
That fro hire herte she ne driven can  
The remembrance for to don him ese.  
Certain (thought she) whom that this thing displese  
I sekke not, for here I him assure,  
To love him best of any creature,  
Though he no more hadde than his sherte.

Lo, pitee renneth sone in gentil herte.  
Here may ye seen, how excellent franchise<sup>1</sup>  
In women is whan they hem narwe avise.  
Som tyraunt is, as ther ben many on,  
That hath an herte as hard as any ston,  
Which wold han lette him sterven<sup>2</sup> in the place  
Wel rather than han granted him hire grace;  
And hem rejoycen in hir cruel pride,  
And rekken not to ben an homicide.

This gentil May, fulfilled of pitee,  
Right of hire hond a lettre maketh she,  
In which she granteth him hire veray grace;  
Ther lacked nought, but only day and place,  
Wher that she might unto his lust suffice:  
For it shal be, right as he wol devise.

And whan she saw hire time upon a day  
To visiten this Damian goth this May,  
And sotilly this lettre doun she threst  
Under his pilwe, rede it if him lest.  
She taketh him by the hond, and hard him twist<sup>3</sup>  
So secretly, that no wight of it wist,  
And bade him ben all hol,<sup>4</sup> and forth she went  
To January, whan he for hire sent.

Up riseth Damian the nexte morwe,  
Al passed was his siknesse and his sorwe.

<sup>1</sup> Franchise.<sup>2</sup> Die.<sup>3</sup> Pressed, squeezed.<sup>4</sup> Well, sound.

He kembeth him, he proineth him and piketh,<sup>1</sup>  
 He doth all that his lady lust and liketh;  
 And eke to January he goth as lowe,  
 As ever did a dogge for the bowe.  
 He is so plesant unto every man,  
 (For craft is all, who so that don it can)  
 That every wight is ain to speke him good;  
 And fully in his ladies grace he stood.

Thus let I Damian about his nede,  
 And in my tale forth I wol proceda.  
 Som clerkes holden that felcites  
 Stant in delit, and therfore certain he  
 This noble January, with all his might  
 In honest wise as longeth to a knight,  
 Shope him to liven ful deliciously.  
 His housing, his array, as honestly  
 To his degree was naked as a kinges.  
 Amonges other of his honest thinges  
 He had a gardin walled all with ston,  
 So fayre a gardin wote I no wher non.  
 For out of doute I veraily suppose,  
 That he that wrote the Romant of the Rose,  
 Ne coude of it the beautee wel devise:  
 Ne Priapus ne mighte not suffice,  
 Though he be god of gardins, for to tell  
 The beautee of the gardin, and the well,  
 That stood under a laurer alway grene.  
 Ful often time he Pluto and his quene  
 Proserpina, and alle hir faerie,  
 Disporten hem and maken melodie  
 About that well, and daunced, as men told.

This noble knight, this January the old  
 Swiche deintee hath in it to walke and pley,  
 That he wol suffre no wight bere the key,  
 Sauf he himself, for of the smal wicket  
 He bare alway of silver a cliket,<sup>2</sup>  
 With which whan that him list he it unshette.  
 And whan that he wold pay his wives dette  
 In somer sason thider wold he go,  
 And May his wif, and no wight but they two;  
 And thinges which that were not don a-bedde,  
 He in the gardin parfourned hem and spedde.

<sup>1</sup> *Proineth and piketh*, a metaphor taken from birds.

<sup>2</sup> *K*

And in this wise many a merry day  
 Lived this January and freshe May,  
 But worldly joye may not alway endure  
 To January, ne to no creature.

O soden hap, o thou fortune unstable,  
 Like to the Scorpion so deceivable,  
 That fastest with thy bed when thou wilt sting;  
 Thy tayl is deth, thurgh thin envenyming.  
 O brotal joye, o swete poyson queinte,  
 O monstre, that so sotilly canst painte  
 Thy giften, under hewe of stedfastnesse,  
 That thou deceivest bothe more and lesse,  
 Why hast thou January thus deceived,  
 That haddest him for thy ful frend received?  
 And now thou hast beraft him both his synne,  
 For sorwe of which desireth he to dyen.

Alas! this noble January free,  
 Amide his lust and his prosperitee  
 Is waxen blind, and that al sodenly.  
 He wepeth and he waileth pitously;  
 And therewithall, the fire of jalouse  
 (Lest that his wif shuld fall in som folie)  
 So brent his herte, that he wolde fain,  
 That som man had both him and hire yelain;  
 For nother after his deth, ne in his lif,  
 Ne wold he that she were no love ne wif,  
 But ever live as a widewe in clothes blacke,  
 Sole as the turtle that hath lost hire make.  
 But at the last, after a moneth or tway  
 His sorwe gan aswagen, soth to say.  
 For when he wist it might non other be,  
 He patiently toke his adversitee:  
 Save out of doute he ne may nat forgon,  
 That he n'as jalous ever more in on;  
 Which jalouse it was so outrageous,  
 That neither in halle, ne in non other hous,  
 Ne in non other place never the mo  
 He n'olde suffre hire for to ride or go,  
 But if that he had honde on hire alway.  
 For which ful often wepeth freshe May,  
 That loveth Damian so branningly,  
 That she moste either dieu sodenly,  
 Or elles she moste han him as hire lest:  
 (She waited when hire herte wold to-breest.)

Upon that other side Damian  
 - Becomen is the sowefullest man  
 That ever was, for neither night ne day  
 Ne might he speke a word to freshe May,  
 As to his purpos of no swiche matere,  
 But if that January must it here,  
 That had an hand upon hire evermo.  
 But natheles, by writing to and fro,  
 And privee signes, wist he what she ment,  
 And she knew eke the fin<sup>1</sup> of his entent.

O January, what might it thee availle,  
 Though thou might seen, as fer as shippes saille!  
 For as good is blind to deceived be,  
 As be deceived, whan a man may see.  
 Lo Argus, which that had an hundred eyen,  
 For all that ever he coude pore or prien,  
 Yet was he blent,<sup>2</sup> and, God wot, so ben mo,  
 That wenen wisly that it be not so:  
 Passe over is an ese, I say no more.

This freshe May, of which I spake of yore,  
 In warm wex hath enprented the cliket,  
 That January bare of the smal wiket,  
 By which into his gardin oft he went;  
 And Damian that knew all hire entent  
 The cliket contrefeted prively;  
 Ther n'is no more to say, but hastily  
 Som wonder by this cliket shal betide,  
 Which ye shul heren, if ye wol abide.

O noble Ovide, soth sayest thou, God wote,  
 What sleight is it if love be long and hote,  
 That he n'ill find it out in som manere!  
 By Pyramus and Thisbe may men lere;  
 Though they were kept ful long and streit over  
 They ben accorded, rowning<sup>3</sup> thurgh a wall,  
 Ther no wight coude han founden swiche a sleig  
 But now to purpos; er that daies eighte  
 Were passed of the month of Juil, befill,  
 That January hath caught so gret a will,  
 Thurgh egging of his wif, him for to play  
 In his gardin, and no wight but they tway,  
 That in a morwe unto this May said he;  
 Rise up, my wif, my love, my lady free;

<sup>1</sup> End.<sup>2</sup> Blinded, deceived.<sup>3</sup> Whisping.



The turtles vois is herd, myn owen swete;  
The winter is gon, with all his raines wete.  
Come forth now with thin eyen columbine,  
Wel fairer ben thy breasts than any wine.  
The gardin is enclosed all aboute;  
Come forth, my white spouse, for out of doute,  
Thou hast me wounded in myn herte, o wif;  
No spot in thee n'as never in all thy lif.  
Come forth, and let us taken our disport,  
I chese thee for my wif and my comfort.

Swiche olde lewed wordes used he.

On Damian a signe made she,  
That he shuld go before with his cliket.  
This Damian hath opened the wicket,  
And in he stert, and that in swiche manere,<sup>1</sup>  
That no wight might him see neyther yhere,  
And still he sit under a bush. Anon  
This January, as blind as is a ston,  
With Maius in his hand, and no wight mo,  
Into this freshe gardin is ago,  
And clapped to the wicket sodenly.

Now, wif, quod he, here n'is but thou, and I,  
That art the creature that I best love:  
For by that lord that sit in heaven above,  
I hadde lever dien on a knif,  
Than thee offenden, dere trewe wif.  
For Goddes sake, thinke how I thee chees,  
Not for no covetise douteles,  
But only for the love I had to thee  
And though that I be old and may not see,  
Beth to me trewe, and I wol tell you why;  
Certes three thinges shal ye win therby;  
First love of Crist, and to yourself honour,  
And all min heritage, toun and tour.  
I yeve it you, maketh chartres as you lest:  
This shal be don to-morwe er sonne rest,  
So wisly God my soule bring to blisse;  
I pray you on this covenant ye me kisse.  
And though that I be jalous, wite me nought;<sup>2</sup>  
Ye ben so depe enprented in my thought,  
That whan that I consider your beautee,  
And therwithall the unlikely elde of me,

<sup>1</sup> Think nothing of it.

I may not certes, though I shuldo die,  
 Forbere to ben out of your compaignie  
 For veray love; this is withouten doute:  
 Now kisse me, wif, and let us come aboute.

This freshe May, whan she these wordes herd  
 Benignely to January answerd,  
 But first and forward she began to wepe:  
 I have, quod she, a soule for to kepe  
 As wel as ye, and also min honour,  
 And of my wifhood thulke tendre flour,  
 Which that I have assured in your hond,  
 Whan that the preest to you my body bond:  
 Wherfore I wol answer in this manere,  
 With leve of you, myn owen lord so dere.

I pray to God that never daw that day,  
 That I ne sterve, as foule as woman may,  
 If ever I do unto my kin that shame.  
 Or elles I empeire<sup>1</sup> so my name,  
 That I be false; and if I do that lakke,<sup>2</sup>  
 Do stripen me and put me in a sakke,  
 And in the nexte river do me drenche:  
 I am a gentil woman, and no wenche.  
 Why speke ye thus? but men ben ever untrewa,<sup>3</sup>  
 And women han represe of you ay newe.  
 Ye con non other daliance, I leve,  
 But speke to us as of untrust and reprove.

And with that word she saw wher Damian  
 Sat in the bush, and coughten she began;  
 And with hire finger a signe made she,  
 That Damian shuld clumbe up on a tre,  
 That charged was with fruit, and up he went:  
 For veraily he knew all hire entent,  
 And every signe that she coude make,  
 Wel bet than January hire owen make.  
 For in a lettre she had told him all  
 Of this matere, how that he werken shall.  
 And thus I let him sitting in the pery,<sup>4</sup>  
 And January and May rowing ful mery.

Bright was the day, and blew the firmament;  
 Phebus of gold his streemes doun hath sent  
 To gladen every flour with his warmnesse;  
 He was that tyme in *Geminis*, I gesse,

<sup>1</sup> Impair.<sup>2</sup> Fault, etc.<sup>3</sup> Fair.

But first for his destination  
Of Cancer, I've calculation,  
And so befall it that within seven days,  
That in the garden, on the myrtle bays,  
Pluto, that is the king of Faerie,  
And many a lady in his company  
Following his will the queen Prosperina,  
Which that he rewarded out of Faerie,  
While that she gathered flowers in the meads,<sup>1</sup>  
(In Claudio ye may the story read,  
How that kirt in his greedy state he led)  
This king of Faerie about him set  
Upon a bench of carved firs and pines,  
And right soon thus said he in his rime.

My wife, quod he, that may ye witte my say,  
The experience ac proved I every day,  
The treason which that woman told to me,  
Ten hundred thousand curses tel I can  
Notable of your honour and reverence.<sup>2</sup>

O Salomon, father of all wisdom,  
Fulfil'd of wisdom and wisely good,  
Ful worthy be thy wisdom in naming  
To every wight that we and thou art  
Thus praised be the wisdom yet I say,  
Among a thousand men yet I say I  
But of all wisdom first I love thee  
Thus said the king, and thus shewd your wickedness,  
And Jesu Christ shewd us I pray.  
He speaketh of you his woful creature,  
A woful fire, a woful passion,  
So fall upon your bodies yet I pray,  
Ne see ye not this wickedness that I  
Because, alas! that he is thus and so,  
His own man shal make him woful  
Lo, wher he sit, the labourer in the field,  
Now wol I graunte of my request  
Unto this olde blisful worthy man,  
That he shal have again his own again,  
Whan that his wife shal see him viant;  
Than shal he knowen all his labours,  
Both in represe of hire and of her man.

Ye, sire, quod Prosperina, and wold ye so?

<sup>1</sup> I.e., in the field of Rome.

<sup>2</sup> Accusation.

<sup>3</sup> Request.



Now by my modre Ceres scale I swear,  
That I shal yeve hire sufficient answere,  
And alle women after for hire sake;  
That though they ben in any gilt ytake,  
With face bold they shal hemselve excuse,  
And bere hem down that wolden hem excuse  
For lacke of answere, non of us shal die.  
Al had ye seen a thing with bothe youre eyes,  
Yet shal we so vinge<sup>1</sup> it hardely,  
And wepe and swere and chiden subtilly,  
That ye shal ben as lewed<sup>2</sup> as ben geu.

What rekke<sup>3</sup>th me of your anctoriteas?  
I wote wel that this Jewe, this Salomon,  
Fond of us women foolles many on:  
But though that he ne fond no good woman,  
Ther hath yfonden many an other man  
Women ful good, and trewe, and vertuous;  
Witness on hem that dwelte in Cristes hous,  
With martyrdom they proved hir constance.  
The Romain gastes maken remembrance  
Of many a veray trewe wif also.  
But, sire, ne be not wroth, al be it so,  
Though that he said he fond no good woman,  
I pray you take the sentence of the man:  
He ment thus, That in soveraine bountee<sup>4</sup>  
N'is non but God, no, nouth<sup>5</sup>er be ne she.

Ey, for the veray God that n'is but on,  
What maken ye so moche of Salomon?  
What though he made a temple, Goddes hous?  
What though he riche were and glorious?  
So made he eke a temple of false goddes,  
How might he don a thing that more forbode is?  
Parde as faire as ye his name emplastre,  
He was a lechour, and an idolastre,  
And in his side he veray God forsoke.  
And if that God ne hadde (as saith the boke)  
Spared him for his fathers sake, he shoulde  
Han lost his regne rather than he woulde.

I sette nat of all the vilanie,  
That he of women wrote, a boterfile.  
I am a woman, nedes moote I speke,  
Or swell unto that time min herte broke.

<sup>1</sup> Face, because it cut.

<sup>2</sup> Simple, ignorant.

<sup>3</sup> Cares.

For sin he said that we ben jangleresses,  
As ever mote I brouken hole my tresses,  
I shal nat sparen for no curtesie  
To speke him harm, that sayth us vilanie.

Dame, quod this Pluto, be no lenger wroth,  
I yeve it up: but sin I swore min oth,  
That I wold graunten him his sight again,  
My word shal stand, that warne I you certain:  
I am a king, it sit me not to lie.

And I, quod she, am quene of Faerie.  
Hire answeere she shal han I undertake,  
Let us no more wordes of it make.

Forsoth, quod he, I wol you not contrary.

Now let us turne again to January,  
That in the gardin with his faire May  
Singeth wel merier than the popingay:  
"You love I best, and shal, and other non."<sup>1</sup>

So long about the alleyes is he gon,  
Til he was comen again to thilke pery,  
Wher as this Damian sitteth ful mery  
On high, among the freshe leves grene.

This freshe May, that is so bright and shene,  
Gan for to sike, and said; alas my side!  
Now, sire, quod she, for ought that may betide  
I moste have of the peres that I see,  
Or I moste die, so soro longeth me  
To eten of the smale peres grene:  
Help for hire love that is of heven quene.  
I tell you wel a woman in my plit  
May have to fruit so gret an appetit,  
That she may dien, but she of it have.

Alas! quod he, that I n'adde hero a knave,  
That coude climbe, alas! alas! (quod he)  
For I am blinde. Ye, sire, no force, quod she;  
But wold ye vouchesauf for Goddes sake,  
The pery in with your armes for to take,  
(For wel I wot that ye mistrusten me)  
Than wold I climben wel ynough, (quod she)  
So I my fote might setten on your back.

Certes, said he, therin shal be no lack,  
Might I you helpen with min herte blood.

He stoupeth down, and on his back she stood,

<sup>1</sup> This seems like a quotation from some popular ballad of the time.



And caught hire by a twist, and up she goth.  
(Ladies, I pray you that ye be not wroth,  
I can nat gloss, I am a rude man.)

And sodenly anon this Damian

Can pullen up the smock, and in he throug.

And whan that Pluto saw this grete wrong,

To January he yaf again his sight,

And made him see as wel as ever he might.

And whan he thus had caught his sight again,

Ne was ther never man or thing so fain:

But on his wi his thought was ever mo.

Up to the tree he cast his eyen two,

And saw how Damian his wife had dressed

In swiche manere, it may not ben expressed,

But if I wolde speke uncurteisly.

And up he yaf a roing and a cry,

As doth the mother whan the child shal die;

Out! helpe! alas! harow! he gan to cry;

O stronge lady store, what doest thou?

And she answered: sire, what aileth you?

Have patience and reason in your minde,

I have you holpen on both your eyen blinde.

Up peril of my soule, I shal nat lien,

As me was taught to helpen with your eyen,

Was nothing better for to make you see,

Than strogie with a man upon a tree:

God wot, I did it in ful good entent.

Strogie! quod he, ye, algate in it went.

God yeve you both on shames deth to dien!

He swived thee; I saw it with min eyen;

And elles be I honged by the halse.

Than is, quod she, my medicine al false.

For certainly, if that ye mighten see,

Ye wold not say thise wordes unto me.

Ye have som glimsing, and no parfit sight.

I see, quod he, as wel as ever I might,

(Thanked be God) with both min eyen two,

And by my feith me thought he did thee so.

Ye mass, ye massen, goode sire, quod she;

This thank have I for I have made you see:

Alas! quod she, that ever I was so kind.

Now, dama, quod he, let al passe out of minde

Come down, my life, and if I have misaid,

God helpe me so, as I am evyl waid.



But by my fadres soule, I wende have sein,  
How that this Damian had by thee lein,  
And that thy smock had lein upon his brest.

Ye, sire, quod she, ye may wene as you last:  
But, sire, a man that waketh of his alepe,  
He may not sodenly wel taken kepe  
Upon a thing, ne seen it parfitly,  
Til that he be adawed veraily.<sup>1</sup>

Right so a man, that long hath blind ybe,  
He may not sodenly so wel ysee,  
First whan his sight is nowe comen again,  
As he that hath a day or two ysein.

Til that your sight ysateled<sup>2</sup> be a while,  
Ther may ful many a sighte you begile.  
Beware, I pray you, for by heven king  
Ful many a man weneth<sup>3</sup> to see a thing,  
And it is all another than it semeth:  
He which that misconceiveth oft misdremeth.

And with that word she lep down fro the tree.  
This January who is glad but he?  
He kisseth hire, and clippeth hire ful oft,  
And on hire wombe he stroketh hire ful soft;  
And to his paleis home he hath hire lad.  
Now, goode men, I pray you to be glad.

Thus endeth here my tale of Januarie,  
God blesse us, and his moder Seinte Marie.

<sup>1</sup> Thoroughly awakened.

<sup>2</sup> Settled, established.

<sup>3</sup> Thinketh.

## THE SQUIERES PROLOGUE

10249-10322.

By Goddes mercy, sayde oura Hoste tho,  
 Now swiche a wif I preie God kepe me fro.  
 Lo, swiche sleightes and subtiltoes  
 In women ben; for ay as besy as bees  
 Ben they us sely men for to deceive,  
 And from a sothe<sup>1</sup> wol they ever weiva.<sup>2</sup>  
 By this Marchantes tale it praveth wel.  
 But natheles, as trewe as any stele,  
 I have a wif, though that she poure be;  
 But of hire tonge a labbing<sup>3</sup> shrewe is she;  
 And yet she hath an hepe of vices mo.  
 Therof no force; let all swiche thinges go.  
 But wete ye what? in conseil be it sayde,  
 Me reweth sore I am unto hire toyde;  
 For and I shulde rekene every vice,  
 Which that she hath, ywis I were to nice;  
 And cause why, it shulde reported be  
 And told to hire of som of this compaignie,  
 (Of whom it nedeth not for to declare,  
 Sin women connen utter swiche chaffare)  
 And eke my wit sufficeth not therto  
 To tellen all; wherfore my tale is do.  
 Squier, come ner, if it youre wille be,  
 And say somewhat of love, for certes ye  
 Connen theron as moche as any man.  
 Nay, sire, quod he, but swiche thing as I can  
 With hertly wille, for I wol not rebelle  
 Agein youre lust, a tale wol I telle.  
 Have me excused if I speke amis;  
 My wille is good; and lo, my tale is this.

<sup>1</sup> Truth.<sup>2</sup> Depart.<sup>3</sup> Blabbing.





No. Squieres Tala.



### The Squire's Tale.

10823-14854

[illegible]

\* I don't know the exact date.



## The Squires Tale.

10323-10354.

At Sarra, in the lond of Tartarie,  
 Ther dwelt a king that warreied<sup>1</sup> Russie,  
 Thaurgh which ther died many a doughty man;  
 This noble king was cleped Cambuscan,  
 Which in his time was of so gret renoun,  
 That ther n'as no wher in no regioun,  
 So excellent a lord in alle thing:  
 Him lacked nought that longeth to a king,  
 As of the secte of which that he was borne.  
 He kept his lay to which he was ysworne,  
 And therto he was hardy, wise, and riche,  
 And pitous and just, and alway yliche;<sup>2</sup>  
 Trewe of his word, benigne and honourable;  
 Of his corage as any centre stable;  
 Yong, fresh, and strong, in armes desirous,  
 As any bachelier of all his hous.  
 A faire person he was, and fortunate,  
 And kept alway so wel real<sup>3</sup> estat,  
 That ther n'as no wher swiche another man.

This noble king, this Tartre Cambuscan,  
 Hadde two sones by Elfeta his wif,  
 Of which the eldest sone highte Algarsif,  
 That other was ycleped Camballo.

A doughter had this worthy king also,  
 That yongest was, and highte Canace:  
 But for to tellen you all hire beautee,  
 It lith not in my tonge, ne in my conning,  
 I dare not undertake so high a thing:  
 Min English eke is unsufficient,  
 It muste ben a Rethor<sup>4</sup> excellent,  
 That coude his colours longing for<sup>5</sup> that art,  
 If he shuld hire descriven ony part:

Warred against.  
 A rhetorician, orator.

<sup>2</sup> Alike.      <sup>3</sup> Royal.  
<sup>4</sup> That would know the colours belonging to.

I am not swiche, I mote speke as I can.

And so befell, that whan this Cambuscan  
Hath twenty winter borne his diademe,  
As he was wout fro yere to yere I deme,  
He let the feste of his nativitee  
Don crie, thurghout Sarra his citee,  
The last Idus of March, after the yere.

Phebus the sonne ful jolif was and clere,  
For he was nigh his exaltation<sup>1</sup>  
In Martes face, and in his mansion  
In Aries, the colerike hote signe:  
Ful lusty was the wether and benigne,  
For which the foules<sup>2</sup> again the sonne shene,  
What for the sason and the yonge grene,  
Ful loude songen hir affections:  
Hem semed han gotten hem protections  
Against the awerd of winter kene and cold.

This Cambuscan, of which I have you told,  
In real<sup>3</sup> vestiments, sit on his deis  
With diademe, ful high in his paleis;  
And holt his feste so solempne and so riche,  
That in this world ne was ther non it liche.<sup>4</sup>  
Of which if I shal tellen all the array,  
Than wold it occupie a somers day;  
And eke it nedeth not for to devise  
At every cours the order of hir service.  
I wol not tellen of hir strange sewes,<sup>5</sup>  
Ne of hir swannes, ne hir heronsewea.<sup>6</sup>  
Eke in that lond, as tellen knightes old,  
Ther is som mete that is ful deintee hold,<sup>7</sup>  
That in this lond men recche of it ful smal:  
Ther n'is no man that may reporten al.  
I wol not tarien you, for it is prime,  
And for it is no fruit, but losse of time,  
Unto my purpose I wol have recours.

And so befell that after the thridde cours  
While that this king sit thus in his nobley,  
Herking<sup>8</sup> his ministralles hir thinges pley

<sup>1</sup> *I. e.*, his highest influence.

<sup>2</sup> The birds, *i. e.*, their plumage.

<sup>3</sup> Royal.

<sup>4</sup> Like.

<sup>5</sup> Dishes. A sewer was an officer so called from his placing the dish upon the table. *Sewer*, Fr. from *asseoir*, to place.—Tyrrwhitt.

<sup>6</sup> Young herons, *Aeroneuseur*.

<sup>7</sup> Accounted.

<sup>8</sup> Listening to.

Beforne him at his bord deliciously  
 In at the halle dore al sodenly  
 Ther came a knight upon a stede of bras,  
 And in his hond a brod mirrour of glas;  
 Upon his thombe he had of gold a ring,  
 And by his side a naked swerd hanging:  
 And up he rideth to the highe bord.  
 In all the halle ne was ther spoke a word,  
 For mervaille of this knight; him to behold  
 Ful besily they waiten yong and old.

This strange knight that come thus sodenly  
 Al armed save his hed ful richely,  
 Salueth king and quene, and lordes alle  
 By order, as they saten in the halle,  
 With so high reverence and observance,  
 As wel in speche as in his contenance,  
 That Gawain<sup>1</sup> with his olde curtesie,  
 Though he were come agen out of faerie,  
 Ne coude him not amenden with a word.  
 And after this, betorn the highe bord  
 He with a manly vois sayd his message,  
 After the forme used in his langage,  
 Withouten vice of sillable or of letter.  
 And for his tale shulde seme the better,  
 Accordant to his wordes was his chere,<sup>2</sup>  
 As techeth art of speche hem that it lere,<sup>3</sup>  
 Al be it that I cannot sounen his stile,  
 Ne cannot climben over so high a stile,  
 Yet say I this, as to comun entent,  
 Thus much amounteth all that ever he ment,  
 If it so be that I have it in mind.

He sayd; The king of Arabie and of Inde,  
 My liege lord, on this solempne day  
 Salueth you as he best can and may,  
 And sendeth you in honour of your feste  
 By me, that am al redy at your heste,

<sup>1</sup> Nephew to King *Arthur*, by his sister married to King *Lot*. So says the *British History*, which goes under the name of *Geoffrey of Monmouth*; and I believe it will be in vain to look for any more authentic genealogist of all that family. He is there called *Walganus*. The French romancers, who have built upon Geoffrey's foundations, agree in describing Gawain as a model of *knightly courtesy*. To this his established character our author alludes.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>2</sup> Manner.

<sup>3</sup> Learn.

This stede of brae, that esily and wel  
 Can in the space of a day naturel,  
 (This is to sayn, in four and twenty houres)  
 Wher so you list, in drought or elles shourcs.<sup>1</sup>  
 Beren your body into every place,  
 To which your herte willeth for to pace,  
 Withouten wemme<sup>2</sup> of you, thurgh soule or faire.  
 Or if you list to fleen as high in the aire,  
 As doth an egle, whan him list to sore,  
 This same stede shal bere you evermore  
 Withouten harme, til ye be ther you lest,  
 (Though that ye slepen on his back or rest)  
 And turne again, with writhing of a pin.  
 He that it wrought, he coude many a gin,<<sup>3</sup>  
 He waited many a constellation,  
 Or he had don this operation,  
 And knew ful many a sele<sup>4</sup> and many a bond.

This mirrour eke, that I have in min hond,  
 Hath awiche a might, that men may in it see,  
 Whan ther shal falle ony adversitee  
 Unto your regne, or to yourself also,  
 And openly, who is your frend or fo.  
 And over all this, if any lady bright  
 Hath set hire herte on any maner wight,  
 If he be false, she shal his treason see,  
 His newe love, and all his subtiltee  
 So openly, that ther shal nothing hide.

Wherefore again this lusty somer tide  
 This mirrour and this ring, that ye may se,  
 He hath sent to my lady Canace,  
 Your excellente doughter that is here.

The vertue of this ring, if ye wol here,  
 Is this, that if hire list it for to were  
 Upon hire thombe, or in hire purse it bere,  
 Ther is no foule that fleeth under heaven,  
 That she ne shal wel understond his steven,<sup>5</sup>  
 And know his mening openly and plaine,  
 And answere him in his langage again:  
 And every gras<sup>6</sup> that groweth upon rote<sup>7</sup>  
 She shal eke know, and whom it wol do bote,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In dry weather or wet.<sup>2</sup> Knew many a trick.<sup>3</sup> Voice.<sup>4</sup> Root.<sup>5</sup> Fault.<sup>6</sup> Seal.<sup>7</sup> Herb.<sup>8</sup> Help, remedy.

All be his woundes never so depe and wide.

This naked sword, that hangeth by my side,  
Swiche vertue hath, that what man that it smite,  
Thurghout his armure it wol kerve and bite,  
Were it as thicke as is a braunched oke:  
And what man that is wounded with the stroke  
Shal never be hole, til that you list of grace  
To stroken him with the platte<sup>1</sup> in thilke place  
Ther he is hurt; this is as much to sain,  
Ye moten with the platte sword again  
Stroken him in the wound, and it wol close.  
This is the veray soth withouten gloss,  
It failleth not, while it is in your hold.

And whan this knight hath thus his tale told,  
He rideth out of halle, and doun he light:  
His stede, which that shone as sonne bright,  
Stant in the court as stille as any ston.  
This knight is to his chambre ladde anon,  
And is unarmed, and to the mete yette.  
Thise presents ben ful richelich yfette,  
This is to sain, the sword and the mirroure,  
And borne anon into the highe tour,  
With certain officers ordained therfore;  
And unto Canace the ring is bore  
Solempnely, ther she sat at the table;  
But sikerly,<sup>2</sup> withouten any fable,  
The hors of bras, that may not be remued;<sup>3</sup>  
It stant, as it were to the ground yglued;  
Ther may no man out of the place it drive  
For non engine, of windas,<sup>4</sup> or polive.<sup>5</sup>  
And cause why, for they con not the craft,  
And therfore in the place they han it left,  
Til that the knight hath taught hem the manere  
To voiden<sup>6</sup> him, as ye shal after here.  
Gret was the prees, that swarmed to and fro  
To gauren<sup>7</sup> on this hors that stondeth so:  
For it so high was, and so brod and long,  
So wel proportioned for to be strong,  
Right as it were a stede of Lumbardie;  
Therwith so boraly, and so quik of eye,

<sup>1</sup> The flat of the sword.

<sup>2</sup> Removed.

<sup>3</sup> Remove.

<sup>4</sup> Windlass. *Fr.* guindal.

<sup>5</sup> In truth.

<sup>6</sup> Pulley.

<sup>7</sup> Gaze.

As it a gentil Poileis<sup>1</sup> courser were:  
For certes, fro his tayl unto his ere  
Nature ne art ne coud him not amend  
In no degree, as all the peple wend.

But evermore hir moste wonder was,  
How that it coude gon, and was of brans;  
It was of faerie, as the peple semed,  
Diverse folk diversely han demed;  
As many heda,<sup>2</sup> as many wittes ben.  
They murmured, as doth a swarme of bees,  
And maden skillen<sup>3</sup> after hir fantasies,  
Raberaing of the olde poetries,  
And sayd it was ylike the Pegasee,  
The hors that hadde winges for to fleo,  
Or elles it was the Grekes hors Sinon,<sup>4</sup>  
That broughte Troye to destruction,  
As men moun in thise olde gestes rede.

Min herte (quod on) is evermore in drede,  
I trow som men of armes ben therin,  
That shapen hem<sup>5</sup> this citee for to win:  
It were right good that al swiche thing were know.  
Another rowned<sup>6</sup> to his telaw low,  
And sayd, He lieth, for it is rather like  
An apparence ymade by som magike,  
As jogelours plaien at thise festes grete.  
Of sondry doutes thus they jangle and tete,  
As lewed peple demen comunly  
Of thinges, that ben made more subtilly,  
Than they can in hir lewednesse<sup>7</sup> comprehende,  
They demen gladly to the badder ende.

And som of hem wondred on the mirror,  
That born was up in to the maister tour,

<sup>1</sup> A horse of *Apollon*, which in old Fr. was usually called *Poëlle*. The horses of that country were much esteemed. MS. Bod. James vi. 142. Richard, Archbp. of Armagh, in the xivth century, says, in praise of our St. Thomas, "quod nec mulus Hispania, nec dextrarius *Apollis*, nec repedo *Aethiopia*, nec elephantes *Asia*, nec camels *Syria* hoc ante nostro Anglie aptior sive audentior invenitur ad premia." He had before informed his audience, that Thomas, Anglice, idem est quod *Thom. Aquinas*. There is a patent in Rymer, 2 E. II. De dextrariis in *Lombardia emendis*.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Latin proverb: "Quot homines, tot sententia."

<sup>3</sup> Deviced reasons.

<sup>4</sup> I. e., the horse of Sinon the Greek.

<sup>5</sup> Devise.

<sup>6</sup> Whispered.

<sup>7</sup> Ignorance.



How men mighte in it swiche thinges see.

Another answerd, and sayd, it might wel be

Naturally by compositions

Of argyles, and of syle refectioun;

And saide that in Rome was swiche on.

They spake of Alhazen and Vitellion;<sup>1</sup>

And Aristotle, that writen in his booke

Of quante mirroure, and of perspective,

As knowen they, that han hir bokes herd.

And other folk han wondred on the swerd,<sup>2</sup>

That wolde percer thurghout every thing:

And fell in speche of Telephus the king,

And of Achilles for his quante spere.

For he coude with it brythe helle and fere;<sup>3</sup>

Right in swiche wise as men may with the swerd,<sup>4</sup>

Of which right now ye have percerced fere.

They spoken of a myghty baroun of a kyng,

And spoken of the myghty baroun of a kyng,

And thow wold wene it shuld percerce the

Wold his myghty baroun of a kyng.

Thow spoken they of a myghty baroun of a kyng

And spoken they of a myghty baroun of a kyng

Of a myghty baroun of a kyng, that shuld percerce the

So that he shuld percerce the

Halle of a myghty baroun of a kyng

Thow shuld the percerce the

But thow shuld the percerce the

Wold thow shuld the percerce the

And yet thow shuld the percerce the

But thow shuld the percerce the

Thow shuld the percerce the

And yet thow shuld the percerce the

On othe shuld the percerce the

And yet thow shuld the percerce the

Thow shuld the percerce the

Thow shuld the percerce the

And yet thow shuld the percerce the

Thow shuld the percerce the

And yet thow shuld the percerce the

Thow shuld the percerce the

And yet thow shuld the percerce the

<sup>1</sup> Two writers of the 17th century have written that Alhazen and Vitellion were the first to have lived in a house.

<sup>2</sup> Harm, wound.

<sup>3</sup> A bar is the end of a sword.

Rose from his bord, ther on he set ful his;  
 Befulne him goth the loude ministrals,  
 Till he come to his chambre of paraments,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ther as they sounden diverse instruments,  
 That it is like an heven for to here.

Now dauncen lusty Venus children danc;  
 For in the sch<sup>2</sup> hir lady set ful his,  
 And loketh on hem with a frendly eye.

This noble king is set upon his throne;  
 This strange knight is fet<sup>3</sup> to him ful sone,  
 And on the daunce he goth with Canace.

Here is the revell and the jolitee,  
 That is not able a dull man to devise:  
 He must han knowen love and his serving,  
 And ben a festlich man, as fresh as May,  
 That shulde you devisen swiche array.

Who coude tellen you the forme of daunces  
 So uncouth, and so freshe countenaunces,  
 Swiche subtil lokings and dissimulings,  
 For dred of jalous mennes apperceivings?  
 No man but Launcelot, and he is ded.  
 Therfore I passe over all this lustyhed,  
 I say no more, but in this jolinesse  
 I lete hem, til men to the souper han dremme.

The steward bit<sup>4</sup> the spices for to his<sup>5</sup>  
 And ake the win, in all this melodie;  
 The ushers and the squieris ben gon,  
 The spices and the win is come anon:  
 They ete and drinke, and when this had an end,  
 Unto the temple, as reson was, they wend:  
 The service don, they soupen all by day.

What nedeth you rehercen hir array?  
 Eche man wot wel, that at a kinges fest  
 Is plente, to the most and to the lest,  
 And deintees mo than ben in my knowing.

At after souper goth this noble king  
 To seen this hore of bras, with all a route  
 Of lordes and of ladies him aboute.  
 Swiche wondring was ther on this hore of bras,  
 That ain the gret amage of Troye was,

<sup>1</sup> Presence chamber. Cf. vs. 2512.

<sup>2</sup> I.e., the "exaltation" of Venus was in the constellation Pleiades.

<sup>3</sup> Fastened.

<sup>4</sup> Mixed.

<sup>5</sup> Taken.

Ther as men wondred on an hors also,  
 No was ther swiche a wondring, as was tho.  
 But finally the king asketh the knight  
 The vertue of this courser, and the might,  
 And praid him to tell his governaunce.

This hors anon gan for to trip and daunce,  
 Whan that the knight laid hond up on his rein,  
 And saide, sire, ther n'is no more to saie,  
 But whan you list to riden any where,  
 Ye moten trill<sup>1</sup> a pin, stant in his ere,  
 Which I shal tellen you betwixt us two,  
 Ye moten nempne<sup>2</sup> him to what place also,  
 Or to what contree that you list to ride.

And whan ye come ther as you list abide,  
 Bid him descend, and trill another pin,  
 (For therin lieth the effect of all the gin)  
 And he wol doun descend and don your will,  
 And in that place he wol abiden still:  
 Though al the world had the contrary sworn,  
 He shal not thannes be drawe ne be bore.  
 Or if you list to bid him thennes gon,  
 Trille this pin, and he wol vanish anon  
 Out of the sight of every maner wight,  
 And come agen, be it by day or night,  
 Whan that you list to clepen him again  
 In swiche a guise, as I shal to you saie  
 Betwixen you and me, and that ful soone.  
 Ride whan you list, ther n'is no more to done.

Enfourmed whan the king was of the knight,  
 And hath conceived in his wit aright  
 The maner and the forme of all this thing,  
 Ful glad and blith, this noble doughty king  
 Repaireth to his revel, as beforne.  
 The bridel is in to the tour yborne,  
 And kept among his jewels lefe and dere;  
 The hors vanisht, I n'ot in what manere,  
 Out of hir sight, ye get no more of me:  
 But thus I lete in lust and jolitee  
 This Cambuscan his lordes festeyng,  
 Til that wel nigh the day began to spring.

<sup>1</sup> Twirl, turn round.

<sup>2</sup> Tell.



## PART SECOND.

The nurse<sup>1</sup> of digestion, the alepe,  
Gan on hem winke, and bad hem taken kupa,  
That mochel<sup>2</sup> drink, and labour wol have rest;  
And with a galping<sup>3</sup> mouth hem all he kest,  
And said, that it was time to lie adoun,  
For blood was in his dominatioun.<sup>4</sup>  
Cherisheth blood, nature's frend, quod he.

They thanken him galping, by two by thre;  
And every wight gan drawe him to his rest,  
As alepe hem beda, they toke it for the best.

Hir dremes shul not now be told for me;  
Ful were hir hedes of fumositee,  
That causeth dreame, of which ther is no charge.  
They alepen til that it was prime large,  
The mooste part, but it were Canace;  
She was ful mesurable,<sup>5</sup> as women be.  
For of hire father had she take hire leve  
To gon to rest, sone after it was eve;  
Hire liste not appalled for to be,  
Nor on the morwe unfestliche for to see;  
And alept hire firste alepe, and than awoke.  
For swiche a joye she in hire herte toke  
Both of hire queinte ring, and of hire mirroure,  
That twenty time she chaunged hire colour;  
And in hire alepe right for the impressioun  
Of hire mirroure she had a vision.  
Wherfore, or that the sonne gan up glide,  
She clepeth upon hire maistresse hire beside,  
And saide, that hire luste for to arise.

Thise olde women, that ben gladly wise,  
As is hire maistresse, answered hire anon,  
And said; Madame, whider wol ye gon

<sup>1</sup> Nurse.

<sup>2</sup> That mochel drinks and labour. So MSS. C. 1. HA. In MS. B. *That mirthe and labour*. In Ask. 1. 2. *That after moche labour* several other MSS. and Editt. Ca. 1. 2. *That moche mete and* We must search further, I apprehend, for the true reading.—Tyre

<sup>3</sup> Gaping, yawning.

<sup>4</sup> Galen says that blood is in its domination for seven hours, viz. the ninth hour of night to the third of day.—See Tyndale.

<sup>5</sup> Moderate.



Thus cry I for the folk bet al in real.  
 I wol good she cryen for the real.  
 No longer for to siepe and walken alone.  
 Hire maistresse desired woude a pryncesse,  
 And up they risen with a lere of reuerce,  
 And pryncesse freche Canacee hir name.  
 So rody and bright as the yonge sunne.  
 That in the real is fourty degrees pryncesse;  
 No higher was he, with the rody was,  
 And forth she walken only a pryncesse.  
 Arrayed after the lady's maner,  
 Lightly for to playe and walken in foun.  
 Nought but with five or six of hire maynes,  
 And in a tressche for a real pryncesse.  
 The vapour, which that by the real was,  
 Maketh the real to be so hot and drye,  
 But natheles, it was so hot and drye,  
 That it made all the real so drye,  
 What for the real and the real was,  
 And for the real and the real was,  
 For right thus the real was so drye,  
 Right by the real and the real was,  
 The real was so drye and the real was,  
 If it be taryed in the real was,  
 Of hem, that had in the real was,  
 The real was so drye and the real was,  
 For fulness of the real was,  
 And by that real was so drye,  
 I shall into the real was,  
 And make of the real was,  
 And the real was so drye and the real was,  
 As a real was playing in the real was,  
 That the real was so drye and the real was,  
 That with a real was so drye and the real was,  
 That all the real was so drye and the real was,  
 And I have had the real was so drye,  
 With the real was so drye and the real was,  
 Ran enyng the real was so drye,  
 And ever in the real was so drye,  
 And with the real was so drye and the real was.

— 1070.

<sup>1</sup> I.e., the main event, the development of the story.

<sup>2</sup> Full dry. For a frequently recurring comparison.

<sup>3</sup> Shrank.

<sup>4</sup> Parant, married.



That ther n'is tigre, ne no cruel best,  
That dwelleth oþer in wood, or in forest,  
That n'olde han wept, if that he wepen coude,  
For sorwe of hire, she shright alway so loud.

For ther was never yet no man on live,  
If that he coude a faucon wel describe,  
That berde of swiche another of mayrenesse  
As wel of plumage, as of gentillesse,  
Of shape, of all that might yrakened be.  
A faucon peregrine<sup>1</sup> named she  
Of framde lond,<sup>2</sup> and ever as she stood,  
She swooned now and now for lack of blood,  
Til wel neigh is she fallen fro the tree.

This faire kinges doughter Canace,  
That on hire finger bare the queinte ring,  
Thurgh which she understood wel every thing  
That any foule may in his leden cain,  
And coude answer him in his leden<sup>3</sup> again,  
Hath understonden what this faucon seyde,  
And wel neigh for the rounthe almost she deyde:  
And to the tree she goth ful hastily,  
And on this faucon loketh pitously,  
And held hire lap abroad, for wel she wist  
The faucon muste fallen from the twist<sup>4</sup>  
Whan that she swooned next, for fante<sup>5</sup> of blood.  
A longe while to waiten hire she stood,  
Til at the last she spake in this manere  
Unto the hawk, as ye shul after here.

What is the cause, if it be for to tell,  
That ye ben in this furial peine of hell?  
Quod Canace unto this hawk above;  
Is this for sorwe of deth, or loss of love?  
For as I trow, thise be the causes two,  
That causen most a gentil herte wo.  
Of oþer harme it nedeth not to speke,  
For ye yourself upon yourself awreke,  
Which preveth wel, that other ire or drede  
Mote ben encheson<sup>6</sup> of your cruel dede,  
Bin that I se non other wight you chace.  
For the love of God, as doth yourselven grace:

<sup>1</sup> The same as "peregrine," i.e. from a strange country.

<sup>2</sup> Language, a corruption of Latin.

<sup>3</sup> Twig, branch.

<sup>4</sup> In default.

<sup>5</sup> Fainting.



Or what may be your helpe ? for west ne east  
Ne saw I never er now no brid ne best,  
That ferde with himself so pitously.  
Ye ale me with your sorwe veraily,  
I have of you so gret compassion.  
For Goddes love come fro the tree adoun;  
And as I am a kinges doughter trewe,  
If that I veraily the causes knewe  
Of your disese, if it lay in my might,  
I wold amend it, or that it were night,  
As wisly help me the gret God of kind.  
And herbes shal I right ynough yfind,  
To helen with your hurtes hastily.

Tho<sup>1</sup> shright this faucon yet more pitously  
Than ever she did, and fell to ground anon,  
And lith aswoun, as ded as lith a ston,  
Til Canace hath in hire lappe hire take,  
Unto that time she gan of awoun awake:  
And after that she out of awoun abraide,  
Right in hire haukes leden<sup>2</sup> thus she sayde.

That pitee renneth sone in gentil herte  
(Feling his similitude in peines amerte)  
Is proved alle day, as men may see,  
As wel by werke as by auctoritee,  
For gentil herte kitheth<sup>3</sup> gentillesse.  
I see wel, that ye have on my distresse  
Compassion, my faire Canace,  
Of veray womanly benignitee,  
That nature in your principles hath set.  
But for non hope for to fare the bet,  
But for to obey unto your herte free,  
And for to maken other yware by me,  
As by the whelpe chastised is the leon,  
Right for that cause and that conclusion,  
While that I have a leiser and a space,  
Min harme I wol confessen er I pace.  
And ever while that on hire sorwe told,  
That other wept, as she to water wold,  
Til that the faucon bad hire to be still,  
And with a sike<sup>4</sup> right thus she said hire till.

Ther I was bred, (alas that ilke day !)  
And fostred in a roche<sup>5</sup> of marble gray

<sup>1</sup> Then.<sup>2</sup> Kitheth.<sup>3</sup> Sigh.

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<sup>4</sup> Vele.<sup>5</sup> Rock.

So tenderly, that nothing ailed me.  
 I ne wist not what was adversitee,  
 Til I coud see ful high under the skie.  
 Tho dwelled a tercelet<sup>1</sup> me faste by,  
 That seemed welke of alle gentillese,  
 Al were he ful of treason and falsenesse.  
 It was so wrapped under humble chere,  
 And under hew of trouth in swiche manere,  
 Under plesance, and under besy peine,  
 That no wight coud have wend he coude feine,  
 So depe in greyn he died his coloures.  
 Right as a serpent hideth him under floures,  
 Til he may see his time for to bite;  
 Right so this god of loves hypocrite  
 Doth so his ceremonies and obeisance,  
 And kepeth in semblaunt alle his observance,  
 That souneth unto<sup>2</sup> gentillese of love.  
 As on a tombe is all the faire above,  
 And under is the corpe, swiche as ye wote;  
 Swiche was this hypocrite both cold and hote,  
 And in this wise he served his entent,  
 That, save the fend, non wiste what he ment:  
 Til he so long had weped and complained,  
 And many a yere his service to me fained,  
 Till that min herte, to pitous and to nice,  
 Al innocent of his crowned malice,  
 For-fered of his deth, as thoughte me,  
 Upon his othes and his seuretee,  
 Graunted him love, on this condition,  
 That evermo min honour and renown  
 Were saved, bothe privies and apart;  
 This is to say, that, after his desert,  
 I yave him all min herte and all my thought,  
 (God wote, and he, that other wayes nought)  
 And toke his herte in chaunge of min for ay.  
 But soth is said, gon sithen is many a day,  
 A trewe wight and a theef thinken not on.  
 And whan he saw the thing so fer ygon,  
 That I had granted him fully my love,  
 In swiche a guise as I have said above,  
 And yeven him my trewe herte as free  
 As he swore that he yaf his herte to me,  
 Anon this tigre, ful of doublenesse,  
 Fell on his knees with so gret humblesse,

<sup>1</sup> A male hawk.

<sup>2</sup> Is connected to.

With so high reverence, as by his chure,  
 So like a gentil lover of manere,  
 So ravished, as it comed, for the joye,  
 That never Jason, ne Paris of Troye,  
 Jason? certes, ne never other man,  
 Sin Lamech was, that alderfirst began  
 To loven two, as writen folk beforne,  
 Ne never sithen the first man was borne,  
 Ne coude man by twenty thousand part  
 Cuntrefete the sophimes of his art;  
 Ne were worthy to unboole his galoche,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ther doubleness of faining shuld approche,  
 Ne coude so thanks a wight, as he did me.  
 His maner was an heven for to see  
 To any woman, were she never so wise;  
 So painted he and kempt, at point devine,  
 As wel his wordes, as his contenance.  
 And I so loved him for his obeisance,  
 And for the trouthe I demed in his herte,  
 That if so were that anything him smarte,  
 Al were it never so lite, and I it wist,  
 Me thought I felt deth at myn herte twist.  
 And shortly, so ferforth this thing is went,  
 That my will was his willes instrument;  
 This is to say, my will obeied his will  
 In alle thing, as far as reson fill,  
 Keping the boundes of my worship over;  
 Ne never had I thing so lefe, ne lever,  
 As him, God wot, ne never shal no mo.

This lasteth lenger than a yere or two,  
 That I supposed of him nought but good.  
 But finally, thus at the last it stood,  
 That fortune wolde that he muste twin<sup>2</sup>  
 Out of that place, which that I was in.  
 Wher me was wo, it is no question;  
 I cannot make of it description.  
 For o thing dare I tellen boldely,  
 I know what is the peine of deth therby,  
 Swiche harme I felt, for he ne might byleve.

So on a day of me he toke his leve,  
 So sorweful eke, that I wend verally,  
 That he had felt as moche harme as I,

<sup>1</sup> Sheen.<sup>2</sup> Begot.

When that I herd him spake, and saw his hewe,  
 But natheles, I thought he was so trewe,  
 And eke that he repairen shuld again  
 Within a litel while, soth to main,  
 And reoun wold eke that he muste go  
 For his honour, as often happeth so,  
 That I made vertue of necessitee,  
 And toke it wel, sin that it muste be.  
 As I best might, I hid fro him my sorwe,  
 And toke him by the hand, Saint John to berwe,  
 And said him thus; lo, I am youre all,  
 Both swiche as I have ben to you and shall.

What he answerd, it nedeth not reherce;  
 Who can say bet than he, who can do worse?  
 When he hath al wel said, than hath he done.  
 Therfore behoveth him a ful long sponne,  
 That shal ete with a fend; thus herd I say.

So at the last he muste forth his way,  
 And forth he fleeth, til he come ther him last.  
 When it came him to purpos for to rest,  
 I trow that he had thilke text in mind,  
 That alle thing repairing to his kind  
 Gladeth himself; thus sain men as I gesse:  
 Men loven of propre kind newefangelnesse,  
 As briddes don, that men in cages fede.  
 For though thou night and day take of hem hede,  
 And strew hir cage faire and soft as silk,  
 And give hem sugre, hony, bred, and milke,  
 Yet right anon as that his dore is up,  
 He with his feet wol spurnen down his cup,  
 And to the wood he wol, and wormes ete;  
 So newefangel ben they of hir mete,  
 And loven noveltees of propre kind;  
 No gentillesse of blood ne may hem bind.

So ferd this tercelet, alas the day!  
 Though he were gentil borne, and fresh and gay,  
 And goodly for to seen, and humble, and free,  
 He saw upon a time a kite see,  
 And sodenly he loved this kite so,  
 That all his love is clene fro me ago;  
 And hath his trouthe falsed in this wise.  
 Thus hath the kite my love in hire service,  
 And I am lorn withouten remedy.

And with that word this tereoun gan to cry,

And swooneth oft in Canacees harme.<sup>1</sup>  
 Gret was the sorwe for that hankes harme,  
 That Canace and all hire women made;  
 They n'isten<sup>2</sup> how they might the faucon glade.  
 But Canace hom bereth hire in hire lap,  
 And softly in plastres gan hire wrap,  
 Ther as she with her bak had hurt hireselfe.

Now cannot Canace but herbes delve  
 Out of the ground, and maken salves newe  
 Of herbes precious and fine of hewe,  
 To helon with this hank; fro day to night  
 She doth hire beuisme, and all hire might  
 And by hire beddes had she made a mew,<sup>3</sup>  
 And covered it with velouettes<sup>4</sup> blew,  
 In signe of trouth, that is in woman sone;  
 And all without the mew is painted grene,  
 In which were painted all thise false foules,  
 As ben thise tidifes,<sup>5</sup> tarcelettes, and owles;  
 And pies, on hem for to cry and chide,  
 Right for despit were painted hem beside.

Thus lete I Canace hire hank keping.  
 I wol no more as now speke of hire ring,  
 Til it come aft to purpos for to sein,  
 How that this faucon gat hire love again  
 Repentant, as the story telleth us,  
 By mediation of Camballus  
 The kinges sone, of which that I you told.  
 But henneforth I wol my processe hold  
 To speke of adventures, and of batailles,  
 That yet was never hard so gret mervailles.

First wol I tellen you of Cambuscan,  
 That in his time many a citee wan:  
 And after wol I speke of Algarais,  
 How that he wan Theodora to his wif,  
 For whom ful oft in gret peril he was,  
 Ne had he ben holpen by the hors of bras.  
 And after wol I speke of Camballo,  
 That fought in listes with the brethren two  
 For Canace, ar that he might hire winne,  
 And ther I left I wol again beginne.

<sup>1</sup> Lap.

<sup>2</sup> Caga.

<sup>3</sup> Mentioned also in the Legend of Good Women, vs. 124, as an insect as bird.

<sup>4</sup> Knew net.

<sup>5</sup> Velvet.

## NES PROLOGUE

1918.

Straw for your gentillesse, quod our hoste.  
What? Frankeleyn, parde, sire, wel thou wost,  
That eche of you mote tellen at the lest  
A tale or two, or breken his behest.  
That know I wel, sire, quod the Frankeleyn,  
I pray you haveth me not in disdeyn,  
Though I to this man speke a word or two.  
Tell on thy tale, withouten wordes mo.  
Gladly, sire hoste, quod he, I wol obey  
Unto your will; now herkeneth what I sey;

**1 Allow.**

### 2 Judgment.

~~3. Hatched, reproduced.~~

I wol you not contrarien in no wise,  
As fer as that my wittes may suffice.  
I pray to God that it may plesen you,  
Than wot I wel that it is good ynow.

Thise olde gentil Bretons<sup>1</sup> in hir dayes  
Of diverse adventures maden layes,  
Rimeyed in hir firste Breton tonge;  
Which layes with hir instruments they songe,  
Or elles redden hem for hir plesance,  
And on of hem have I in remembrance,  
Which I shal sayn with good wille as I can.

But, sires, because I am a borel<sup>2</sup> man,  
At my beginning first I you besече  
Have me excused of my rude specha.  
I lerned never rhetorike certain;  
Thing that I speke, it mote be bare and plain.  
I slept never on the mount of Pernaso,  
Ne lerned Marcus Tullius Cicero.  
Colours ne know I non, withouten drede,  
But swiche colours as growen in the mede,  
Or elles swiche as men die with or peinte;  
Colours of rhetorike ben to me queinte;  
My spirit feleth not of swiche matere.  
But if you lust my tale shul ye here.

## The Frankelines Tale.

In Armorike, that called is Bretaigne,  
Ther was a knight, that loved and did his peine  
To serve a ladie in his beste wise;  
And many a labour, many a gret emprise  
He for his lady wrought, or she were wonne:  
For she was on the fairest under sonne,  
And eke therto comen of so high kinrede,  
That wel unnethes<sup>3</sup> durst this knight for dred.  
Tell hire his wo, his peine, and his distresse.  
But at the last, she for his worthinesse,

<sup>1</sup> See Tyrwhitt's note, and Discourse, n. 14.

<sup>2</sup> Rude, plain.

<sup>3</sup> Unwillingly.

And namely for his make obeyaunce,  
 Hath swiche a pitee caught of his penance,  
 That prively she fall of his accord  
 To take him for hire husband and hire lord;  
 (Of swiche lordship as men han over hir wif)  
 And, for to lede the more in blisse hir lif,  
 Of his free will he swore hire as a knight,  
 That never in all his lif he day ne night  
 Ne shulde take upon him no maistrie  
 Agains hire will, ne kithe<sup>1</sup> hire jalousie,  
 But hire obey, and folwe hire will in al,  
 As any lover to his lady shal:  
 Save that the name of souveraintee  
 That wold he han for shame of his degree.  
 She thonked him, and with ful gret humblesse  
 She saide; sire, sir, of your gentillesse  
 Ye profren me to have so large a reine,  
 Ne wolde God never betwix us tweine,  
 As in my gilt, were either werre or strif:  
 Sire, I wol be your humble trewe wif,  
 Have here my trouth, til that myn herte broste.  
 Thus ben they both in quiete and in reste.

For o thing, sires, saufly dare I seie,  
 That frendes everich other must obeie,  
 If they wol longe holden compaignie.  
 Love wol not be constreined by maistrie.  
 Whan maistrie cometh, the God of love anon  
 Beteth<sup>2</sup> his winges, and farewell, he is gon.  
 Love is a thing, as any spirit, free.  
 Women of kind desiren libertee,  
 And not to be constreined as a thral;  
 And so don men, if sothly I say shal.  
 Loke who that is most patient in love,  
 He is at his advantage all above.  
 Patience is an high vertue certain,  
 For it venquisheth, as thise clerkes sain,  
 Thinges that rigour never shulde atteine.  
 For every word men may not chide or pleine.  
 Lerneth to suffren, or, so mote I gon,  
 Ye shul it lerne whether ye wol or non.  
 For in this world certain no wight ther is,  
 That he ne doth or sayth sometime amys.

<sup>1</sup> Shew.<sup>2</sup> M. beteth. 11001.

Ire, sikenease, or constellation,  
 Win, wo, or changing of complexion,  
 Causeth ful oft to don amis or spoken.  
 On every wrong a man may not be wreken.  
 After the time must be temperance  
 To every wight that can o. governance.  
 And therefore hath this worthy wise knight  
 (To liven in ese) suffrance hire behight;  
 And she to him ful wisly gan to swere,  
 That never shuld ther be defaute in here.

Here may men seen an humble wise accord;  
 Thus hath she take hire servant and hire lord,  
 Servant in love, and lord in mariage.  
 Than was he both in lordship and servage;  
 Servage? nay, but in lordship al above,  
 Sin he hath both his lady and his love:  
 His lady certes, and his wif also,  
 The which that law of love accordeth to.  
 And whan he was in this prosperitee,  
 Home with his wif he goth to his contree,  
 Not fer fro Penmark,<sup>1</sup> ther his dwelling was,  
 Wher as he liveth in blisse and in solas.

Who coude tell, but he had wedded be,  
 The joye, the ese, and the prosperitee,  
 That is betwix an husbond and his wif?  
 A yere and more lasteth this blisful lif,  
 Til that this knight, of which I spake of thus,  
 That of Cairrud<sup>2</sup> was cleped Arviragus,  
 Shope him to gon and dwelle a yere or twaine  
 In Englelonde, that cleped was eke Bretaigne,  
 To seke in armes worship and honour:  
 (For all his lust he set in swiche labour)  
 And dwelte ther two yere; the book saith thus.

Now wol I stint of this Arviragus,  
 And speke I wol of Dorigene<sup>3</sup> his wif,  
 That loveth hire husbond as hire hertes lif.  
 For his absence wepeth she and wileth,  
 As don thise noble wives whan hem liketh;  
 She morneth, waketh, waileth, fasteth, plaineth;<sup>4</sup>  
 Desir of his presence hire so distraineth,

<sup>1</sup> Upon the western coast of Bretagne, between Brest and Port Orient. It is derived from Pen, a mountain, and Mark, a boundary.

<sup>2</sup> Also a British word, signifying the Red City.

<sup>3</sup> Dorigen, or Doriguen, was the name of the wife of Alain I.—*see* *Britt.*

<sup>4</sup> Lamenteth.

That all this wide world she set at nought.  
Hire frendes, which that knew hire hevvy thought,  
Comforten hire in all that ever they may;  
They prechen hire, they telle hire night and day,  
That causeles she sleth hireself, alas!  
And every comfort possible in this cas  
They don to hire, with all hir besinesse,  
Al for to make hire leve hire hevinesses.

By processe, as ye knowen everich on,  
Men mowe so longe graven in a ston,  
Til som figure therin emprented be:  
So long han they comforted hire, til she  
Received hath, by hope and by reson,  
The emprenting of hir consolation,  
Thurgh which hire grette sorwe gan assuage;  
She may not alway duren in swiche rage.  
And eke Arviragus, in all this care,  
Hath sent his lettres home of his welfare,  
And that he wol come hastily again,  
Or elles had this sorwe hire herte slain.

Hire frendes saw hire sorwe gan to slake,  
And preiden hire on knees for Goddes sake,  
To come and romen in hir compaignie,  
Away to driven hire derke fantasie:  
And finally she granted that request,  
For wel she saw that it was for the best.

Now stood hire castel faste by the see,  
And often with hire frendes walked she,  
Hire to disporten on the bank an hie,  
Wher as she many a ship and barge sie,  
Sailing hir cours, wher as hem list to go.  
But than was that a parcel of hire wo,  
For to hireself ful oft, alas! said she,  
Is ther no ship, of so many as I see,  
Wol bringen home my lord? than were my herte  
Al warished<sup>1</sup> of his bitter peines smerte.

Another time wold she sit and thinke,  
And caast her eyen downward fro the brinke;  
But whan she saw the grisly rockes blake,  
For veray fere so wold hire herte quake,  
That on hire feet she might hire not sustene.  
Than wold she sit adoun upon the grene,

<sup>1</sup> Healed.

And pitously into the see behold,  
 And say right thus, with careful sikes' cold.  
 Eterne God, that thurgh thy purveance  
 Ledest this world by certain governaunce,  
 In idel,<sup>2</sup> as men sain, ye nothing make.  
 But, lord, thise grisly fendly rockes blake,  
 That semen rather a foule confusion  
 Of werk, than any faire creation  
 Of swiche a parfit wise God and stable,  
 Why han ye wrought this werk unreasonable?  
 For by this werk, north, south, no west, no east,  
 Ther n'is yfostred man, no brid, no best:  
 It doth no good, to my wit, but anyeth.  
 See ye not, lord, how mankind it destroyeth?  
 An hundred thousand bodies of mankind  
 Han rockes slain, al be they not in mind;  
 Which mankind is so faire part of thy werk,  
 Thou madest it like to thyn owen merk.  
 Than, semeth it, ye had a gret chertee  
 Toward mankind; but how than may it be,  
 That ye swiche menes make it to destroyen?  
 Which menes don no good, but ever anyoun.

I wote wel, clerkes wol sain as hem lest  
 By arguments, that all is for the best,  
 Though I ne can the causes nought yknow;  
 But thilke God that made the wind to blow,  
 As kepe my lord, this is my conclusion:  
 To clerkes lete I all disputacion:  
 But wolde God, that all thise rockes blake  
 Were sonken into helle for his sake.  
 Thise rockes ales min herte for the fere.  
 Thus wold she say with many a pitous tere.

Hire frendes saw that it was no disport  
 To romen by the see, but discomfort,  
 And shapen hem for to plaien somwher elles.  
 They leden hire by rivers and by wellen,  
 And eke in other places delitable;  
 They dancen and they play at ches and tables.

So on a day, right in the morwe tide,  
 Unto a gardin that was ther beside,  
 In which that they had made hir ordinance  
 Of vitaille, and of other purveance,

<sup>1</sup> Anxious sighs.<sup>2</sup> Vain.



They gon and plaie hem all the longe day;  
And this was on the sixte morwe of May,  
Which May had pointed with his softe shouren  
This gardin ful of leves and of floures:  
And craft of mannes hond so curiously  
Arrayed had this gardin trowely,  
That never was ther gardin of swiche pris,  
But if it were the veray paradis.  
The odour of floures, and the freshe sight,  
Wold han ymaked any herte light  
That ever was born, but if to gret sikennes  
Or to gret sorwe held it in distress,  
So ful it was of beautes and plesance.

And after dinner gonne they to dance  
And sing also, sauf Dorigene alone,  
Which made alway hire complaint and hire moene,  
For she ne saw him on the dance go,  
That was hire husbond, and hire love also:  
But nathlees she must a time abide,  
And with good hope let hire sorwe slide.

Upon this dance, amonges other men,  
Danced a squier before Dorigen,  
That fresher was and jolier of array,  
As to my dome,<sup>1</sup> than is the month of May.  
He singeth, danceth, passing any man,  
That is or was sin that the world began:  
Therwith he was, if men shuld him describe,  
On of the beste faring man on live,  
Yong, strong, and virtuous, and rich, and wise,  
And wel beloved, and holden in gret pris.  
And shortly, if the soth I tellen shal,  
Unweting of this Dorigene at al,  
This lusty squier, servant to Venus,  
Which that ycleped was Aurelius,  
Had loved hire best of any creature  
Two yere and more, as was his aventure:  
But never dorst he tell hire his grevance,  
Withouten cup he dranke all his penance.  
He was dispeired, nothing dorst he say,  
Sauf in his songes somewhat wold he wray<sup>2</sup>  
His wo, as in a general complaining;  
He said, he loved, and was beloved nothing.

<sup>1</sup> In my opinion.

<sup>2</sup> Wray.

Of swiche matere made he many layes,  
 Songes, complaintes, roundels, virelayes;  
 How that he dorste not his sorwe telle,  
 But languisheth, as doth a furie<sup>1</sup> in helle;  
 And die he must, he said, as did Ecco  
 For Narcissus, that dorst not tell hire wo.

In other maner than ye here me say,  
 Ne dorst he not to hire his wo bewray;<sup>2</sup>  
 Sauf that paraventure somtime at dances,  
 Ther yonge folk kepen hir observances,  
 It may wel be he loked on hire face  
 In swiche a wise, as man that axeth grace,  
 But nothing wiste she of his entent.  
 Natheles it happed, or they thennes went,  
 Because that he was hire neighebour,  
 And was a man of worship and honour,  
 And had yknowen him of time yore,  
 They fell in speche, and forth ay more and more  
 Unto his purpos drow Aurelius;  
 And whan he saw his time, he saide thus.  
 Madame, quod he, by God that this world made,  
 So that I wist it might your herte glade,  
 I wold that day, that your Arviragus  
 Went over see, that I Aurelius  
 Had went ther I shuld never come again;  
 For wel I wot my service is in vain,  
 My guerdon n'is but bresting of min herte.  
 Madame, rueth upon my peines smerte,  
 For with a word ye may me sleen or save.  
 Here at your feet God wold that I were grave.<sup>3</sup>  
 I ne have as now no leiser more to sey:  
 Have mercy, swete, or ye wol do me dey.

She gan to loke upon Aurelius;  
 Is this your will (quod she) and say ye thus?  
 Never erst (quod she) ne wist I what ye ment:  
 But now, Aurelie, I know your entent.  
 By thilke God that yaf me soule and lif,  
 Ne shal I never ben an untrew wif  
 In word ne werk, as fer as I have wit,  
 I wol ben his to whom that I am knit:

<sup>1</sup> Some MSS. read "fre." Neither word gives much meaning.  
 could it be, "as doth a female in helle"?

<sup>2</sup> Discover.

<sup>3</sup> Buried.

Take this for final answer as of me.

But after that in play thus saide she.

Aurelie (quod she) by lugh God above  
Yet wol I granten you to ben your love,  
(Sin I you see so pitously complaine)  
Loke, what day that endelong Bretaigne  
Ye remue all the rockes, ston by ston,  
That they ne letten<sup>1</sup> ship ne bote to gon,  
I say, whan ye han made the cost so clene  
Of rockes, that ther n'is no ston ysene,  
Than wol I love you best of any man,  
Have here my trouth, in all that ever I can;  
For wel I wote that it shal never betide.  
Let swiche folie out of your herte glide.  
What deintee shuld a man have in his lif  
For to go love another mannes wif,  
That hath hire body whan that ever him liketh<sup>2</sup>

Aurelius ful often sore siketh;  
Is ther non other grace in you? quod he.

No, by that lord, quod she, that maked me.  
Wo was Aurelie whan that he this herd,  
And with a sorweful herte he thus answerd.

Madame, quod he, this were an impossible.  
Than moste I die of soden deth horrible.  
And with that word he turned him anon.

Tho come hire other frendes many on,  
And in the alleyes romed up and down,  
And nothing wist of this conclusioun,  
But sodenly begonnen revel newe,  
Til that the brighte sonne had lost his hewe,  
For the orizont had rest the sonne his light;  
(This is as much to sayn as it was night)  
And home they gon in mirthe and in solas;  
Sauf only wrecche Aurelius, alas!  
He to his hous is gon with sorweful herte.  
He saith, he may not from his deth asterte.  
Him semeth, that he felt his herte cold.  
Up to the heven his hondes gan he hold,  
And on his knees bare he set him down,  
And in his raving said his orisoun.  
For veray wo out of his wit he braide,<sup>3</sup>  
He n'iste what he spake, but thus he saide;

<sup>1</sup> Hinder.

<sup>2</sup> Ran out of his senses.

With pitous herte his plaint hath he begonne  
 Unto the goddes, and first unto the sonne.  
 He said; Apollo, God and governour  
 Of every plante, herbe, tree, and flour,  
 That yevest after thy declination  
 To eche of hem his time and his seson,  
 As that thin herbergh<sup>1</sup> changeth low and hie;  
 Lord Phebus, cast thy merciable eie  
 On wrecche Aurelie, which that am but lorna.  
 Lo, lord, my lady hath my deth yaworne  
 Withouten gilt, but thy benignitee  
 Upon my dedly herte have som pitee.  
 For wel I wot, lord Phebus, if you leest,  
 Ye may me helpen, sauf my lady, best.  
 Now voucheth sauf, that I may you devise  
 How that I may be holpe and in what wise.

Your blisful suster, Lucina the shene,  
 That of the see is chief goddesse and quene,  
 Though Neptunus have deitee in the see,  
 Yet emperice aboven him is she:  
 Ye knowe wel, lord, that right as hire desire  
 Is to be quiked<sup>2</sup> and lighted of your fire,  
 For which she folweth you ful beasily,  
 Right so the see desireth naturelly  
 To solwen hire, as she that is goddesse  
 Both in the see and rivers more and lesse.  
 Wherefore, lord Phebus, this is my request,  
 Do this miracle, or do min herte brest;  
 That now next at this opposition,  
 Which in the signe shal be of the Leon,  
 As preyeth hire<sup>3</sup> so gret a flood to bring,  
 That five fadome at the lest it overspring  
 The highest rock in Armorike Bretaigne,  
 And let this flood enduren yeres twaine:  
 Than certes to my lady may I say,  
 Holdeth your hest, the rockes ben away.  
 Lord Phebus, this miracle doth for me,  
 Prey hire she go no faster cours than ye;  
 I say this, preyeth your suster that she go  
 No faster cours than ye thise yeres two:  
 Than shal she ben even at ful alway,  
 And spring-flood lasten bothe night and day.

<sup>1</sup> Lodging.<sup>2</sup> Quickened.<sup>3</sup> I pray you.

And but<sup>1</sup> she vouchesaut in swiche manere  
 To graunten me my souveraine lady dere,  
 Prey hire to saken every rock adoun  
 Into hire owen derke regicoun  
 Under the ground, ther Pluto dwelleth in,  
 Or nevermo shal I my lady win.

Thy temple in Delphos wol I barefoot seke.  
 Lord Phebus, see the teres on my cheke,  
 And on my peine have som compassioun.  
 And with that word, in sorwe he fell adoun,  
 And longe time he lay forth in a trance.  
 His brother, which that knew of his penance,<sup>2</sup>  
 Up caught him, and to bed he hath him brought.  
 Dispeired in this turment and thus thought  
 Let I this woful creature lie,

Chese he for me whether he wol live or die.

Arviragus with hele<sup>3</sup> and gret honour  
 (As he that was of chevalrie the flour)  
 Is comen home, and other worthy men:  
 O, listful art thou now, thou Dorigen,  
 That hast thy lusty husbond in thin armes,  
 The fresle knight, the worthy man of armes,  
 That loveth thee, as his owen heites lit;  
 Nothing list him to be imaginatif,  
 If any wight had spoke, while he was out,  
 To hire of love: he had of that no doute;  
 He not entendeth to no swiche matere,  
 But danceth, justeth, and maketh mery chere,  
 And thus in joye and blisse I let hem dwell,  
 And of the sike Aurelius wol I tell.

In langour and in turment furious  
 Two yere and more lay wrecche Aurelius,  
 Er any foot on erthe he mighte gon;  
 No comfort in this tyme he had he non.  
 Sauf of his brother, which that was a clerk.  
 He knew of all this wo and all this werk;  
 For to non other creature certain  
 Of this matere he dorste no word sain;  
 Under his brest he bare it more secree,  
 Than ever did Pamphilus<sup>4</sup> for Galathea.  
 His brest was hole withouten for to seen,  
 But in his herte ay was the arwe kene,

<sup>1</sup> Unless.

<sup>2</sup> Suffering.

<sup>3</sup> Health.

<sup>4</sup> A lover in some Latin poem of the time.

And wel ye knowe that of a sursanure<sup>1</sup>  
 In surgerie is perilous the cure,  
 But men might touch the arwe or come therby.

His brother wepeth and wailleth prively,  
 Til at the last him fell in remembrance,  
 That while he was at Orleunce in France,  
 As yonge clerkes, that ben likerous  
 To reden artes that ben curious,  
 Seken in every halke and every herno<sup>2</sup>  
 Particuler sciences for to lerne,  
 He him remembred, that upon a day  
 At Orleunce in studie a book he saw  
 Of magike naturel, which his felaw,  
 That was that time a bachelor of law,  
 Al were he ther to lerne another craft,  
 Had prively upon his desk ylast;  
 Which book spake moche of operations  
 Touching the eight and twenty mansions  
 That longen to the Mone, and swiche folie  
 As in our dayes n'is not worth a fle:  
 For holy cherches feith, in our beleve,  
 Ne suffreth non illusion us to greve.  
 And whan this book was in his remembrance,  
 Anon for joye his herte gan to dance,  
 And to himself he saied prively;  
 My brother shal be warished<sup>3</sup> hastily:  
 For I am siker<sup>4</sup> that ther be sciences,  
 By which men maken divers apparences,  
 Swiche as thise subtil tregetoures<sup>5</sup> play.  
 For oft at festes have I wel herd say,

<sup>1</sup> A wound healed only outwardly.

<sup>2</sup> I. e., in every corner, a proverbial expression.

<sup>3</sup> Cured.

<sup>4</sup> Certain.

<sup>5</sup> In the time of Chaucer, the persons who sang and played were called, generally, *Minstrels*; while the name of *Jogelour* was, in a manner, appropriated to those, who, by sleight of hand and machines, produced such illusions of the senses as are usually supposed to be effected by enchantment: see above, ver. 7049. This species of *Jogelour* is here called a *Tregetour*. They are joined together in company with *Magicians*. II. of F. iii. 169.

Ther saw I playing *Jogelours*,  
*Magiciens* and *Tregetours*,  
 And *Phitonesses*, *Charmeresses*—  
 And *Clerkes* eke which conne wel  
 All this *magike naturel*.—

see also the following ver. 187—191.

If we compare the feats of the *Tregetours*, as described in this passage,

That tregetours, within an halle large,  
Have made come in a water and a barge,  
And in the halle rowen up and doun.  
Sometime hath comen come a gris leoun,  
And sometime flouris spring as in a mede,  
Sometime a vine, and grapes white and rede,  
Sometime a castel al of lime and ston,  
And when hem liketh voideth<sup>1</sup> it awen;  
Thus sumeth it to every mannes sight.

Now than conclude I thus, if that I might  
At Orleansse som olde felaw find,  
That hath thise Mones mansions in wifed,  
Or other Magike natural above,  
He shuld wel make my brother have his love.

with those which are afterwards performed by the Clerkes myselfe, for the entertainment of his guests, ver. 11501—11610, we shall find them very similar; and they may both be illustrated by the following account which Sir John Mandeville has given of the exhibitions before the Great Cham. "And then comen Juggours and Enchanours, that doo many marvailles: for they maken to come in the ayre the Sonne and the Moone, be cominge, to every mannes sight. And after they maken the nyght so dark, that no man may see no thing. And after they maken the day to come ayen fair and pleasant with bright Sonne to every mannes sight. And than they bringen in damours of the fyrst damyuelles of the world and richest arrayed. And after they maken to comen in other damyuelles, bringinge coupes of gold, fulls of myght of dyvers bestes, and yeven drynke to lordes and to ladyes. And than they make Kynges to jousten in armes fulls lustyly; and they rennen togidre a grete radoway; and they franschen togidre fulls fiercely; and they broken here spurs so redely, that the truncheons flen in pyeces and pees alle aboute the Halle. And than they maken to come in Amysse for the Hert and for the Boor, with houndes running with open mouthes. And many other thinges they doo be craft of hir enchantements, that it is marroyle for to see. And suchs playes of desport they make, til the taking up of the boardis." Mand. Trav. p. 264, 4. See also p. 261. "and wher it be by craft or by mygicmanys, I wot now."

The Glossary derives *Tregetour* from the DACH. LAT. *Triemer*; but the derivatives of that family are *tricheur*, *trichester*, *trick*, &c. Nor can I find the word *Tregetour* in any language but our own. It seems clearly to be formed from *treget*, which is frequently used by Chaucer for *deceit*, *deception*. R. R. 6267, 6312, 6323; and so is *tregetry*, *ibid.* 6374, 6383. From whence *treget* itself may have been derived is more difficult to say; but I observe, that *trebuchet*, the French name for a military engine, is called by Chaucer *treget*, R. R. 6279, and by Knighton, 2672, *treget*; and that this same word *trebuchet*, in French, signified also a machine for catching birds. De Cooze, in v. *TREBUCHET*.—*Trebuchet*.

<sup>1</sup> *Departs*, *disappears*.

For with an apparence a clerk may make  
 To mannes sight, that all the rockes blake  
 Of Bretaigne were yvoided everich on,  
 And shippes by the brinke comen and gon,  
 And in swiche forme endure a day or two:  
 Than were my brother warished of his wo,  
 Than must she nedes holden hire beheest,  
 Or elles he shal shame hire at the lest.

What shuld I make a lenger tale of this?  
 Unto his brothers bed he comen is,  
 And swiche comfort he yaf him, for to gon  
 To Orleauce, that he up stert anon,  
 And on his way forthward than is he fare,  
 In hope for to ben liased<sup>1</sup> of his care.

Whan they were come almost to that citee,  
 But if it were a two furlong or three,  
 A yonge clerk roming by himself they mette  
 Which that in Latine thriftily hem grette.  
 And after that he sayd a wonder thing;  
 I know, quod he, the cause of your coming:  
 And or they forther any foote went,  
 He told hem all that was in hir entent.

This Breton clerk him axed of felawes,  
 The which he had yknowen in olde dawes,  
 And he answered him that they dede were,  
 For which he wept ful often many a tere.

Doun of his hors Aurelius light anon,  
 And forth with this magicien is gon  
 Home to his hous, and made hem wel at ese:  
 Hem lacked no vitaille that might hem plesse.  
 So wel arraied hous as ther was on,  
 Aurelius in his lif saw never non.

He shewed him, or they went to souper,  
 Forestes, parkes ful of wilde dera.  
 Ther saw he hartes with hir hornes hie,  
 The gretest that were ever seen with eis.  
 He saw of hem an hundred slain with houndes,  
 And som with arwes blede of bitter woundes.  
 He saw, whan voided were the wilde dera,  
 Thise fauconers upon a faire rivere,  
 That with hir haukes han the heron slain.

Tho saw he knightes justen in a plain.

<sup>1</sup> Liased.

And after this he did him swiche plesance,  
That he him showed his lady on a dance,  
On which himselfen danced, as him thought.  
And when this maister, that this magike wrought,  
Saw it was time, he clapped his handes two,  
And shrowel, al the revel is agu.

And yet remuned they never out of the house,  
While they saw all thise sightes marvellous;  
But in his studie, ther his bookes be,  
They siten still, and no wight but they thre.

To him this maister called his squier,  
And sayd him thus, may we go to souper?  
Almost an houre it is, I undertake,  
Sin I you bade our souper for to make,  
When that thise worthy men wantan with me  
Into my studie, ther my bookes be.

Sire, quod this squier, when it likoth you,  
It is al redy, though ye wol right now.

Go we than soups, quod he, as for the best,  
Thise amorous folk somtime moste han rest.

At after souper fell they in trote  
What summe shuld this maisters guerdon be,  
To remue all the rockes of Bretaigne,  
And eke from Gerounde to the mouth of Seina.

He made it strange, and swore, so God him save,  
Lesse than a thousand pound he wold not have,  
No gladly for that summe he wold not gun.

Aurelius with blisful herte anon  
Answered thus; se on a thousand pound:  
This wide world, which that men sayn is round,  
I wold it yave, if I were lord of it.  
This bargaine is ful-drive, for we han knit;  
Ye shul be paid trewely by my trouth.  
But loketh, for non negligence or slouth,  
Ye taries' us here no lenger than to morwe.  
Nay, quod this clerk, have here my faith to berwe.

To bed is gon Aurelius whan him lest,  
And wel nigh all that night he had his rest,  
What for his labour, and his hope of blisse,  
His woful herte of penance had a lisse.

Upon the morwe whan that it was day,  
To Bretaigne taken they the righte way,



Aurelie, and this magicien him beside,  
And ben descended ther they wold abide:  
And this was, as the bookes me remember,  
The colde frosty sason of December.

Phebus waxe old, and hewed like laton,<sup>1</sup>  
That in his hote declination  
Shone as the burned gold, with streemes bright  
But now in Capricorne adoun he light,  
Wher as he shone ful pale, I dare wel sain.  
The bitter frostes with the sleet and rain  
Destroyed han the grene in every yerd.  
Jannus sit by the fire with double berd,  
And drinketh of his bugle horn the wine:  
Beforn him stant braune<sup>2</sup> of the tusked swine,  
And now<sup>3</sup> crieth every lusty man.

Aurelius in all that ever he can,  
Doth to his maister chere and reverence,  
And praieth him to don his diligence  
To bringen him out of his peines smerte,  
Or with a swerd that he wold slit his herta.

This sotil clerk swiche routh hath on this man,  
That night and day he spedeth him, that he can,  
To wait a time of his conclusion;  
This is to sayn, to make illusion,  
By swiche an apparence or joglerie,  
(I can no termes of Astrologie)  
That she and every wight shuld wene and say,  
That of Bretaigne the rockes were away,  
Or elles they were sonken under ground.  
So at the last he hath his time yfound  
To make his japes and his wretchednesse  
Of swiche a superstitious cursednesse.  
His tables Toletance<sup>4</sup> torth he brought  
Ful wel corrected, that ther lacked nought,

<sup>1</sup> Was of a brass-like colour.

<sup>2</sup> Brawn.

<sup>3</sup> Noel I derived from the Latin *Nesale*, a usual cry upon occasions of activity and rejoicing.

<sup>4</sup> The Astronomical Tables, composed by order of Alphonso X., king of Castile, about the middle of the XIIIth Century, were called sometimes *Tabulae Toletanae*, from their being adapted to the city of Toledo. There is a very elegant copy of them in MS. Harl. 2447. I am not sufficiently skilled in the ancient Astronomy to add anything to the explanation of the following technical terms, drawn chiefly from those tables, which has been given in the Addit. to Gloss. Urr. v. XXXV. recto, p. 81, as follows:—



Noether his collect, no his *expanse* years,  
 Noether his *rotas*, no his other geres,  
 As ben his centres, and his argumentes,  
 And his proportional convenientes  
 For his equations in every thing.  
 And by his eighte spere in his working,  
 He knew ful wel how far Almath<sup>1</sup> was shewe  
 Fro the bed of thilke fix Aries above,  
 That in the ninthe spere considered is,  
 Ful sotilly he calculated all this.  
 When he had found his firste mansion,  
 He knew the remenant by proportion;  
 And knew the rising of his mone wel,  
 And in whos face, and terme, and every dal;  
 And knew ful wel the monees mansion  
 Accordant to his operation;  
 And knew also his other observances,  
 For swiche illusions and swiche manechances,  
 As bethen folk used in thilke daies.  
 For which no lenger maketh he deiaies,  
 But thurgh his magike, for a day or tway,  
 It seemed all the rockes were away.

Aurelius, which that despaired is,  
 Whether he shal han his love, or fare amis,  
 Awaiteth night and day on this miracle:  
 And whan he knew that ther was non obstacle,  
 That voided were thise rockes everich on,  
 Down to his maisters feet he fell anon,  
 And sayd; I woful wretch Aurelius,  
 Thanks you, my lord, and lady min Venus,

<sup>1</sup> In this and the following verses, the poet describes the *Almagest* Astronomical tables by the several parts of them, wherein some old terms occur, which were used by the old astronomers, and so by the compilers of those tables. *Collect* years are certain years, with the motions of the heavenly bodies corresponding to as of 20, 40, 60, &c., disposed into tables; and *Expanse* years single years, with the motions of the heavenly bodies answer them, beginning at 1, and continued on to the smallest *Collect* 60, &c. A *Root*, or *Radix*, is any certain time taken at pleasure which, as an era, the celestial motions are to be computed. By *equal convenientes* are meant the tables of proportional parts. Dr. "Argument in astronomy is an arch whereby we seek: unknown arch proportional to the first."—Chambers. *Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>2</sup> The first star in the horn of Aries, whence the first month group takes its name.



That me han holpen fro my cares cold.  
And to the temple his way forth hath he hold,  
Theras he knew he shuld his lady see.  
And whan he saw his time, anon right he  
With dredful<sup>1</sup> herte and with ful humble chere  
Salued hath his souveraine lady dere.

My rightful lady, quod this woful man,  
Whom I most drede, and love, as I best can,  
And lothest were<sup>2</sup> of all this world displeur,  
N'ere it that I for you have swiche dresse,  
That I must die here at your foot anon,  
Nought wold I tell how me is wo begon.  
But certes other must I die or plaine;  
Ye ale me gilteles for veray paine.  
But of my deth though that ye han no worth,  
Aviseth you, or that ye breke your trouthe:  
Repenteth you for thilke God above,  
Or ye me ale, because that I y<sup>e</sup> love.  
For, madame, wel ye wote what ye me light;  
Not that I challenge any thing of right  
Of you, my souveraine lady, but of grace;  
But in a gardin yoz I am sounde a pace,  
Ye wote right wel what ye beynge to me,  
And in myn hond your trouthe; and then ye,  
To love me best; God wote ye shal me,  
Although that I unworthy be thereto.  
Madame, I speke it for the honour of you,  
More than to save my lertre at right low:  
I have don so as ye commaunded me,  
And if ye vouchesauf, ye may go see.  
Doth as you list, have your bestet in mind,  
For quick or ded, right ther ye shal me find:  
In you lith all to do me live or dey,  
But wel I wote the rokkes han away.

He taketh his love, and she a wailed stood;  
In all hire face n'as o droppe of blood:  
She wened never han come in swiche a trappe.

Alas! quod she, that ever this shuld happe!  
For wend I never by possibillitee,  
That swiche a monstre or nozavaille might be;  
It is again the provece of myn dre.  
And home she goth a sorweful creature,

<sup>1</sup> Doubtful.<sup>2</sup> Least willingly would.

For veray fere unnethes may she go.  
 She wepeth, wailleth all a day or two,  
 And swooneth, that it routhe was to see:  
 But why it was, to no wight tolde she,  
 For out of toun was gon Arviragus,  
 But to hireself she spake, and saied thus,  
 With face pale, and with ful sory chere,  
 In hire complaint, as ye shul after here.

Alas! quod she, on thee, fortune, I plain,<sup>1</sup>  
 That unware hast me wrapped in thy chain:  
 Fro which to escapen, wote<sup>2</sup> I no soccour,  
 Save only deth, or elles dishonour:  
 On of these two behoveth me to chese.  
 But natheles, yet had I lever less  
 My lif, than of my body have a shame,  
 Or know myselfen false, or lese my name;  
 And with my deth I may be quit ywis.<sup>3</sup>  
 Hath ther not many a noble wif or this,  
 And many a maid yalaine hireself, alas!  
 Rather than with hire body don trespas?  
 Yes certes; lo, thise stories bere witness.<sup>4</sup>

Whan thirty tyrants ful of cursednesse  
 Had slain Phidon in Athens at the fest,  
 They commanded his doughtren for to arrest,  
 And bringen hem beforne hem in despit  
 Al naked, to fulfill hir foule delit;  
 And in hir fadres blood they made hem dance  
 Upon the pavement, God yeve hem meschance.  
 For which thise woful maidens ful of drede,  
 Rather than they wold lese hir maidenhede,  
 They prively ben stert into a welle,  
 And dreint hemselven, as the bookes telle.

They of Messene let enquere and seke  
 Of Lacedonie fifty maidens eke,  
 On which they wolden don hir lecherie:  
 But ther was non of all that compaignie  
 That she n'as slaine, and with a glad content  
 Chees rather for to dien, than assent  
 To ben oppressed of hir maidenhede.  
 Why shuld I than to dien ben in drede?

Lo eke the tyrant Aristoclides,  
 That loved a maid hight Stimphalides,

<sup>1</sup> Lament.

<sup>2</sup> Know.

<sup>3</sup> Certainly.

<sup>4</sup> They are taken from Herodotus contra Justin. l. vii.—Tyrrell.



Whan that hire father slaine was on a night,  
Unto Dianes temple goth she right,  
And hente<sup>1</sup> the image in hire handes two,  
Fro which image wold she never go,  
No wight hire handes might of it arrace,<sup>2</sup>  
Til she was slaine right in the selve place.

Now sin that maidens hadden swiche despit  
To be defouled with mannes foule delit,  
Wel ought a wif rather hireselven sle,  
Than be defouled, as it thinketh me.

What shal I sayn of Hasdrubales wif,  
That at Cartage beraft hireself hire lif?  
For whan she saw that Romaine wan the town,  
She toke hire children all, and skipt adoun  
Into the fire, and ches rather to die,  
Than any Romain did hire vilania.

Hath not Lucrece ysleine hireself, alas!  
At Rome, whan that she oppressed was  
Of Tarquine? for hire thought it was a shame  
To liven, whan she hadde lost hire name.

The seven maidens of Milesie also  
Han slaine hemself for veray drede and wo,  
Rather than folk of Gaule hem shuld oppresse.

Mo than a thousand stories, as I gesse,  
Coude I now tell as touching this matere.

Whan Abradate was slain, his wif so dere  
Hireselven slaw, and let hire blood to glide  
In Abradates woundes, depe and wide,  
And sayd, my body at the leste way  
Ther shal no wight defoulen, if I may.

What shuld I mo ensamples hereof sain?  
Sin that so many han bemselven slain  
Wel rather than they wold defouled be,  
I wol conclude that it is bet for me  
To sle myself than be defouled thus.  
I wol be trewe unto Arviragus,  
Or elles sle myself in some manere,  
As did Demotiones doughter dere,  
Because she wolde not defouled be.

O Sedasus, it is ful gret pitee  
To reden how thy doughtren died, alas!  
That slowe hemselven for swiche maner cas.

<sup>1</sup> Took, seized.

<sup>2</sup> Tear away.

As greet a pitee was it or wel more,  
 The Theban maiden, that for Nichanore  
 Hireselven slow, right for swiche manere wo.  
 Another Theban mayden did right so,  
 For on of Macedoine had hire oppressed,  
 She with hire deth hire maidenhed redressed.

What shal I sain of Nicerates wif,  
 That for swiche cas beraft hireself hire lif?

How trewe was eke to Alcibiades  
 His love, that for to dien rather chees,  
 Than for to suffre his body unburied be?

Lo, which a wif was Alceste eke? (quod she)  
 What sayth Homere of good Penelope!  
 All Grece knoweth of hire chastitee.

Parde of Laolomia is written thus,  
 That whan at Troie was slain Prothesilaus,  
 No lenger wolde she live after his day.

The same of noble Portia tell I may;  
 Withouten Brutus coude she not live,  
 To whom she had all hol hire herte yeva.

The parfit wis hood of Artemisie  
 Honoured is thurghout all Barbaria.

O Teuta quene, thy wisly chastitee  
 To alle wives may a mirroure be.

Thus plained Dorigene a day or twey,  
 Purposing ever that she wolde dey;  
 But natheles upon the thridde night  
 Home came Arriragus, the worthy knight,  
 And axed hire why that she weep so sore:  
 And she gan wepen ever lenger the more.

Alas, quod she, that ever I was yborne!  
 Thus have I said, (quod she) thus have I sworne.  
 And told him all, as ye have herd before:  
 It nedeth not reherse it you no more.

Thus husbond with glad chere in frendly wise  
 Answerd and sayd, as I shal you devise.  
 Is ther ought elles, Dorigene, but this?

Nay, nay, quod she, God helpe me so, as wis  
 This is to much, and it were Goddes will.

Ye, wif, quod he, let slepen that is still,  
 It may be wel paraventure yet to-day.  
 Ye shal your trouthe holden by my fay.  
 For God so wisly have mercy on me,  
 I had wel lever stiked for to be,

For veray love which that I to you have,  
 But if ye shuld your trouthe kepe and save.  
 Trouth is the hiest thing that man may kepe.  
 But with that word he brast anon to wepe,  
 And sayd; I you forbede on peine of deth,  
 That never while you lasteth lif or breth,  
 To no wight tell ye this misaventure,  
 As I may best I wol my wo endure.  
 Ne make no contenance of hevynesse,  
 That folk of you may demen harme or gessa.  
 And forth he cleped a squier and a maid.  
 Goth forth anon with Dorigene, he said,  
 And bringeth hire to awiche a place anon.  
 They take hir leve, and on hir way they gon:  
 But they ne wisten why she thider went,  
 She n'olde no wight tellen hire entent.

This squier, which that highte Aurelius,  
 On Dorigene that was so amorous,  
 Of aventure happed hire to mete  
 Amid the toun, right in the quikkeste strete,  
 As she was boun' to go the way forthright  
 Toward the gardin, ther as she had hight.  
 And he was to the gardinward also;  
 For wel he spied whan she wolde go  
 Out of hire hous, to any maner place:  
 But thus they met of aventure or grace,  
 And he salueth hire with glad entent,  
 And axeth of hire whiderward she went.

And she answered, half as she were mad,  
 Unto the gardin, as myn husbond bad,  
 My trouthe for to hold, alas! alas!

Aurelius gan wondren on this cas,  
 And in his herte had gret compassion  
 Of hire, and of hire lamentation,  
 And of Arviragus the worthy knight,  
 That bad hire holden all that she had hight,  
 So loth him was his wif shuld breke hire trouthe.  
 And in his herte he caught of it gret routhe,  
 Considering the best on every side,  
 That fro his lust yet were him lever abide,  
 Than do so high a cherlish wretchednesse  
 Ageins fraunchise,<sup>1</sup> and alle gentillesse;

<sup>1</sup> Ready.<sup>2</sup> Franchise.

For which in fewe wordes sayd he thus.

Madame, say to your lord Arviragus,  
That sin I see the grete gentillesse  
Of him, and eke I see wel your distresse,  
That him were lever have shame (and that were routhe  
Than ye to me shuld breken thus your trouthe,  
I hadde wel lever ever to suffren wo,  
Than to depart the love betwix you two.  
I you relese, madame, into your hond  
Quit every seurement and every bond,  
That ye han made to me, as herebeforne,  
Sin thilke time that ye were yhorne.  
Have here my trouthe, I shal you never reprove  
Of no behest, and here I take my leve,  
As of the trewest and the beste wit,  
That ever yet I knew in all my lif.  
But every wif beware of hire behest;  
On Dorigene remembreth at the lest.  
Thus can a squier don a gentil dede,  
As wel as can a knight, withouten drede.

She thanketh him upon hire knees bare.  
And home unto hire husbond is she fare,  
And told him all, as ye han herd me sayd:  
And, trusteth me, he was so wel apayd,  
That it were impossible me to write.

What shuld I lenger of this cas endite?  
Arviragus and Dorigene his wif  
In sovaine blisse leden forth hir lif,  
Never eft ne was ther anger hem betwene;  
He cherished hire as though she were a queene,  
And she was to him trewe for evermore:  
Of thise two folk ye get of me no more.

Aurelius, that his cost hath all forlorne,  
Curseth the time, that ever he was borne.  
Alas! quod he, alas that I behight  
Of pured gold a thousand pound of wight  
Unto this philosophre! how shal I do?  
I see no more, but that I am fordo.  
Min heritage mote I nedes sell,  
And ben a begger, here I n'ill not dwell,  
And shamen all my kinrede in this place,  
But I of him may geten better grace.  
But natheles I wol of him assay  
At certain daies yere by yere to pay,

And thanke him of his grete curtesie.  
My trouthe wol I kepe, I wol not lie.

With herte sore he goth unto his cofre,  
And broughte gold unto this philosophre,  
The value of five hundred pound I gesse,  
And him besecheth of his gentillesse  
To graunt him daies of the remenaunt,  
And sayde; maister, I dare wel make avaunt,  
I failed never of my trouthe as yet.  
For sikerly my dette shal be quit  
Towardes you, how so that ever I fare  
To gon a begging in my kirtle bare:  
But wold ye vouchen sauf upon seurtee  
Two yere or three for to respiten me,  
Than were I wel, for elles mote I sell,  
Min heritage, ther is no more to tell.

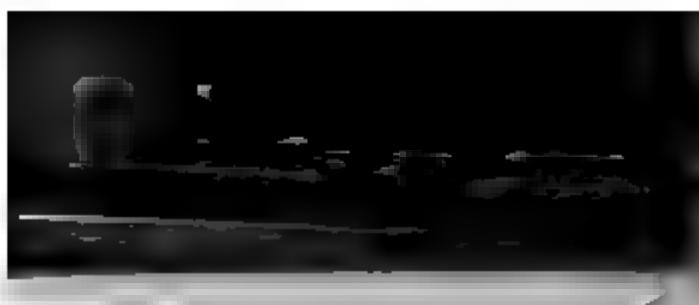
This Philosophre sobrelly answerd,  
And saied thus, whan he thise wordes herd;  
Have I not holden covenant to thee?

Yes certes, wel and trewely, quod he.  
Hast thou not had thy lady as thee liketh?

No, no, quod he, and sorwefully he siketh.  
What was the cause? tell me if thou can.

Aurelius his tale anon began,  
And told him all as ye han herd before,  
It nedeth not reherse it any more.  
He sayd, Arviragus of gentillesse  
Had lever die in sorwe and in distresse,  
Than that his wif were of hire trouthe false.  
The sorwe of Dorigene he told him also,  
How loth hire was to ben a wicked wif,  
And that she lever had lost that day hire lif;  
And that her trouth she swore thurgh innocence;  
She never erst halde herd speke of apparence;  
That made me hau of hire so gret pitee,  
And right as freely as he sent hire to me,  
As freely sent I hire to him again:  
This is all and som, ther n'is no more to saie.

The Philosophre answerd; leve brother,  
Everich of you did gentilly to other:  
Thou art a squier, and he is a knight,  
But God forbede to his blisful might,  
But if a clerk coud don a gentil dede  
As wel as any of you, it is no drede.



Sire, I release thee thy thousand pound,  
As thou right now were crope<sup>d</sup> out of the ground,  
Ne never er now ne hadde<sup>t</sup> knowen me  
For, sire, I wol not take a peny of thee  
For all my craft, ne nought for my travaille:  
Thou hast ypaid wel for my vitaille.  
It is ynough, and farewel, have good day.  
And toke his hors, and forth he goth his way.

Lordings, this question wold I axen now,  
Which was the moste free, as thinketh you?  
Now telleth me, or that ye further wende.  
I can no more, my tale is at an ende.

Had just crop<sup>d</sup>.

## THE DOCTOURES PROLOGUE

11929-11954.

Y<sup>e</sup>, let that passen, quod our Hoste, as now.  
Sire Doctour of Physike, I prey you,  
Tell us a tale of som honest matere.

It shal be don, if that ye wol it here,  
Said this doctour, and his tale began anon.  
Now, good men, quod he, herkeneth everich on.

### The Doctours Tale.

THERE was, as telleth Titus Livius,  
A knight, that cleped was Virginius,  
Fulfilled of honour and worthinesse,  
And strong of frendes, and of gret richesse.

This knight a doughter hadde by his wif,  
No children had he mo in all his lif.  
Faire was this maid in excellent beautee  
Aboven every wight that man may see:  
For nature hath with souveraine diligence  
Yformed hire in so gret excellence,  
As though she wolde sayn, lo, I nature,  
Thus can I forme and point a creature,  
Whan that me list; who can me contrefete?  
Pigmalion? not, though he ay forge and bete  
Or grave, or peinte: for I dare wel sain,  
Apelles, Xeuxis, shulden werche in vain,  
Other to grave, or peinte, or forge, or bete,  
If they presumed me to contrefete.  
For he that is the former principal,  
Hath makid me his vicaire general

To frowne and piteous wofully countenance  
 Night as we list, and ake thing in my care is  
 Under the moon, that may wane and waxe.  
 And for my work right nothing wold I care;  
 My hand and I ben ful of an sword.  
 I made hire to the worship of my hand;  
 So do I all min other countenance,  
 What colour that they ben, or what figure.  
 Thus cometh me that nature wille me.

This maid of age toold yow was and tange,  
 In which that nature hadde swiche delft.  
 For right as she can paint a fly whit  
 And red a rose, right with swiche pointesse  
 She painted hath this noble creature  
 Er she was borne, upon hire knees free,  
 Wherby by right swiche colours shoulde be;  
 And Phebus died hath hire tresses grete,  
 Like to the strumes of his burned hete.  
 And if that excellent were hire beautee,  
 A thousand told more vertuous was she.  
 In hire no lacked no condition,  
 That is to preise, as by discretion.  
 As wel in gost as body, chaste was she;  
 For which she floured in virginitee,  
 With all humilitee and abstinence,  
 With all attemperance and patience,  
 With meure eke, of bering and array.  
 Discrete she was in answering alway,  
 Though she were wise as Pallas, dare I saie,  
 Hire facounde<sup>1</sup> eke ful womanly and plain,  
 No contrefeted termes hadde she  
 To semen wise; but after hire degree  
 She spake, and all hire wordes more and lesse  
 Bounding in vertue and in gentillesse.  
 Shamefast she was in maidens shamefastnesse,  
 Constant in herte, and ever in businessse  
 To drive hire out of idel alogardie:  
 Bacchus had of hire mouth right no maistrie,  
 For wine and youthe<sup>2</sup> don Venus encrease,  
 As men in fire wol casten oile and grece.  
 And of hire owen vertue unconstrained,  
 She hath hireself ful often eke yfeined,

<sup>1</sup> Eloquence, manner of speech.

<sup>2</sup> Tyrwhitt would read "youths," i. e., girls.

For that she wolde flee the compaignie,  
 Wher likely was to treten of folie,  
 As is at festes, at revels, and at dances,  
 That ben occasions of daliances.  
 Swiche thinges maken children for to be  
 To sone ripe and bold, as men may see,  
 Which is ful perilous, and hath ben yore;  
 For al to sone may she lerne lore  
 Of boldnesse, whan she woxen is a wif.

And ye maistresses in your olde lif,  
 That lordes daughters han in governance,  
 Ne taketh of my wordes displesance:  
 Thinketh that ye ben set in governinges  
 Of lordes daughters, only for two thinges;  
 Other for ye han kept your honestee,  
 Or elles for ye han fallen in freelte,  
 And known wel ynough the olde dance,  
 And han forsaken fully swiche meschance  
 For evermo: therfore for Cristes sake  
 To teche hem vertue loke that ye ne slake.

A theef of venison, that hath forlaft  
 His likerounesse, and all his olde craft,  
 Can kepe a forest best of any man:  
 Now kepeth hem wel, for if ye wol ye can.  
 Loke wel, that ye unto no vice assent,  
 Lest ye be damned for your wikke entent,  
 For who so doth, a traytour is certain:  
 And taketh kepe of that I shal you sain;  
 Of alle treson souveraine pestilence  
 Is, whan a wight betrayeth innocence.

Ye fathers, and ye mothers eke also,  
 Though ye han children, be it on or mo,  
 Your is the charge of all hir surveance,  
 While that they ben under your governance.  
 Beth ware,<sup>1</sup> that by ensample of your living,  
 Or by your negligence in chastising,  
 That they ne perish: for I daro wel saye,  
 If that they don, ye shul it dere abeye.  
 Under a shepherd soft and negligent,  
 The wolf hath many a shepe and lamb to-rent.

Sufficeth this ensample now as here,  
 For I mote turne agen to my matere.

<sup>1</sup> Beware.



This maid, of which I tell my tale expressive,  
She kept hirself, hire neded no maiestress;  
For in hire living maidens mighten rede,  
As in a book, every good word and dede,  
That longeth to a maiden vertuous:  
She was so prudent and so bounteous.  
For which the fame out sprong on every side  
Both of hire beautee and hire bountee wide:  
That thurgh the land they praised hire ech one,  
That loved vertue, sauf envie alone,  
That cory is of other mannes wele,  
And glad is of his sorwe and his unwele.  
The doctour maketh this descriptioun.

This maiden on a day went in the town  
Toward a temple, with hire mother' dore,  
As in of yonge maidens the manere.

Now was ther than a justice in that town,  
That governour was of that region:  
And so beall, this jure his eyen cast  
Upon this maid, avising hire ful fast,  
As she came forth by ther this jure stood:  
Anon his herte changed and his mood,  
So was he caught with beautee of this maid,  
And to himself ful prively he said,  
This maiden shal be min for any man.

Anon the fend into his herte ran,  
And taught him sodenly, that he by sleight  
This maiden to his purpos winnen might.  
For certes, by no force, ne by no mede,  
Him thought he was not able for to spede  
For she was strong of frendes, and eke she  
Confermed was in swiche souveraine bountee,  
That wel he wist he might hire never winne,  
As for to make hire with hire body sinne.  
For which with gret deliberacioun  
He sent after a cherl was in the town,  
The which he knew for sotil and for bold.<sup>1</sup>  
This jure unto this cherl his tale hath told  
In secree wise, and made him to ensue,  
He shulde tell it to no creature,

<sup>1</sup> Rather "her nurse." But Chaucer has deserted Kary and written so frequently in this narrative, that it is of little use to the discrepancies.

<sup>2</sup> Rather for cunning or bold.



And if he did, he shulde lese his hede.  
And whan assented was this cursed rede,  
Glad was the juge, and maked him gret chere,  
And yaf him yestes precious and dere.

Whan shapen was all hir conspiracie  
Fro point to point, how that his lecherie  
Performed shulde be ful sotilly,  
As ye shul here it after openly,  
Home goth this cherl, that highte Claudius.  
This false juge, that highte Appius,  
(So was his name, for it is no fable,  
But knowen for an historial thing notable;  
The sentence of it soth is out of doute)  
This false juge goth now fast aboute  
To hasten his delit all that he may.

And so befell, sone after on a day  
This false juge, as telleth us the storie,  
As he was wont, sat in his consistorie,  
And yaf his domes<sup>1</sup> upon sondry cas;  
This false cherl came forth a ful gret pas,  
And saide; lord, if that it be your will,  
As doth me right upon this pitous bill,  
In which I plaine upon Virginus.  
And if that he wol sayn it is not thus,  
I wol it preve, and finden good witnesse,  
That soth is that my bille wol expresse.

The juge answerd, of this in his absence  
I may not yeve diffinitif sentence.  
Let don him call, and I wol gladly here;  
Thou shalt have right, and no wrong as now here.

Virginus came to wete the juges will,  
And right anon was red this cursed bill;  
The sentence of it was as ye shul here.

To you, my lord sire Appius so dere,  
Sheweth your poure servant Claudius,  
How that a knight called Virginus,  
Agein the lawe, agein all equitee,  
Holdeth, expresse agein the will of me,  
My servant, which that is my thral by right,  
Which from min hous was stolen on a night  
While that she was ful yong, I wol it preve  
By witnesse, lord, so that it you not greve;

<sup>1</sup> Gave judgment.

She is his daughter ought, what as he say.  
 Wherefore to you, my lord the jage, I pray;  
 Yelde me my thral, if that it be your will.  
 Lo, this was all the sentence of his bill.

Virginia gan upon the cherl behold;  
 But hastily, as he his tale told,  
 And wold han proved it, as shold a knight,  
 And aka by witnessing of many a wight,  
 That all was false, that said his adversary,  
 This cursed jage wold nothing tary,  
 He here a word more of Virginia,  
 But yave his judgement, and aside them.

I dema anon this cherl his servant have.  
 Thou shalt no longer in this howe hire save.  
 Go bring hire forth, and put hire in our ward.  
 The cherl shal have his thral; thus I award.

And whan this worthy knight Virginia,  
 Thurgh sentence of this justice Appius,  
 Muste by force his dere daughter yeven  
 Unto the jage, in lecherie to liven,  
 He goth him home, and set him in his hall,  
 And let anon his dere daughter call:  
 And with a face ded as ashen cold,  
 Upon hire humble face he gan behold,  
 With sadres pitee stiking thurgh his herte,  
 Al wold he from his purpos not convert.

Doughter, quod he, Virginia by thy name,  
 Ther ben two waies, other deth or shame,  
 That thou must suffre, alas that I was bore!  
 For never thou deservedest wherfore  
 To die with a sword or with a knif.  
 O dere doughter, ender of my lif,  
 Which I have fostred up with swiche plesance,  
 That thou were never out of my remembrance:  
 O doughter, which that art my laste wo,  
 And in my lif my laste joye also,  
 O gemme of chastitee, in patience  
 Take thou thy deth, for this is my sentence;  
 For love and not for hate thou must be ded,  
 My pitous hond must smiten of thin hed  
 Alas that ever Appius thee say!  
 Thus hath he falsely juged thee to-day.  
 And told hire all the can, as ye before  
 Han herd, it nedeth not to tell it more.

O mercy, dere father, quod this maid.  
And with that word she both hire armes laid  
About his necke, as she was wont to do,  
(The teres brast out of hire eyen two,)  
And said, O goode father, shal I die?  
Is ther no grace? is ther no remedie?

No certes, dere doughter min, quod he.  
Than yeve me leiser, father min, quod she,  
My deth for to complaine a litel space:  
For parde Jepte yave his doughter grace  
For to complaine, or he hire slow, alas!  
And God it wot, nothing was hire trespas,  
But for she ran hire father first to see,  
To welcome him with gret solempnitee.  
And with that word she fell aswoune anon,  
And after, whan hire swouning was agon,  
She riseth up, and to hire father said:  
Blessed be God, that I shall die a maid.  
Yeve me my deth, or that I have a shame.  
Doth with your child your wille a goddes name.  
And with that word she praied him ful oft,  
That with his swerd he wolde smite hire soft;  
And with that word, aswoune again she fell.  
Hire father, with ful sorweful herte and will,  
Hire hed of smote, and by the top it hent,  
And to the juge he gan it to present,  
As he sat yet in dome in consistorie.

And whan the juge it saw, as saith the storie,  
He bad to take him, and anhang him fast.  
But right anon a thousand peple in thrust  
To save the knight, for routh and for pitee,  
For knowen was the false iniquitee.

The peple anon had suspect in this thing  
By maner of the cherles challenging,  
That it was by the assent of Appius;  
They wisten wel that he was lecherous.  
For which unto this Appius they gon,  
And caste him in a prison right anon,  
Wheras he slow himself: and Claudius,  
That servant was unto this Appius,  
Was demed for to hange upon a tree;  
But that Virginius of his pitee  
So prayed for him, that he was exiled,  
And elles certes had he ben begiled:

The remenant were anhangid, more and lesse,  
That were consentant of this cursednesse.

Here men may see how sin hath his merite:  
Beth ware, for no man wot whom God wol amite  
In no degree, ne in which maner wise  
The worme of conscience may agrise  
Of wicked lif, though it so prives be,  
That no man wote therof, sauf God and he:  
For be he lewed man or elles lered,  
He n'ot how sone that he shal ben afered.  
Therefore I rede you this conseil take,  
Forsaketh sinne, or<sup>1</sup> sinne you forsake.

<sup>1</sup> Before that.

## THE PARDONERES PROLOGUE

12221-12250.

Our Hoste gan to swere as he were wood;  
 Harow! (quod he) by nailes and by blood,  
 This was a false cherl, and a false justica.  
 As shameful deth, as herte can devise,  
 Come to thisse juges and hir advocas.  
 Algate this sely<sup>1</sup> maide is slain, alas!  
 Alas! to dere abought she hire beautee.  
 Wherefore I say, that al day man may see,  
 That yestes of fortune and of nature  
 Ben cause of deth to many a creature.  
 Hire beautee was hire deth, I dare wel sain;  
 Alas! so pitously as she was slain.  
 Of bothe yestes, that I speke of now,  
 Men han ful often more for harm than prow.<sup>2</sup>  
 But trewely, min owen maister dere,  
 This was a pitous tale for to here:  
 But natheles, passe over, is no force.  
 I pray to God so save thy gentil corps,  
 And eke thyn urinals, and thy jordanes,  
 Thir Ypocras,<sup>3</sup> and eke thy Galianes,<sup>4</sup>  
 And every boist<sup>5</sup> ful of thy letuarie,  
 God blesse hem and our lady Seinte Maria.  
 So mote I the,<sup>6</sup> thou art a propre man,  
 And like a prelat by Seint Ronian;  
 Said I not wel? I cannot speke in terme;<sup>7</sup>  
 But wel I wot, thou dost min herte to erme,  
 That I have almost caught a cardiale:<sup>8</sup>  
 By *corpus domini* but I have triacle,<sup>9</sup>  
 Or elles a draught of moist and corny<sup>10</sup> ale,  
 Or but I here anon a mery tale,

<sup>1</sup> Innocent.<sup>2</sup> Profit.<sup>3</sup> Hippocrates.<sup>4</sup> Galen.<sup>5</sup> Box, chest.<sup>6</sup> Thrive.<sup>7</sup> *I.e.*, in elaborate phraseology.<sup>8</sup> A pain or spasm about the region of the heart.<sup>9</sup> *Theriacus*, a remedy.<sup>10</sup> Well-malted.

Myn herte is lost for pitee of this maia.  
 Thou be<sup>1</sup> amy, thou pardonere, he said,  
 Tel us som mirth of japes right anon.  
 It shal be don, quod he, by Seint Ronion.  
 But first (quod he) here at this ale-stake  
 I wol both drinke, and biten on a cake.  
 But right anon thise gentiles gan to crie;  
 Nay, let him tell us of no ribaudrie,  
 Tel us som moral thing, that we mow lere,  
 Som wit, and thanne wol we gladly here.  
 I graunte ywis, quod he, but I must thinke  
 Upon som honest thing, while that I drinke.

### The Pardoner's Tale.

LORDINGES, quod he, in chirche whan I preche,  
 I peine me to have an hautein speche,  
 And ring it out, as round as goth a bell,  
 For I can<sup>2</sup> all by rote that I tell.  
 My teme<sup>3</sup> is alway on, and ever was;  
*Radix malorum est cupiditas.*<sup>4</sup>

First I pronounce whennes that I come,  
 And than my bulles shew I all and some:  
 Our liege lordes sale on my patente,  
 That shew I first my body to warrente,  
 That no man be so bold, no preest ne clerk,  
 Me to disturbe of Cristes holy werke.  
 And after that than tell I forth my tales,  
 Bulles of popes, and of cardinales,  
 Of patriarkes, and bishoppes I shewe,  
 And in Latin I speke a wordes fewe,  
 To saffron<sup>5</sup> with my predication,  
 And for to sterve men to devotion.  
 Than shew I forth my longe cristal stones,  
 Ycrammed ful of cloutes and of bones,  
 Relikes they ben, as wenen they echon.  
 Than have I in laton a shulder bone,

<sup>1</sup> Ken, know.

<sup>2</sup> Cupidity, avarice, is the root of evil.

<sup>3</sup> Theme.

<sup>4</sup> Greed, avarice.



Which that was of an holy Jewes shepe.

Good men, say I, take of my wordes kepe :  
If that this bone be washe in any well,  
If cow, or calf, or shepe, or oxe swell,  
That any worm hath eie, or worm yonge,  
Take water of that well, and wash his tange,  
And it is hole anon : and furthermore  
Of pockes, and of scab, and every sore  
Shal every shepe be hole, that of this well  
Drinketh a draught ; take kepe of that I tell.

If that the good man, that the bestes oweeth,<sup>1</sup>  
Wol every weke, er that the cok him croweth,  
Fasting ydrinken of this well a draught,  
As thilke holy Jew our eldres taught,  
His bestes and his store shal multiplye.  
And, sires, also it heleth jalousie.  
For though a man be falle in jalous rage,  
Let maken with this water his page,  
And never shal he move his wit misting,  
Though he the soth of his defence witting,  
Al had she taken preestes two or thre.

Here is a mannet eke, that ye may see :  
He that his hand wol put in this mannet,  
He shal have multiplying of his graite,  
Whan he hath sowed, be it wheate or oze,  
So that he offer pens<sup>2</sup> or elles gress.

And, men and women, o thing warne I you :  
If any wight be in this chirche now,  
That hath don sinne horrible, so that he  
Dare not for shame of it yshrive be :  
Or any woman, be she yong or old,  
That hath ymade hire husband cokewold,  
Swiche folk shul han no power ne no grace  
To offer to my relikes in this place.  
And who so findeth him out of swiche blame,  
He wol come up and offer in Goddes name,  
And I aswoyle<sup>3</sup> him by the auctorites,  
Which that by bulle ygranted was to me.

By this gaud<sup>4</sup> have I wounen yere by yere  
An humired mark, sin I was pardoner.  
I stonde like a clerk in my pulpet,  
And whan the lewed peple is doun yett,

<sup>1</sup> Oweth.

<sup>2</sup> Mitten, glove.

<sup>3</sup> Pense.

<sup>4</sup> Absolve.

<sup>5</sup> Trick.

I preche so as ye han herd before,  
 And tell an hundred false japes more.  
 Than prine I me to stretchen forth my necke,  
 And est and west upon the peple I becke,  
 As doth a dove, sitting upon a berna:  
 Myn hondes and my tonge gon so yerne,<sup>1</sup>  
 That it is joye to see my busynesse,  
 Of avarice and of swiche cursednesse  
 Is all my preching, for to make hem free  
 To yeve hir pena, and namely unto me.  
 For min entente is not but for to winne,  
 And nothing for correction of sinne.  
 I recke never whan that they be beried,  
 Though that hir soules gon a blake beried.<sup>2</sup>

For certes many a predication  
 Cometh oft time of evil entention;  
 Som for plesance of folk, and flaterie,  
 To ben avanced by hypocrisie;  
 And som for vaine glorie, and som for hate.  
 For whan I dare non other wayes debate,  
 Than wol I sting him with my tonge smerte  
 In preching, so that he shal not asterte  
 To ben defamed falsely, if that he  
 Hath trespassed to my brethren or to me.  
 For though I telle not his propre name,  
 Men shal wel knowen that it is the same  
 By signes, and by other circumstancens.  
 Thus quite I folk, that don us displeaunces: -  
 Thus spit I out my venime under hewe  
 Of holinesse, to seme holy and trewe.  
 But shortly min entente I wol devise,  
 I preche of nothing but for covetise.  
 Therfore my teme is yet, and ever was,  
*Radix malorum est cupiditas.*

Thus can I preche again the same vice  
 Which that I use, and that is avarice.  
 But though myself be guilty in that sinne,  
 Yet can I maken other folk to twinne<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Quickly.

So all the MSS. I think, except Ask. 2, which reads "on blake be  
 ryed." Skinner explains *blakeberied* to mean *in signis et circumstantiis*  
*denotat culpas*. I really cannot guess what it means.—Tyndale.

<sup>2</sup> Turn.

From avarice, and sore hem to repente.  
 But that is not my principal entente;  
 I preche nothing but for covetise.  
 Of this matere it ought ynough suffice.  
 Than tell I hem ensamples many on  
 Of olde stories longe time agon.  
 For lawed<sup>1</sup> peple loven tales olde;  
 Swiche thinges can they wel report and holde.  
 What? trowen ye, that whiles I may preche  
 And winnen gold and silver for I teche,  
 That I wol live in poverte wilfully?  
 Nay, nay, I thought it never trewely.  
 For I wol preche and beg in sondry londes,  
 I wol not do no labour with min hondes,  
 Ne make baskettes for to live therby,  
 Because I wol not beggen idelly.  
 I wol non of the apostles contrefete:  
 I wol have money, wolles, chese, and whete,  
 Al were it yeven of the pourest page,  
 Or of the pourest widewe in a village:  
 Al shulde hire children sterven<sup>2</sup> for famine.  
 Nay, I wol drinke the licour of the vine,  
 And have a joly wenche in every toun.  
 But herkeneth, lordings, in conclusioun,  
 Your liking is that I shal tell a tale.  
 Now I have dromed a draught of corny ale,  
 By God I hope I shal you tell a thing,  
 That shal by reson ben at your liking:  
 For though myself be a ful vicious man,  
 A moral tale yet I you tellen can.  
 Which I am wont to prechen, for to winne.  
 Now hold your pees, my tale I wol beginne.

In Flandres whilom was a compaignie  
 Of yonge folk, that haunteden folie,  
 As hasard, riot, stewes, and tavernes;  
 Wheras with harpes, lutes, and giternes,  
 They dance and plaie at dis bothe day and night,  
 And etc also, and drinke over hir might;  
 Thurgh which they don the devil sacrifice  
 Within the devils temple, in cursed wise,

<sup>1</sup> Ignorant, simple.<sup>2</sup> Die.

By superfluous abhorrible.  
 Hir othes ben so gret and so damnable,  
 That it is grisly for to here hem swere.  
 Our blisful lordes body they to-ture;  
 Hem thought the Jewes rent him not ynough;  
 And eche of hem at others stime lough.

And right anon in comen tombestores<sup>1</sup> cp  
 Fetis<sup>2</sup> and smale, and yonge fruitestores,<sup>3</sup>  
 Singers with harpes, bandes, wafereres,<sup>4</sup>  
 Which ben the veray devils officers,  
 To kindle and blow the fire of lecherie,  
 That is annexed unto glotonie.

The holy writ take I to my witnesse,  
 That luxurie is in wine and drunkennesse.

Lo, how that drunken Loth unkindely<sup>5</sup>  
 Lay by his daughters two unwetingly,  
 So dronke he was he n'iste<sup>6</sup> what he wrought.

Herodes, who so wel the stories sought,  
 Whan he of wine replete was at his feste,  
 Right at his owen table he yave his heste  
 To sleen the Baptist John ful gilteles.

Seneca saith a good word douteles:  
 He saith he can no difference find  
 Betwix a man that is out of his mind,  
 And a man whiche that is dronkelew:  
 But that woodnesse,<sup>7</sup> yfallen in a shrew,  
 Persevereth longer than doth drunkennesse.

O glotonie, full of cursednesse;  
 O cause first of our confusion,  
 O original of our damnation,  
 Til Crist had bought us with his blood again.  
 Loketh, how dere, shortly for to sein,  
 Abought was thilke cursed vilanie:  
 Corrupt was all this world for glotonie.

Adam our father, and his wif also,  
 Fro Paradia, to labour and to wo,  
 Were driven for that vice, it is no drede.  
 For while that Adam fasted, as I rede,<sup>8</sup>  
 He was in Paradia, and whan that he  
 Ete of the fruit defended on a tree,

<sup>1</sup> Female dancers.<sup>2</sup> Hunt.<sup>3</sup> Fruit-eaters.<sup>4</sup> Sellers of wafers, or wicks.<sup>5</sup> Unnaturally.<sup>6</sup> Knew not.<sup>7</sup> Madness.<sup>8</sup> Truth.



Anon he was out cast to wo and peine.  
O glotonie, on thee wel ought us plaine.  
O, wist a man how many maladies  
Folwen of excesse and of glotonies,  
He wolde ben the more mesurable  
Of his diete, sitting at his table.  
Alas! the shorte throte, the tendre mouth,  
Maketh that Est and West, and North and South  
In erthe, in air, in water, men to-swinke,<sup>1</sup>  
To gete a gloton deintee mete and drinke.  
Of this matere, O Poule, wel canst thou tete.  
Mete unto wombe, and wombe eke unto mete  
Shal God destroyen bothe, as Paulus saith.  
Alas! a foule thing is it by my faith  
To say this word, and fouler is the dede,  
Whan man so drinketh of the white and rede,  
That of his throte he maketh his privies  
Thurgh thilke cursed superfluites.

The Apostle saith<sup>2</sup> weping ful pitously,  
Ther walken many, of which you told have I,  
I say it now weping with pitous vois,  
That they ben enemies of Cristes crois:  
Of whiche the end is deth, womb is hir God.  
O wombe, O belly, stinking is thy cod,<sup>3</sup>  
Fulfilled of dong and of corruption;  
At either end of thee foule is the soun.  
How gret labour and cost is thee to find!  
Thise cokes how they stamp, and strein, and grind,  
And turnen substance into accident,  
To fulfill all thy likerous talent!  
Out of the harde bones knocken they  
The mary,<sup>4</sup> for they casten nought away,  
That may go thurgh the gullet soft and sote:  
Of spicerie, of leef, of barke, and rote,<sup>5</sup>  
Shal ben his sause ymaked by delit  
To make him yet a newer appetit.  
But certes he, that haunteth swiche delicie,  
Is ded, while that he liveth in the vicia.

A lecherous thing is wine, and dronkenesse  
Is ful of striving and of wretchednesse.  
O drunken man, disfigured is thy face,  
Sour is thy breth, foul art thou to embrace;

<sup>1</sup> Toil.<sup>2</sup> Philipp. III. 18.<sup>3</sup> Bag.<sup>4</sup> Marrow.<sup>5</sup> Root.



And thurgh thy drunken nose semeth the soun,  
As though thou saidest ay, Sampson, Sampson:  
And yet, God wot, Sampson drunk never no wine  
Thou fallest, as it were a stiked swine:  
Thy tonge is lost, and all thin honest cure,  
For drunkenesse is veray sepulture  
Of mannes wit, and his discretion.  
In whom that drinke hath domination,  
He can no conseil kepe, it is no drede.  
Now kepe you fro the white and fro the rede,  
And namely fro the white wine of Lope,<sup>1</sup>  
That is to sell in Fishstrete and in Chape.  
This wine of Spaigne crepeth subtilly  
In other wines growing faste by,  
Of which ther riseth swiche fumositee,  
That whan a man hath drunken draughtes thre,  
And weneth that he be at home in Chepe,  
He is in Spaigne, right at the toun of Lope,  
Not at the Rochell, ne at Burdeux toun;  
And thanne wol he say, Sampson, Sampson.

But herkeneth, lordings, o word, I you pray,  
That all the sovaine actes, dare I say,  
Of victories in the Olde Testament,  
Thurgh veray God, that is omnipotent,  
Were don in abstinence and in prayers:  
Loketh the Bible, and ther ye mow it lere.

Loke Attila, the grete conquerour,  
Died in his slepe, with shame and dishonour,  
Bleding ay at his nose in drunkenesse:  
A capitaine shulde live in sobrenesse.

And over all this, aviseth you right wel,  
What was commanded unto Lamuel;

<sup>1</sup> According to the geographers, Lope was not far from Cadiz. If wine, of whatever sort it may have been, was probably much stronger than the Gascon wines, usually drunk in England. \* La Rochelle & Bordeaux, ver. 12505, the two chief ports of Gascony, were both, Chaucer's time, part of the English dominions.

Spanish wines might also be more alluring upon account of their greater rarity. Among the orders of the royal household, in 1494 the following (*M<sup>n</sup>. Harl.*, 793, fol. 162):—"And whereas, in tymes past Spanish wines, called Sacks, were little or not whit used in our court and that in later years, though not of ordinary allowance, it was thought convenient that noblemen, &c., might have a booke or glass. We, understanding that it is now used as common drinks, I reduce the allowance to xii gallons a day for the court, &c."—*Typ.*

Not Samuel, but Lamuel say I  
 Redeth the Bible,<sup>1</sup> and find it expresly  
 Of wine yeving to hem that have justica.  
 No more of this, for it may wel suffice.

And now that I have spoke of glotonie,  
 Now wol I you defenden hasardrie.  
 Hasard is veray moder of lesinges,  
 And of deceite, and cursed forsweringes:  
 Blaspheming of Crist, manslaughter, and wast also  
 Of catel, and of time; and forthermo  
 It is repreve, and contrary of honour,  
 For to ben hold a comun hasardour.  
 And ever the higher he is of estat  
 The more he is holden desolat.  
 If that a Prince useth hasarderie,  
 In alle governance and policie  
 He is, as by comun opinion,  
 Yhold the lesse in reputation.

Stilbon,<sup>2</sup> that was a wise embassadour,  
 Was sent to Corinth with ful gret honour  
 Fro Calidone, to maken hem alliance:  
 And whan he came, it happed him *par chance*,  
 That all the gretest that were of that lond  
 Yplaying atte hasard he hem fond.  
 For which, as sone as that it mighte be,  
 He stale him home agein to his contree,  
 And sayde ther, I wol not lese my name,  
 Ne wol not take on me so gret defame,  
 You for to allie unto non hasardours.  
 Sendeth som other wise embassadours,  
 For by my trouthe, me were lever die,  
 Than I you shuld to hasardours allie.  
 For ye, that ben so glorious in honours,  
 Shal not allie you to non hasardours,  
 As by my wille, ne as by my tretee.  
 This wise philosophre thus sayd he.

<sup>1</sup> Prov. xxxi. 4, 5.

<sup>2</sup> John of Salisbury, from whom our author probably took this story and the following, calls him *Chilon*. Polycrat. L. i. c. 5. Chilon Lacedæmonius, iungendæ societatis causâ missus Corinthum, duces et seniores opuli ludentes invenit in aleâ. Infecto itaque negotio reversus est, &c. Accordingly, in ver. 12539, MS. C. 1., reads very rightly *Lacedæmonys* instead of *Calidone*, the common reading. Our author has used before *Lacedæmie* for *Lacedæmon*, ver. 11692.—Tyrwhitt.

Loke eke how to the king Demetrius  
 The king of Parthes, as the book sayth us,  
 Sent him a pair of dis of gold in scorne,  
 For he had used hazard therbeforne:  
 For which he ~~held his name~~ and his renoun  
 At no value or  
 Lordes may fin per play  
 Honest yuoug. day away.  
 Now wol I speke use and grete  
 A word or two, as to trete.  
 Gret swering is a mainable,  
 And false swering i is reprevable.  
 The highe God forb. ing at al,  
 Witnesse on Mathew: is special  
 Of swering sayth the ho. cramie,  
 Thou shalt swere soth thin othes, and not lie;  
 And swere in dome,<sup>1</sup> and eke in rightwisanesse.  
 But idel swering is a cursednesse.

Behold and see, that in the firste table  
 Of highe Goddes bestes honourable,  
 How that the second best of him is this,  
 Take not my name in idel or amis.  
 Lo, rather he forbedeth swiche swering,  
 Than homicide, or many an other thing.  
 I say that as by ordre thus it stondeth;  
 This knoweth he that his hestes understondeth;  
 How that the second best of God is that.  
 And forthermore, I wol thee tell all plat,  
 That vengeance shal not parten from his hous,  
 That of his othes is outrageous.  
 By Goddes precious herte, and by his nailles,<sup>2</sup>  
 And by the blood of Crist, that is in Halles,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Judgment.

<sup>2</sup> I. e., with which he was nailed to the cross. Sir J. Mandeville, c. vii. "And thereby in the walle is the place where the four nayles of our Lord weren hidd; for he had two in his bondes and two in his feet: and of one of theise the Emperour of Costantynoble made a brydille to his hors, to bere him in bataylle; and thorgh vertue thereof he overcame his enemies," &c. He had said before, c. ii. that "on of the nayles that Crist was naylled with on the cross," was at Constantynoble; and "on in France, in the kinges chapelle."—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>3</sup> The Abbey of Halles, in Gloucestershire, was founded by Richard, king of the Romans, brother to Henry III. This precious relic, which was afterwards commonly called "the blood of Halles," was brought out of Germanie by the son of Richard, Edmund, who bestowed a third



Seven is my chance, and thin is cink and treye;  
By Goddes armes, if thou falsely playe,  
This dagger shal thurghout thin herte go.  
This fruit cometh of the bicchal bones two,<sup>1</sup>  
Forawering, ire, falseness, and homicida.

Now for the love of Crist that for us dida,  
Leteth<sup>2</sup> your othes, bothe gret and smale.  
But, sires, now wol I tell you forth my tale.

Thise riotours three, of which I tell,  
Long erst or prime rong of any bell,  
Were set hem in a tavern for to drinke:  
And as they sat, they herd a belle clinke  
Beforn a corpe, was caried to his grave:  
That on of hem gan callen to his knave,  
Go bet, quod he, and axe redily,  
What corpe is this, that passeth here forth by?  
And loke that thou report his name wel.

Sire, quod this boy, it nedeth never a del;  
It was me told or ye came here two houres;  
He was parde an old felaw of youre,  
And sodenly he was yalain to-night,  
Fordronke as he sat on his benche upright,  
Ther came a prives theef, men clepen Deth,  
That in this contree all the peple sleth,  
And with his spere he smote his herte atwo,  
And went his way withouten wordes mo.  
He hath a thousand alain this pestilence:  
And, maister, or ye come in his presence,  
Me thinketh that it were ful necessaris,  
For to beware of swiche an adversaris:  
Beth redy for to mete him evermore.  
Thus taughte me my dame, I say no more.

part of it upon his father's Abbey of Hales, and sometime after gave the other two parts to an Abbey of his own foundation at Ashrug near Berkhamsted. Hollinsh. v. ii. p. 278.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>1</sup> The common reading is *salte* bones. The alteration, which I have ventured to make, is not authorized entirely by any MS., but in part by several. *Birkel*, as explained by Killian, is *Terme*, ovillus et lascivus; and *Birkelen*, *salte ludere*. See also *Mad. Junii Nomencl.* n. 713. Our dice indeed are the ancient *sevens*, not *salts*; but, both being games of hazard, the implements of one might be easily attributed to the other. It should seem from Junius, *loc. cit.* that the Germans had preserved the custom of playing with the natural bones, as they have different names for a game with *salte osibus*; and another with *salte cubili*.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>2</sup> Forbear.

By Seinte Marie, sayd this tavernere  
The child sayth soth, for he hath slain this yere  
Hens over a mile, within a gret village,  
Both man and woman, child, and hyno,<sup>1</sup> and page  
I trowe his habitation be there:  
To ben avised gret wisdom it were,  
Or that he did a man a dishonour.

Ye, Goddes armes, quod this riotour,  
Is it swiche peril with him for to mete?  
I shal him seke by stile and eke by strete.  
I make a vow by Goddes digne bones.  
Herkeneth, felawes, we three ben all ones:  
Let eche of us hold up his hond to other,  
And eche of us becomen others brother,  
And we wol slen this false traitour deth:  
He shal be slain, he that so many sleth,  
By Goddes dignitee, or it be night.

Togeder han thise three hir trouthes plight  
To live and dien eche of hem for other,  
As though he were his owen boren brother.  
And up they stert al dronken in this rage,  
And forth they gon towards that village,  
Of which the taverner had spoke befor,  
And many a grisly oth than have they sworn,  
And Cristes blessed body they to-rent;  
Deth shal be ded, if that we may him hent.

Whan they han gon not fully half a mile,  
Right as they wold han troden over a stile,  
An olde man and a poure with hem mette.  
This olde man ful mekely hem grette,  
And sayde thus; Now, lordes, God you see.

The proudest of thise riotoures three  
Answerd agen; What? cheri, with sory grace,  
Why art thou all forwrapped save thy face?  
Why livest thou so longe in so gret age?

This olde man gan loke in his visage,  
And sayde thus; For I ne cannot finde  
A man, though that I walked into Inde,  
Neither in citee, ne in no village,  
That wolde change his youthe for min age;  
And therfore mote I han min age still  
As longe time as it is Goddes will.

<sup>1</sup> Hind, servant, husbandman.

Ne deth, alas! ne will not han my lif  
 Thus walke I like a resteles caitif,  
 And on the ground, which is my modres gate  
 I knocke with my staf, erlich and late,  
 And say to hire, Leve mother, let me in.  
 Lo, how I vanish, flesh, and blood, and skin;  
 Alas! whan shul my bones ben at reste?  
 Mother, with you wold I changen my cheste,  
 That in my chambre longe time hath be,  
 Ye, for an heren<sup>1</sup> clout to wrap in me.  
 But yet to me she wol not don that grace,  
 For which ful pale and welked<sup>2</sup> is my face.

But, sires, to you it is no curtesie  
 To speke unto an olde man vilanie,  
 But he trespase in word or elles in dede.  
 In holy writ ye moun yourselven rede;  
 Ageins<sup>3</sup> an olde man, hore upon his hede,  
 Ye shuld arise: therfore I yeve you rede,  
 Ne doth unto an olde man non harm now,  
 No more than that ye wold a man did you  
 In age, if that ye may so long abide.  
 And God be with you, wher ye go or ride.  
 I moste go thider as I have to go.

Nay, olde cherl, by God thou shalt not so,  
 Sayde this other hazardour anon;  
 Thou partest not so lightly by Seint John.  
 Thou spake right now of thilke traitour deth,  
 That in this contree all our frendes sleth;  
 Have here my trouth as thou art his espie  
 Tell wher he is, or thou shalt it abie,  
 By God and by the holy Sacrement;  
 For sothly thou art on of his assent  
 To slen us yonge folk, thou false thefa.

Now, sires, quod he, if it be you so lefe  
 To finden deth, tourne up this croked way,  
 For in that grove I left him by my fay  
 Under a tree, and ther he wol abide;  
 Ne for your bost<sup>4</sup> he wol him nothing hide.  
 Se ye that oke? right ther ye shuln him find.  
 God save you, that bought agen mankind,  
 And you amende; thus sayd this olde man.

And overich of thise riotoures ran,

<sup>1</sup> Hairy.

<sup>2</sup> Before.

<sup>3</sup> Withered.

<sup>4</sup> Pride, boasting.

Til they came to the tree, and ther they found  
 Of Floreins fine of gold ycoined round,  
 Wel nigh an eighte bushels, as hem thought.  
 No lenger as than after dethe they sought,  
 But eche of hem so glad was of the sight,  
 For that the floreins ben so faire and bright,  
 That doun they sette hem by the precious bord.  
 The werste of hem he spake the firste word.

Brethren, quod he, take kepe what I shal say;  
 My wit is gret, though that I bourde<sup>1</sup> and play.  
 This tresour bath fortune unto us yeven  
 In mirth and jolitee our lif to liven,  
 And lightly as it cometh, so wol we spend.  
 Ey, Goddes precious dignitee, who wend  
 To-day, that we shuld han so faire a grace?  
 But might this gold be caried fro this place  
 Home to myn hous, or elles unto youre, <sup>2</sup>  
 (For wel I wote that all this gold is oures)  
 Thanne were we in high felicitee.  
 But trewely by day it may not be;  
 Men wolden say that we were theeves strong.  
 And for our owen tresour don us hong.  
 This tresour must ycaried be by night  
 As wisely and as sleighly as it might.  
 Wherefore I rede, that cut among us alle  
 We drawe, and let see wher the cut wol falle.  
 And he that hath the cut, with herte blith,  
 Shal rennen to the toun, and that ful swith,<sup>3</sup>  
 And bring us bred and win ful prively:  
 And two of us shal kepen subtilly  
 This tresour wel: and if he wol not tarien,  
 Whan it is night, we wol this tresour carien  
 By on assent, wher as us thinketh best.

That on of hem the cut brought in his feet,  
 And bad hem drawe and loke wher it wold falle,  
 And it fell on the yongest of hem alle:  
 And forth toward the toun he went anon.  
 And al so sone as that he was agon,  
 That on of hem spake thus unto that other;  
 Thou wotest wel thou art my sworn brother,  
 Thy profite wol I tell thee right anon.  
 Thou wost wel that our felaw is agon,

<sup>1</sup> Jest.<sup>2</sup> Quickly

And here is gold, and that ful gret plenteo,  
That shal departed ben among us threo.  
But natheles, if I can shape it so,  
That it departed were among us two,  
Had I not don a frendes turn to thee?

That other answerd, I n'ot how that may be:  
He wote wel that the gold is with us tweye.  
What shuln we don? what shuln we to him seye?

Shal it be conseil? sayd the firste shrewe;  
And I shal tellen thee in wordes fewe  
What we shul don, and bring it wel aboute.

I grante, quod that other, out of doute,  
That by my trouth I wol thee not bewreie.<sup>1</sup>

Now, quod the first, thou wost wel we ben tweie,  
And tweie of us shul strenger be than on.  
Loke, whan that he is set, thou right anon  
Arise, as though thou woldest with him play;  
And I shal rive him thurgh the sides tway,  
While that thou stroglest with him as in game,  
And with thy dagger loke thou do the same  
And than shal all this gold departed be,  
My dere freud, betwixen thee and me:  
Than moun we bothe our lustes al fulfilla,  
And play at dis right at our owen wille.  
And thus accorded ben thise shrewes tweye,  
To slen the thridde, as ye han herd me seye.

This yongest, which that wente to the toun,  
Ful oft in herte he rolleth up and doun  
The beautes of thise floreins newe and bright.  
O Lord, quod he, if so were that I might  
Have all this tresour to myself alone,  
Ther n'is no man that liveth under the trone  
Of God, that shulde live so mery as I.  
And at the last the fend our enemy  
Putte in his thought, that he shuld poison beye,<sup>2</sup>  
With which he mighte slen his felaws tweye.  
For why, the fend fond him in swiche living,  
That he had leve to sorwe him to bring.  
For this was outrely his ful entente  
To slen hem both, and never to repenta.

And forth he goth, no longer wold he tary,  
Into the toun unto a Potecary,

<sup>1</sup> Betray.<sup>2</sup> Beg.

And praied him that he him wolde sell  
Som poison, that he might his ratouns quell.  
And eke ther was a polkat in his hawe,  
That, as he sayd, his capons had yalawe:  
And fayn he wolde him wreken, if he might,  
Of vermine, that destroyed hem by night.

The Potecary answerd, Thou shalt have  
A thing, as wisly God my soule save,  
In all this world ther n'is no creature,  
That ete or dronke bath of this confecture,  
Not but the mountance<sup>1</sup> of a corne of wheta,  
That he ne shal his lif anon forlete;  
Ye, sterve he shal, and that in lesse while,  
Than thou wolt gon a pas not but a mile:  
This poison is so strong and violent.

This cursed man hath in his hond yhent  
This poison in a box, and swithe he ran  
Into the nexte strete unto a man,  
And borwed of him large botelles three;  
And in the two the poison poured he;  
The thridde he kepte cleue for his drinke,  
For all the night he shope him for to swinke  
In caryng of the gold out of that place.

And whan this riotour, with sory grace,  
Hath filled with win his grete botelles three,  
To his felawes agen repaireth he.

What nedeth it therof to sermon more?  
For right as they had cast his deth before,  
Right so they han him slain, and that anon.  
And whan that this was don, thus spake that on;  
Now let us sit and drinke, and make us mery,  
And afterward we wiln his body bery.  
And with that word it happed him *par oas*,  
To take the botelle, ther the poison was,  
And dronke, and yave his felaw drinke also,  
For which anon they storven bothe two.

But certes I suppose that Avicenne  
Wrote never in no canon, ne in no fenne,  
Mo wonder signes of empoisoning,  
Than had thise wretches two or hir ending.  
Thus ended ben thise homicides two,  
And eke the false empoisoner also.

<sup>1</sup> Amount, quantity.

O cursednesse of alle cursednesse !  
O traitours homicide ! O wickednesse !  
O glotonie, luxurie, and hasardrie !  
Thou blasphemour of Crist with vilanie,  
And othes grete, of usage and of pride !  
Alas ! mankinde, how may it betide,  
That to thy Creatour, which that thee wrought,  
And with his precious herte-blood thee bought,  
Thou art so false and so unkind, alas !

Now, good men, God foryeve you your trespass,  
And ware you fro the sinne of avarice.  
Min holy pardon may you all warice,  
So that ye offre nobles or starlinges,  
Or elles silver broches, spones, ringes.  
Boweth your hed under this holy Bulle.  
Cometh up, ye wives, and offreth of your wolle ;  
Your names I entre here in my roll anon ;  
Into the blisse of heven shul ye gon :  
I you assoile by min high powere,  
You that wiln offre, as clene and eke as clere  
As ye were borne. Lo, sires, thus I preche ;  
And Jesu Crist, that is our soules leche,  
So graunte you his pardon to receive ;  
For that is best, I wol you not deceive.

But, sires, o word forgate I in my tale ;  
I have relikes and pardon in my male,  
As faire as any man in Englelond,  
Which were me yeven by the Popes hond.  
If any of you wol of devotion  
Offren, and han min absolution,  
Cometh forth anon, and kneleth here adoun,  
And mekely receiveth my pardoun.  
Or elles taketh pardon, as ye wende,  
Al newe and freshe at every tounes ende,  
So that ye offren alway newe and newe,  
Nobles or pens, which that ben good and trewe.  
It is an honour to everich that is here,  
That ye moun have a suffisant pardonere  
To assoilen you in contree as ye ride,  
For adventures, which that moun betide.  
Paraventure ther may falle on, or two,  
Doun of his hors, and breke his necke atwo.  
Loke, which a seurtee is it to you alle,  
That I am in your felawship yfalle,



That may needle you both more and less,  
When that the soules shal fro the body passe.  
I rede that our hosts shal begina,  
For he is most enveloped in sinne.  
Come forth, sire hosts, and offre first anon,  
And thou shalt kisse the relikes everich on,  
Ye for a grote; unbokel anon thy purse.

May say, quod he, than have I Cristen cure,  
Let be, quod he, it shal not be, so the ioh.<sup>1</sup>  
Thou woldest make me kisse thin olde breech,  
And swere it were a relike of a saint,  
Though it were with thy foundement depeint.  
But by the croce, which that Saint Helene find,<sup>2</sup>  
I wolde I had thin collons in min hond,  
Insteade of relikes, or of saintuaris.  
Let cut hem of, I wol help thee hem carie;  
They shal be shrined in an hogges tord.

This Pardoner answered not a word;  
So wroth he was, no word ne wolde he say.

Now, quod our hosts, I wol no longer play  
With thee, ne with non other angry man.

But right anon the worthy knight began,  
(When that he saw that all the peple lough)  
No more of this, for it is right ynough.  
Sire Pardoner, be merry and glad of chere;  
And ye, sire hosts, that ben to me so dore,  
I pray you that ye kisse the Pardoner;  
And, Pardoner, I pray thee draw thee ner,  
And as we diden, let us laugh and play  
Anon they kised, and riden forth hir way.

<sup>1</sup> So may I thrive.

<sup>2</sup> Sir J. Mandeville, c. vii. p. 32, "and saythe that ourlur is a place  
under criste, 43 degrees of depencece, where the Holy Croys was  
founded, be the wytt of Seynte Elyne, undir a roche, where the Jewes  
had hidde it. And that was the veray croys assayed: for they founden  
3 croces; on of our Lord and 2 of the 3 theves: and Seynte Elyne  
proved hem on a ded body, that aros from dethe to lyve, when that it  
was layd on it, that our Lord dyed on." See also c. ii. p. 14.—Dugdale.

## THE SHIPMANNES PROLOGUE

12903—12926.

OUR hoste upon his stirrops stode anon  
 And saide; Good men, herkeneth everich on,  
 This was a thrifty tale for the nones.  
 Sire parish preest, quod he, for Goddes bones,  
 Tell us a tale, as was thy forward yore:  
 I see wel that ye lerned men in lore  
 Can mochel good, by Goddes dignitee.

The Person him answerd, *Benedicite!*

What eileth the man, so sinfully to swere?

Our hoste answerd, O Jankin, be ye there?  
 Now, good men, quod our hoste, herkneth to me.  
 I smell a loller<sup>1</sup> in the wind, quod he.

Abideth for Goddes digne passion,  
 For we shul han a predication:  
 This loller here wol prechen us somewhat.

Nay by my fathers soule, that shal he nat,  
 Sayde the Shipman, here shal he nat preche,  
 He shal no gospel glosen here ne teche.

We leven all in the gret God, quod he.

He wolde sowen som difficultee,  
 Or springen cockle<sup>2</sup> in our clene corne.

And therfore, hoste, I warne thee beforne,

My joly body shal a tale telle,

And I shal clinken you so mery a bella,

<sup>1</sup> This is in character, as appears from a treatise of the time. *Hark. Ital.* n. 1666. "Now in Engelond it is a comun protection ayens ersecutioun—if a man is customable to swere nedeles and fals and unvised, by the bones, nailes, and sides and other membres of Crist.—and to absteine fro othes nedeles and unlesful,—and repreve sinne by way of charite, is mater and cause now, why Prelates and sum Lordes claundren men, and clepen hem *Lollardes*, Eretikes," &c.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>2</sup> Springen cockle. This seems to shew that Chaucer considered *oller*, as derived from *lolium*; but Du Cange, in v. *LOLLARDUS*, rather supposes that Lollard was a word of German original, signifying *mur-mur*; a *mumbler* of prayers. See also Killian, in v. *LOLLAARD*.—*Tyrwhitt*.

That I shal waken all this compaignie:  
But it shal not ben of philosophie,  
Ne of physike, ne termes queinte of laws  
Ther is but litel Latin in my mawe.

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### The Shipman's Tale.

A MERCHANT whilom dwelled at Seint Denise,  
That riche was, for which men held him wise.  
A wif he had of excellent beautee,  
And compaignable, and revelous was she,  
Which is a thing that causeth more dispence,  
Than worth is all the chere and reverence,  
That men hem don at festes and at dances.  
Swiche salutations and contenances  
Passen, as doth a shadwe upon the wall:  
But wo is him that payen mote for all.  
The sely husband algate he mote pay,  
He mote us clothe and he mote us array  
All for his owen worahip richely:  
In which array we dancen jolily.  
And if that he may not paraventure,  
Or elles lust not swiche dispence endure,  
But thinketh it is wasted and ylost,  
Than mote another payen for our cost,  
Or lene us gold, and that is perilous.

This noble Marchant held a worthy hous,  
For which he had all day so gret repaire  
For his largesse, and for his wif was faire,  
That wonder is: but herkeneth to my tale.

Amonges all thisse gestes gret and smale,  
Ther was a Monk, a faire man and a bold,  
I trow a thritty winter he was old,  
That ever in on was drawing to that place.  
This yonge Monk, that was so faire of face  
Acquainted was so with this goode man,  
Sithen that hir firste knowlege began,  
That in his hous as familier was he,  
As it possible is any frend to be.

And for as moche as this goode man  
 And eke this Monk, of which that I began,  
 Were bothe two yborne in o village,  
 The Monk him claimeth, as for cooinage,  
 And he again him sayd not ones nay,  
 But was as glad therof, as foule of day;  
 For to his herte it was a gret plesance.

Thus ben they knit with sterne alliance,  
 And eche of hem gan other for to ensure  
 Of brotherhed, while that hire lif may dure.

Free was Dan<sup>1</sup> John, and namely of dispanne  
 As in that hous, and ful of diligence  
 To don plesance, and also gret costage:  
 He not forgate to yeve the leste pape  
 In all that hous; but, after hir degree,  
 He yeve the lord, and eithen his meines,  
 Whan that he came, som maner honest thing;  
 For which they were as glad of his coming  
 As foule is fayn, whan that the sonne up riseth.  
 No more of this as now,<sup>2</sup> for it sufficeth.

But so befell, this Marchant on a day  
 Shope him to maken redy his array  
 Toward the toun of Brugges for to fare,  
 To byen ther a portion of ware:  
 For which he hath to Paris sent anon  
 A messenger, and praid hath Dan John  
 That he shuld come to Seint Denis, and pleis  
 With him, and with his wif, a day or tweis,  
 Or he to Brugges went, in alle wise.

This noble Monk, of which I you devise,  
 Hath of his Abbot, as him list, licence,  
 (Because he was a man of high prudence,  
 And eke an officer out for to ride,  
 To seen hir granges,<sup>3</sup> and hir bernas wide)  
 And unto Seint Denis he cometh anon.

Who was so welcome as my lord Dan John,  
 Our dere cousin, ful of cortisie!  
 With him he brought a jubbe of Malveisin,<sup>4</sup>  
 And eke another ful of fine Vernage,  
 And volatile, as ay was his usage:  
 And thus I let hem etc, and drinke, and ploye,  
 This marchant and this monk, a day or twye

<sup>1</sup> Lord.<sup>2</sup> Forthwith.<sup>3</sup> At present.<sup>4</sup> See on vo. 1001.

The thridde day this marchant up ariseth,  
 And on his nedes sadly him aviseth:  
 And up into his countour hous goth he,  
 To reken with himselfen, wel may be,  
 Of thilke yere, how that it with him stood,  
 And how that he dispended had his good  
 And it that he encreased were or non.  
 His bookes and his bagges many on  
 He layth befor him on his counting bord.  
 Ful riche was his tresour and his hord;  
 For which ful fast his countour dore he shet;  
 And eke he n'olde no man shuld him let  
 Of his accountes, for the mene time:  
 And thus he sit, till it was passed prime.

Dan John was risen in the morwe also,  
 And in the gardin walketh to and fro,  
 And hath his thinges sayd ful curteialy.

This goode wif came walking prively  
 Into the gardin, ther he walketh soft,  
 And him salueth, as she hath don oft:  
 A maiden child came in hire compaignie,  
 Which as hire lust she may governe and gie,  
 For yet under the yerde<sup>1</sup> was the maide.

O dere cosin min Dan John, she saide  
 What alleth you so rathe<sup>2</sup> for to arise?

Nece, quod he, it ought ynough suffise  
 Five houres for to slepe upon a night:  
 But it were for an olde appalled wight,  
 As ben thise wedded men, that lie and dare,<sup>3</sup>  
 As in a fourme sitteth a wery hare,  
 Were al forstraught with houndes gret and smale  
 But, dere nece, why be ye so pale?  
 I trowe certes, that our goode man  
 Hath you laboured, with this night began,  
 That you were nedes to resten hastily.  
 And with that word he lough ful merily,  
 And of his owen thought he wexe all red.

This faire wif gan for to shake hire hed,  
 And saied thus; Ye, God wote all, quod she.  
 Nay, cosin min, it stant not so with me.  
 For by that God, that yave me soule and lif,  
 In all the reame of Fraunce is ther no wif,

<sup>1</sup> *Id.*, under control. Compare the Latin, *sub foras*.

<sup>2</sup> Early.

<sup>3</sup> *Id.*

That lasse lust hath to that sory play;  
 For I may singe alas and wala wa  
 That I was borne, but to no wight (quod she)  
 Dare I not tell how that it stant with me.  
 Wherefore I thinke out of this lond to wende,  
 Or elles of myself to make an ende.  
 So ful am I of drede and eke of care.

This monk began upon this wif to stare,  
 And sayd, Alas! my nece, God forbode,  
 That ye for any sorwe, or any drede,  
 Fordo<sup>1</sup> yourself: but telleth me your grefe,  
 Paraventure I may in your mischese  
 Conseile or helpe: and therfore telleth me  
 All your annoy, for it shal ben secree.  
 For on my Portos<sup>2</sup> here I make an oth,  
 That never in my lif, for lefe ne loth,<sup>3</sup>  
 Ne shal I of no conseil you bewray.

The same agen to you, quod she, I say.  
 By God and by this Portos I you swere,  
 Though men me wolden all in peces tere,  
 Ne shal I never, for to gon to helle,  
 Bewrey o word of thing that ye me tell,  
 Nought for no cosinage, ne alliance,  
 But verailly for love and affiance.  
 Thus ben they sworne, and hereupon they kiste,  
 And eche of hem told other what hem liste.

Cosin, quod she, if that I had a space,  
 As I have non, and namely in this place,  
 Than wold I tell a legend of my lif,  
 What I have suffred sith I was a wif  
 With min husbond, al be he your cosin.

Nay, quod this monk, by God and Seint Martin,  
 He n'is no more cosin unto me,  
 Than is the leef that hangeth on the tree:  
 I clepe him so by Seint Denis of France  
 To han the more cause of acquaintaunce  
 Of you, which I have loved specially  
 Aboven alle women sikerly,  
 This swere I you on my professioun:  
 Telleth your grefe, lest that he come adoun,  
 And hasteth you, and goth away anon.

My dere love, quod she, o my Dan John,

<sup>1</sup> Unde, ruin.

<sup>2</sup> *Id.*, my Breviary.

<sup>3</sup> Will or will.

Ful lefe were me this conseil for to hide,  
 But out it mote, I may no lenger abide.  
 Myn husbond is to me the werste man,  
 That ever was sith that the world began:  
 But sith I am a wif, it sit not me  
 To tellen no wight of our privetee,  
 Neither in bed, ne in non other place;  
 God shilde I shulde it tellen for his grace;  
 A wif ne shal not sayn of hire husbond  
 But all honour, as I can understand;  
 Save unto you thus moch I tellen shal:  
 As helpe me God, he is nought worth at all,  
 In no degree, the value of a flie.  
 But yet me greveth most his nigardie:  
 And wel ye wot, that women naturally  
 Desiren thinges sike, as wel as I.  
 They wolden that hir husbondes shulden be  
 Hardy, and wise, and riche, and therto free,  
 And buxome<sup>1</sup> to his wif, and fresh a-bedde.  
 But by that ilke Lord that for us bledde,  
 For his honour myselven for to array,  
 A sonday next I muste nedes pay  
 An hundred franks, or elles am I lorne.  
 Yet were me lever that I were unborne,  
 Than me were don a sclandre or vilanie.  
 And if min husbond eke might it espie,  
 I n'ere but lost; and therfore I yon prey  
 Lene me this summe, or elles mote I dey.  
 Dan John, I say, lene me this hundred frankes;  
 Parde I wol not faille you my thankes,  
 If that you list to do that I you pray.  
 For at a certain day I wol you pay,  
 And do to you what plesance and service  
 That I may don, right as you list devise:  
 And but I do, God take on me vengeance,  
 As foule as ever had Genelon<sup>2</sup> of France.

<sup>1</sup> Obedient, ready.

One of *Charlemagne's* officers, who, by his treachery, was the cause of the defeat at *Roncesvalles*, the death of *Roland*, &c., for which he was torn to pieces by horses. This at least is the account of the author who calls himself *Archbishop Turpin*, and of the Romancers who followed him: upon whose credit the name of *Genelon*, or *Ganelon*, was for several centuries a synonymous expression for *the worst of traitors*. Our author alludes to his treachery, ver. 14699, 15282, and to his punishment, ver. 18124. See also *Du*, 1131.—*Tyrwhitt*.

This gentil monk answerd in this manere,  
 Now trewely, min owen lady dere,  
 I have (quod he) on you so grete a rounthe,  
 That I you swere, and plichte you my trouthe,  
 That whan your husbond is to Flandres fare,  
 I wol deliver you out of this care,  
 For I wol bringen you an hundred frankes.  
 And with that word he caught hire by the flanke,  
 And hire embraced hard, and kiste hire oft.  
 Goth now your way, quod he, al stille and soft  
 And let us dine as sone as that ye may,  
 For by my kalender it is prime of day:  
 Goth now, and beth as trewe as I shal be.

Now elles God forbode, sire, quod she;  
 And forth she goth, as joly as a pie,  
 And bad the cokes that they shuld hem hie,  
 So that men mighten dine, and that anon  
 Up to hire husbond is this wif ygon,  
 And knocketh at his countour boldely.  
*Qui est la ?* quod he. Peter, it am I,  
 Quod she. What, sire, how longe wol ye fast?  
 How longe time wol ye reken and cast  
 Your summes, and your bookes, and your thinges?  
 The devil have part of all swiche rekeninges.  
 Ye han ynough parde of Goddes sonde.  
 Come down to-day, and let your bagges stonde.  
 Ne be ye not ashamed, that Dan John  
 Shal fasting all this day elenge gon?  
 What? let us here a mase, and go we dine.

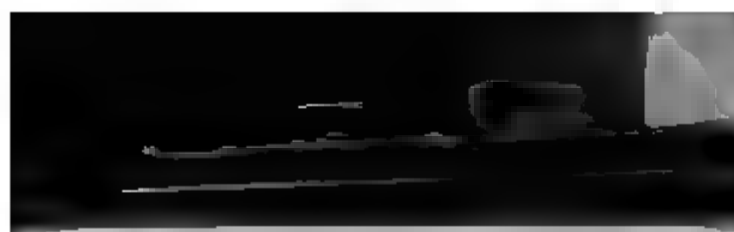
Wif, quod this man, litel canst thou divine  
 The curious besinesse that we have:  
 For of us chapmen, all so God me save,  
 And by that lord that cleped is Seint Ives,  
 Scarcely amonges twenty ten shul thrive  
 Continuelly, lasting unto oure age.  
 We moun wel maken chere and good visage,  
 And driven forth the world as it may be,  
 And kepen our estat in privitee,  
 Til we be ded, or elles that we play  
 A pilgrimage, or gon out of the way.  
 And therfore have I gret necessitee  
 Upon this queinte world to avisen me.

For evermore mote we stond in drede  
 Of hap and fortune in our chapmanhede.  
 To Flandres wol I go to-morwe at day,  
 And come agein as sone as ever I may;  
 For which, my dere wif, I thee beseke  
 As be to every wight buxom and meke,  
 And for to kepe our good be curious,  
 And honestly governe wel our hous.  
 Thou hast ynough, in every maner wise,  
 That to a thrifty household may suffice  
 Thee lacketh non array, ne no vitaille;  
 Of silver in thy purse shalt thou not faille.  
 And with that word his countour dore he shette,  
 And doun he goth; no lenger wold he lette;  
 And hastily a masse was ther saide,  
 And spedily the tables were ylaide,  
 And to the diner faste they hem spedde,  
 And richely this monk the chapman fedde.

And after diner Dan John sobrelly  
 This chapman toke apart, and prively  
 He said him thus; Cosin, it stondeth so,  
 That, wel I see, to Brugges ye wol go,  
 God and Seint Austin spede you and gide.  
 I pray you, cosin, wisely that ye ride;  
 Governeth you also of your dieta  
 Attemprely, and namely<sup>1</sup> in this beto.  
 Betwix us two nedeth no strange fare;  
 Farewel, cosin, God shilde you fro care.  
 If any thing ther be by day or night,  
 If it lie in my power and my might,  
 That ye me wol command in any wise,  
 It shal be don,<sup>2</sup> right as ye wol devise.

But o thing or ye go, if it may be,  
 I wolde prayen you for to lene me  
 An hundred frankes for a weke or tweye,  
 For certain bestes that I muste beye,  
 To storen with a place that is oures:  
 (God helpe me so, I wold that it were youre)  
 I shal not faille surely of my day,  
 Not for a thousand frankes, a mile way.  
 But let this thing be secree, I you preye;  
 For yet to-night thise bestes mote I beye.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Especially.<sup>2</sup> Buy.



And fare now wel, min owen cosin dere,  
*Grand mercy* of your cost and of your chere.

This noble marchant gentilly anon  
Answerd and said, O cosin min Dan John,  
Now sikerly this is a smal requesto:  
My gold is youre, whan that it you leste,  
And not only my gold, but my chaffare:  
Take what you lest, God shilde that ye spare.  
But o thing is, ye know it wel ynough  
Of chapmen, that hir money is hir plough.  
We moun creancen<sup>1</sup> while we han a name,  
But goodles for to ben it is no game.  
Pay it agen, whan it lith in your ese;  
After my might ful fayne wold I you please.

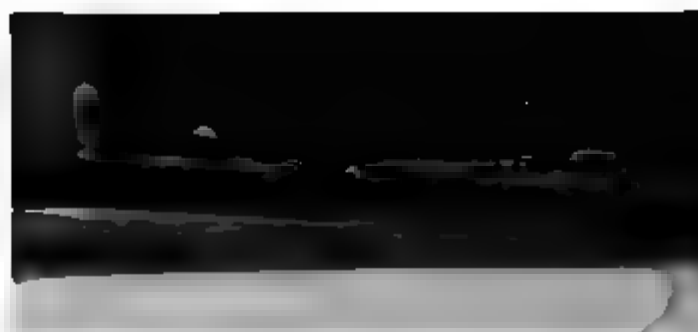
Thise hundred frankes set he forth anon,  
And prively he toke hem to Dan John:  
No wight in al this world wist of this lone,  
Saving this marchant, and Dan John alone.  
They drinke, and speke, and some a while and pleye,  
Til that Dan John rideth to his abbeye.

The morwe came, and forth this marchant rideth  
To Flandres ward, his prentis wel him gideth,  
Til he came in to Brugges merily.  
Now goth this marchant faste and beavily  
About his nele, and bieth, and creanceth;  
He neither playeth at the dis, ne danceth;  
But as a marchant, shortly for to tell,  
He ledeth his lif, and ther I let him dwell.

The sonday next the marchant was agon,  
To Seint Denis ycomen is Dan John,  
With croune and berde all fresh and newe yhave.  
In all the hous ther n'as so litel a knave,  
Ne no wight elles, that he n'as ful fain,  
For that my lord Dan John was come again.  
And shortly to the point right for to gon,  
This faire wif accordeth with Dan John,  
That for thise hundred frankes he shuld all night  
Haven hire in his armes bolt-upright:  
And this accord performed was in dede.  
In mirth all night a beay lif they lede  
Til it was day, that Dan John yede his way,  
And had the mainie<sup>2</sup> farewell, have good day.

<sup>1</sup> Borrow money.

<sup>2</sup> Servants.



For non of hem, no no wight in the town,  
Hath of Dan John right non suspectioun;  
And forth he rideth home to his abbey,  
Or wher him list, no more of him I sey.

This merchant, when that ended was the fair,  
To Saint Denis he gan for to repaire,  
And with his wif he maketh feste and chere,  
And telleth hire that chaffare is so dere,  
That nedes muste he make a chevivaunce,<sup>1</sup>  
For he was bounde in a recognisaunce,  
To payen twenty thousand sheldes<sup>2</sup> anon.  
For which this merchant is to Paris gan  
To borwe of certain frendes that he hadde  
A certain frankes,<sup>3</sup> and som with him he ladde.  
And when that he was come in to the town,  
For gret chiertee and gret affectioun  
Unto Dan John he goth him first to pleye;  
Not for to axe or borwe of him moneye,  
But for to wete and seen of his welfare,  
And for to tellen him of his chaffare,  
As frendes don, when they ben mette in fere.<sup>4</sup>

Dan John him maketh feste and mery chere;  
And he him tolde agen ful specially,  
How he had wel ybought and graciously  
(Thanked be God) all hole his merchandises:  
Save that he must in alle manere wise  
Maken a chevivaunce, as for his bestis:  
And than he shulde ben in joye and rest.  
Dan John answered, Cortes I am fain,<sup>5</sup>  
That ye in hile be comen home again:  
And if that I were rich, as have I blame,  
Of twenty thousand sheldes shuld ye not blame,  
For ye so kindly this other day  
Lente me gold, and as I can and may  
I thanke you, by God and by Saint Jama,  
But natheles I toke unto our Dame,  
Your wif at home, the same gold again  
Upon your benche, she wote it wel certain,  
By certain tokenes that I can hire tell.  
Now by your love, I may no longer dwell;

<sup>1</sup> An agreement for borrowing money.

<sup>2</sup> Crown, so called from one side of them bearing the device of a crown.

<sup>3</sup> *I.e.*, a certain number of francs.

<sup>4</sup> Together.

<sup>5</sup> Glad.

Our abbot wol out of this toun anon,  
 And in his compaignie I muste gon.  
 Grete wel our dame, min owen nece swete,  
 And farewel, dere cosin, til we mete.

This marchant, which that was ful ware and wise,  
 Creanced hath, and paid eke in Paris  
 To certain Lumbardes redy in hir hond  
 The summe of gold, and gate of hem his bond,  
 And home he goth, mery as a popingay.  
 For wel he knew he stood in swiche array,  
 That nedes muste he winne in that viage  
 A thousand frankes, above all his costage.

His wif ful redy mette him at the gate,  
 As she was wont of old usage algate:  
 And all that night in mirth they ben sette,  
 For he was riche, and clerely out of dette.  
 Whan it was day, this marchant gan embrace  
 His wif all newe, and kiste hire in hire face,  
 And up he goth, and maketh it ful tough.  
 No more, quod she, by God ye have ynough:  
 And wantonly agen with him she plaide,  
 Til at the last this marchant to hire saide.

By God, quod he, I am a litel wrothe  
 With you, my wif, although it be me lothe:  
 And wote ye why? by God, as that I gesse,  
 That ye han made a manere strangeness  
 Betwixen me and my cosin Dan John.  
 Ye shuld have warned me, or I had gon,  
 That he you had an hundred frankes paid  
 By redy token: and held him evil apaide,  
 For that I to him spake of chevisaunce:  
 (He seemed so as by his contenance)  
 But natheles by God our heaven king,  
 I thoughte not to axe of him no thing.  
 I pray thee, wif, ne do thou no more so.  
 Tell me alway, er that I fro thee go,  
 If any dettour hath in min absence  
 Ypaide thee, lest thurgh thy negligence  
 I might him axe a thing that he hath paid.

This wif was not aferde ne affraide,  
 But boldely she saide, and that anon;  
 Mary I denie that false monk Dan John,  
 I kepe not of his tokenes never a del:  
 He toke me certain gold, I wote it wel.

What ? evil thedome on his monkes spoute !  
For, God it wote, I wend withouten doute,  
That he had yeve it me, because of you,  
To don therwith min honour and my prow,  
For cosinage, and eke for *belle chere*  
That he hath had ful often times here.  
But sith I see I stonde in swiche disjoint,  
I wol answere you shortly to the point.

Ye have mo slakke dettours than am I:  
For I wol pay you wel and redily  
Fro day to day, and if so be I faille,  
I am your wif, score it upon my taile,  
And I shal pay as sone as ever I may.  
For by my trouth, I have on min array,  
And not in waste, bestowed it every del,  
And for I have bestowed it so wel  
For your honour, for Goddes sake I say,  
As beth not wrothe, but let us laugh and play.  
Ye shal my joly body han to wedde:  
By God I n'ill not pay you but a-bedde  
Foryeve it me, min owen spouse dees ;  
Turne hitherward and maketh better chere.

This marchant saw ther was no remedy:  
And for to chide, it n'ere but a foly,  
Sith that the thing may not amended be.  
Now, wif, he said, and I foryeve it thee ;  
But by thy lif ne be no more so large ;<sup>1</sup>  
Kepe bet my good, this yeve I thee in charge.  
Thus endeth now my tale, and God us sende  
Taling ynough, unto our lives ende.

<sup>1</sup> Free.



## THE PRIORESSES PROLOGUE

13365-13389.

Wel said by *corpus Domini*, quod our hoste,  
Now longe mote thou sailen by the coste,  
Thou gentil maister, gentil marinere.  
God give the monke a thousand last quad yere.<sup>1</sup>  
A ha, felawes, beth ware of swiche a jape.  
The monke put in the mannes hode an ape,<sup>2</sup>  
And in his wifes eke, by Seint Austin.  
Draweth no monkes more into your in.

But now passe over, and let us soke aboute,  
Who shal now tellen first of all this route  
Another tale: and with that word he said,  
As curteisly as it had ben a maid,

My lady Prioress, by your leve,  
So that I wist I shuld you not agreve,  
I wolde demen, that ye tellen shold  
A tale next, if so were that ye wold.  
Now wol ye vouchesauf, my lady dere?  
Gladly, quod she, and saide as ye shul here.

---

The Prioresses Tale.

O Lord our lord, thy name how mervellous  
Is in this large world ysprad! (quod she)  
For not al only thy laude precious  
Parfourned is by men of dignitee,  
But by the mouth of children thy bountee  
Parfourned is, for on the brest souking  
Somtime shewen they thin herying.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, God give the monk a thousand last (*i.e.*, burdens, weights,) of  
ad years—*i.e.*, ever so much misfortune.

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.*, made a fool of him.

<sup>3</sup> Praise.

Wherefore in laude, as I can best and may,  
Of thee and of the white lily flour,  
Which that thee bare, and is a maide alway,  
To tell a storie I wol do my labour;  
Not that I may encreasen hire honour,  
For she hireselven is honour and rote  
Of bountee, next hire sone, and soules bote.<sup>1</sup>

O mother maide, o maide and mother fre,  
O bushe unbreut, brenning in Moysees sight,  
That raviashedest doun fro the deitee,  
Thurgh thin humblesse, the gost that in thee al  
Of whos vertue, whan he thin herte light,  
Conceived was the fathers sapience:  
Helpe me to tell it in thy reverence.

Lady, thy bountee, thy magnificence,  
Thy vertue and thy gret humilitee,  
Ther may no tonge expresse in no science:  
For sometime, lady, or men pray to thee,  
Thou gost befor<sup>2</sup> of thy benignitee,  
And getest us the light, of thy prayere,  
To giden us unto thy sone so dera.

My conning is so weke, o blisful quene,  
For to declare thy grete worthinesse,  
That I ne may the weighte not sustene;  
But as a child of twelf moneth old or lesse,  
That can unnethes<sup>3</sup> any word expresse,  
Right so fare I, and therfore I you pray,  
Gideth my song, that I shal of you say.

THER was in Asie, in a gret citee,  
Amonges Cristen folk a Jewerie,<sup>4</sup>  
Sustened by a lord of that contree,  
For foule usure, and lucre of vilanie,  
Hateful to Crist, and to his compaignie:  
And thurgh the strete men mighten ride and we  
For it was free, and open at eyther ende.

A litel scole of Cristen folk ther stood  
Doun at the ferther ende, in which ther were  
Children an hepe comen of Cristen blood,  
That lerned in that scole yere by yere,  
Swiche manere doctrine as men used there:

Proff

<sup>1</sup> Gost before.

<sup>2</sup> With diffi-

<sup>3</sup> Like our "Jewry," a district inhabited by Jews.

This is to say, to singen and to rede,  
As smalle children don in hir childhede.

Among thise children was a widewe sone,  
A litel clergion,<sup>1</sup> sevens yere of age,  
That day by day to scole was his wone,  
And eke also, wheras he sey the image  
Of Cristes moder, had he in usage,  
As him was taught, to knele adoun, and say  
*Ave Marie*, as he goth by the way.

Thus hath this widewe hire litel sone ytaught  
Our blisful Lady, Cristes moder dere,  
To worship ay, and he forgate it naught:  
For sely<sup>2</sup> childe wol alway sone lere.  
But ay, whan I remembre on this matere,  
Seint Nicholas stant ever in my presence,  
For he so yong to Crist did reverence.<sup>3</sup>

This litel childe his litel book lerning,  
As he sate in the scole at his primere,  
He *Alma redemptoris* herde sing,  
As children lered hir antiphonere:<sup>4</sup>  
And as he dorst, he drow him nere and nere,  
And herkened ay the wordes and the note,  
Til he the firste vers coude<sup>5</sup> al by rote.

Nought wist he what this Latin was to say,  
For he so younge and tendre was of age;  
But on a day his felaw gan he pray  
To expounden him this song in his langage,  
Or telle him why this song was in usage:  
This prayde he him to construe and declare,  
Ful often time upon his knees bare.

His felaw, which that elder was than he,  
Answerd him thus: This song, I have herd say,  
Was makid of our blisful Lady fre,  
Hire to salve, and eke hire for to pray  
To ben our help, and socour whan we dey.  
I can no more expound in this matere:  
I lerne song, I can but smal grammere.

<sup>1</sup> A young clerk.

<sup>2</sup> Simple.

<sup>3</sup> So precious was the piety of this Saint, that, as an infant, he only suckled the breast once on Wednesdays and Fridays.

<sup>4</sup> *I.e.*, the responses of the choral service.

<sup>5</sup> Knew.

And is this song maked in reverence  
Of Cristes moder: I said this innocent;  
Now certes I wol don my diligence  
To conne it all, or Cristemasse be went,  
Though that I for my primer shal be shent,  
And shal be beten thries in an houre,  
I wol it conne, our Ladie for to honoure.

His felaw taught him homeward prively  
Fro day to day, til he coude it by rote,  
And than he song it wel and boldely  
Fro word to word according with the note:  
Twies a day it passed thurgh his throte,  
To scoleward and homeward whau he wente:  
On Cristes moder set was his entente.

As I have said, thurghout the Jewerie  
This Jutel child as he came to and fro,  
Ful merily than wold he sing and crie,  
*O Alma redemptoris*, ever mo:  
The swetenesse hath his herte persed so  
Of Cristes moder, that to hire to pray  
He cannot stint of singing by the way.

Our firste fo, the serpent Sathanaa,  
That hath in Jewes herte his waspes nest,  
Up swale and said, O Ebraike<sup>2</sup> peple, alas!  
Is this to you a thing that is honest,  
That swiche a boy shal walken as him leste  
In your despit, and sing of swiche sentence,  
Which is again our lawes reverence?

From thennesforth the Jewes han conspired  
This innocent out of this world to chace:  
An homicide therto han they hired,  
That in an aleye had a privee place,  
And as the child gan forthby for to pace,  
This cursed Jew him hent, and held him fast,  
And cut his throte, and in a pit him cast.

I say that in a wardrope they him threwe,  
Wher as thise Jewes purgen hir entraille.  
O cursed folk, of Herodes alle newe,  
What may your evil entente you availle?  
Mordre wol out, certain it wol not faille,

<sup>1</sup> Punished.

<sup>2</sup> Hebrew.



And namely thier the honour of God shal sprede:  
The blood out crieth on your cursed dede.

O martyr souded in<sup>1</sup> virginitee,  
Now maist thou singe, and tolwen ever in on  
The white lamb celestial, quod she,  
Of which the gret Evangelist Seint John  
In Pathmos wrote, which sayth that they that gon  
Beforn this lamb, and singe a song al newe,  
That never fleshy woman they ne knewe.

This poure widewe awaiteth al that night  
After hire litel childe, and he came nought:  
For which as sone as it was dayes light,  
With face pale of drede and besy thought,  
She hath at scole and elleswher him sought,  
Til finally she gan so fer aspie,  
That he last seen was in the Jewerie.

With modres pitee in hire brest enclosed  
She goth, as she were half out of hire minde,  
To every place, wher she hath supposed  
By likelihed hire litel child to finde:  
And ever on Cristes moder meke and kinde  
She cried, and at the laste thus she wrought,  
Among the cursed Jewes she him sought.

She freyneth<sup>2</sup> and she praieth pitously  
To every Jew that dwelled in thilke place,  
To telle hire, if hire child went ought forthby:  
They sayden, Nay; but Jesu of his grace  
Yave in hire thought, within a litel space,  
That in that place after hire sone she cride,  
Ther he was casten in a pit beside.

O grete God, that performest thy laude  
By mouth of innocentes, lo here thy might!  
This gemme of chastitee, this emeraude,  
And eke of martirdome the rubie bright,  
Ther he with throte ycorven lay upright,  
He *Alma redemptoris* gan to singe  
So loude, that all the place gan to ringe.

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, consolidated, closely attached to.

<sup>2</sup> *Asketh*, inquireth.

The Cristen folk that thurgh the strete wente,  
 In comen, for to wondre upon this thing:  
 And hastily they for the provost sente.  
 He came anon withouten taryng,  
 And herieth<sup>1</sup> Crist, that is of heven king,  
 And eke his moder, honour of mankind,  
 And after that the Jewes let he binda.

This child with pitous lamentation  
 Was taken up, singing his song alway:  
 And with honour and gret procession,  
 They carien him unto the next abbey.  
 His moder swouning by the bere lay;  
 Unnethe might the peple that was there  
 This newe Rachel bringen fro his bere.

With turment, and with shameful deth eche on  
 This provost doth thise Jewes for to sterve,  
 That of this morder wiste, and that anon;  
 He n'olde no swiche cursednesse observe:  
 Evil shal he have, that evil wol deserve.  
 Therfore with wilde hors he did hem drawe,  
 And after that he heng hem by the lawe.

Upon his bere ay lith this innocent  
 Beform the auter while the masse last:  
 And after that, the abbot with his covent  
 Han spedde hem for to berie him ful fast:  
 And whan they holy water on him cast,  
 Yet spake this child, whan spreint was the holy water,  
 And sang, o *Alma redemptoris mater*.

This abbot, which that was an holy man,  
 As monkes ben, or elles ought to be,  
 This yonge child to conjure he began,  
 And said; O dere child, I halse<sup>2</sup> thee  
 In vertue of the holy Trinitee,

<sup>1</sup> Praieth.

<sup>2</sup> MSS. Ask. I. 2. read "I conjure thee"—but that seems to be a gloss. To *halse* signifies properly to embrace round the neck, from the Sax. *hals*, the neck. See ver. 10253. So in CL. ver. 1290: I stand and speke and laugh and kisse and *halse*. It signifies also to salute, P. P. fol. xxii.: I *halse* hym hendlich, as I hys frende were; and fol. xxxix. to salute with reverence: And the eleven sterres *halced* him all—~~which~~ seems to be the sense here.—Tyndall.



Tell me what is thy cause for to sing,  
Sith that thy throte is cut to my seming.

My throte is cut unto my nekke-bon,  
Saide this child, and as by way of kinde  
I shuld have deyed, ye longe time agon:  
But Jesu Crist, as ye in bookes finde,  
Wol that his glory last and be in minde,  
And for the worship of his moder dera,  
Yet may I sing o *Alma* loude and clere.

This welles of mercie, Cristes moder swete,  
I loved alway, as after my conning:  
And whan that I my lif shulde forlete,  
To me she came, and bad me for to sing  
This antem veraily in my dying,  
As ye han herde, and, whan that I had songe,  
Me thought she laid a grain upon my tonge.

Wherefore I sing, and sing I mote certain  
In honour of that blisful maiden free,  
Til fro my tonge of taken is the grain.  
And after that thus saide she to me;  
My litel child, than wol I fetchen thee,  
Whan that the grain is fro thy tong ytake:  
Be not agaste, I wol thee not forsake.

This holy monk, this abbot him mene I,  
His tonge out caught, and toke away the grain;  
And he yave up the gost ful softely.  
And whan this abbot had this wonder seyn,  
His salte teres trilled adoun as reyne:  
And groff<sup>1</sup> he fell al platte upon the ground,  
And still he lay, as he had ben ybound.

The covent lay eke upon the pavement  
Weping and burying<sup>2</sup> Cristes moder dera.  
And after that they risen, and forth ben went,  
And toke away this martir fro his bera,  
And in a tombe of marble stones clere  
Enclosen they his litel body swete:  
Ther<sup>3</sup> he is now, God lene<sup>4</sup> us for to mete.

<sup>1</sup> Flat on the ground.

<sup>2</sup> Where.

<sup>3</sup> Praying.

<sup>4</sup> Grant.

O yonge Hew' of Lincoln, alain also  
With cursed Jewes, as it is notable,  
For it n'is but a litel while ago,  
Pray eke for us, we sinful folk unstable  
That of his mercy God so merciabie  
On us his grete mercie multiplie,  
For reverence of his moder Marie.

<sup>1</sup> Hagh. See the Introduction.



## PROLOGUE TO SIRE THOPAS.

13621-13647.

WHAN said was this miracle, every man  
As sober was, that wonder was to see,  
Til that our hoste to jape he began,  
And than at erst he lokyd upon me,<sup>1</sup>  
And saide thus ; What man art thou ? quod he.  
Thou lokest, as thou woldest fynde an here,  
For ever upon the ground I see thee stare.

Approche nere, and loke up merily.  
Now ware you, sires, and let this man have place.  
He in the waste is shapen as wel as I :  
This were a popet in an arme to embrace.  
For any woman, smal and faire of face.  
He semeth elvish by his contenance,  
For unto no wight doth he daliance.

Say now somewhat, sin other folk han saide ;  
Tell us a tale of mirthe and that anon.  
Hoste, quod I, ne be not evil apaide,  
For other tale certes can I non,  
But of a rime I lerned yore agon.  
Ye, that is good, quod he, we shullen here  
Som deintee thing, me thinketh by thy chere.

---

The Byme of Sire Thopas.

LISTENETH, lordinges, in good entent,  
And I wol tell you verament  
Of mirthe and of solas,  
Al of a knight was faire and gent  
In bataille and in turnament,  
His name was sire Thopas.

<sup>1</sup> I. e., Chaucer himself.

Yborne he was in fer contree,  
 In Flandres, al beyonde the see,  
 At Popering<sup>1</sup> in the place,  
 His father was a man ful free,  
 And lord he was of that contree,  
 As it was Goddes grace.

Sire Thopas was a doughty swain,  
 White was his face as paindemaine<sup>2</sup>  
 His lippes red as rose.  
 His rudde<sup>3</sup> is like scarlet in grain,  
 And I you tell in good certain  
 He had a semely nose.

His here, his berde, was like safroun,  
 That to his girdle raught<sup>4</sup> adoun,  
 His shoon of cordewane;  
 Of Brugges were his hosen broun;  
 His robe was of ciclatoun,<sup>5</sup>  
 That coste many a jane.<sup>6</sup>

He coude hunt at the wilde dere,  
 And ride on hauking for the rivere<sup>7</sup>  
 With grey goshawk on honde:

<sup>1</sup> Poppering or Poppeling was the name of a parish the Marches of Calais.

<sup>2</sup> Some very white bread, probably taking its name from the province of Maine. <sup>3</sup> Complexion. <sup>4</sup> Re fell.

<sup>5</sup> The glossaries suppose this word to be compounded of *chab* and *latoun*, a species of base metal like gold: but it seems rather to be merely a corruption of the Fr. *Ciclaton*; which originally signified a circular robe of state, from the Gr. LAT. *Cyclos*; and afterwards the cloth of gold, of which such robes were generally made. Du Cange in v. CYCLAS has produced instances enough of both senses. In fact several MSS. read *Ciclaton*; and I have no excuse for not having followed them, but that I was misled by the authority of Spenser, as quoted by Mr. Warton, Obs. on Sp. v. i. p. 194. Upon further consideration, I think it is plain, that Spenser was mistaken in the very foundation of his notion, "that the quilted Irish jacket embroidered with gilded leather" had any resemblance to "the robe of Sheeklaton." He supposes, that Chaucer is here describing Sir Thopas, as he went to fight against the Giant, in his robe of Sheeklaton; whereas, on the contrary, it is evident that Sir Thopas is here described in his usual habit in time of peace. His warlike apparel, when he goes to fight against the Giant, is described below, ver. 13786 and foll. and is totally different.—Tyrwhitt.

<sup>6</sup> I. e., a coin of Genoa.

<sup>7</sup> Hawking at waterfowl.



Therto he was a good archere,  
Of wrastling was ther non his pere,  
Ther ony ram<sup>1</sup> shuld stonde.

Ful many a maide bright in bour  
They mourned for him *par amour*,  
Whan hem were bet to slepe;  
But he was chaste and no lechour,  
And swete as is the bramble flour,  
That bereth the red hepe.<sup>2</sup>

And so it fell upon a day,  
Forsoth, as I you tellen may,  
Sire Thopas wold out ride;  
He worth upon his stede gray,  
And in his hond a launcegay,<sup>3</sup>  
A long sword by his side.

He priketh<sup>4</sup> thurgh a faire forest,  
Therin is many a wilde best,  
Ye bothe buck and hare,  
And as he priked North and Est,  
I telle it you, him had almeste  
Betidde a sory care.

Ther springen herbes grete and smale,  
The licoris and the setewale,<sup>5</sup>  
And many a cloue gilofre,<sup>6</sup>  
And notemuge to put in ale,  
Whether it be moist or stale,  
Or for to lain in cofre.

The briddes singen, it is no nay,  
The sperhawk and the poppingay,  
That joye it was to here,  
The throstel cok made eke his lay,  
The wode dove upon the spray  
He sang ful loude and clere.

Sire Thopas fell in love-longing  
Al whan he herd the throstel sing,  
And priked as he were wood;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The usual prize at wrestling.

<sup>2</sup> The fruit of the dog rose.

<sup>3</sup> A kind of pike or spear.—See Tyrwhitt.

<sup>4</sup> Rides.

<sup>5</sup> Valerian.

<sup>6</sup> Either a clove-tree, or its fruit.

<sup>7</sup> Mad.

His faire stede in his priking  
 So swatte, that men might him wring,  
 His sides were al blood.

Sire Thopas eke so wery was  
 For priking on the softe gras,  
 So fiars was his corage,  
 That doun he laid him in that place  
 To maken his stede som solace,  
 And yaf him good forage.

A, Seinte Mary, benedicite,  
 What aileth this love at me  
 To binde me so sore?  
 Me dremed all this night parda,  
 An elf-quene shal my lemman be,  
 And slepe under my gore.<sup>1</sup>

An elf-quene wol I love ywis,  
 For in this world no woman is  
 Worthy to be my make<sup>2</sup> || in toun,—  
 All other women I formake,  
 And to an elf-quene I me take  
 By dale and eke by doun.

Into his sadel he clombe anon,  
 And priked over stile and ston  
 An elf-quene for to espie,  
 Til he so long had ridden and gone,  
 That he fond in a privee wone  
 The contree of Faerie.

Wherin he soughte North and South,  
 And oft he spied with his mouth  
 In many a forest wilde,  
 For in that contree n'as ther non,  
 That to him dorst ride or gon,  
 Neither wif ne childe.

<sup>1</sup> See note on vs. 3287.

<sup>2</sup> Make. The mark | is placed by Tyrwhitt, on the authority of MSS. There is probably something wrong in each instance where it occurs.

Til that ther came a gret geaunt,  
 His name was Sire Oliphaunt,<sup>1</sup>  
 A perilous man of dede,  
 He sayde, Child, by Termagaunt,<sup>2</sup>  
 But if thou prike out of myn haunt,  
 Anon I slee thy stede || with mace—  
 Here is the Quene of Faerie,  
 With harpe, and pipe, and simphonie  
 Dwelling in this place.

The child sayd, Al so mote I the,  
 To morwe wol I meten thee,  
 Whan I have min armoure,  
 And yet I hope *par ma fay*,  
 That thou shalt with this launcogay  
 Abien it ful soure; || thy mawe—  
 Shal I perce, if I may,  
 Or it be fully prime of the day,  
 For here thou shalt be slawe.

Sire Thopas drow abak ful fast;  
 This geaunt at him stones cast  
 Out of a fel staffe sling:  
 But faire escaped child Thopas,  
 And all it was thurgh Goddes grace,  
 And thurgh his faire bering.

Yet listeneth, lordings, to my tale,  
 Merier than the nightingale,  
 For now I wol you rounne,  
 How Sire Thopas with sides smale,  
 Priking over hill and dale,  
 Is comen agein to tounne.

His mery men commandeth he,  
 To maken him bothe game and gle,  
 For nedes must he fighte,  
 With a geaunt with hedes thres,  
 For paramour and jolitee  
 Of on that shone ful brighte.

Do come, he sayd, my minestrales  
 And gestours<sup>3</sup> for to tellen tales  
 Anon in min arming,

<sup>1</sup> Elephant, a proper name for a giant.

<sup>2</sup> A Saracen deity.

<sup>3</sup> See Tyrwhitt.

Of romaunces that ben reales,<sup>1</sup>  
 Of popes and of cardinales,  
 And eke of love-longing.

They fet him first the swete win,  
 And mede eke in a maselin,<sup>2</sup>  
 And real spicerie,  
 Of ginger-bred that was ful fin,  
 And licoris and eke comin,<sup>3</sup>  
 With suger that is trie.<sup>4</sup>

He didde<sup>5</sup> next his white lere<sup>6</sup>  
 Of cloth of lake<sup>7</sup> fin and clere  
 A breche and eke a sherte,  
 And next his shert an haketon,<sup>8</sup>  
 And over that an habergeon,  
 For percing of his herte,

And over that a fin hauberk,  
 Was all ywrought of Jewes werk,  
 Ful strong it was of plate,  
 And over that his cote-armoure,  
 As white as is the lily floure,  
 In which he wold debate.<sup>9</sup>

His sheld was all of gold so red,  
 And therin was a bores hed,  
 A charboucle<sup>10</sup> beside;  
 And ther he swore on ale and bred  
 How that the geaunt shuld be ded,  
 Betide what so betide.

His jambeux<sup>11</sup> were of cuirbouly,<sup>12</sup>  
 His swerdes sheth of ivory,  
 His helme of latoun bright,  
 His sadel was of rewel bone,<sup>13</sup>  
 His bridel as the sonne shone,  
 Or as the mone light.

<sup>1</sup> Royal.<sup>3</sup> A mayerin, a drinking-cup.<sup>2</sup> Cummin seed.<sup>4</sup> Tried, refined.<sup>5</sup> Put on.<sup>6</sup> Complexion.<sup>7</sup> It is uncertain what kind of cloth is meant.<sup>8</sup> A short, sleeveless cassock.<sup>9</sup> Fight.<sup>10</sup> Carboucle.<sup>11</sup> Boots.<sup>12</sup> Cuir bouilli, *i.e.*, hide, leather, soaked in hot water.<sup>13</sup> See Appendix.

His spere was of fin cypress,  
 That bodeth werre, and nothing pees,  
 The hed ful sharpe yground.  
 His stede was all dapple gray,  
 It goth an aumble in the way  
 Ful softely and round || in londe—  
 Lo, Lordes min, here is a fit;  
 If ye wol ony more of it,  
 To telle it wol I fond.

Now hold your mouth *pour charite*,  
 Bothe knight and lady fre,  
 And herkeneth to my spell,  
 Of bataille and of chevalrie,  
 Of ladies love and druerie,<sup>1</sup>  
 Anon I wol you tell.

Men speken of romaunces of pris,  
 Of Hornchild, and of Ipotis,  
 Of Bevis, and Sire Guy,  
 Of Sire Libeux, and Pleindamour,  
 But Sire Thopas, he bereth the flour  
 Of real chevalrie.

His goode stede he al bestrode,  
 And forth upon his way he glode,<sup>2</sup>  
 As sparcle out of bronde;<sup>3</sup>  
 Upon his crest he bare a tour,  
 And therin stiked a lily flour,  
 God shilde his corps fro shonde.<sup>4</sup>

And for he was a knight auntrous,<sup>5</sup>  
 He n'olde slepen in non hous,  
 But liggen in his hood,  
 His brighte helm was his wanger,<sup>6</sup>  
 And by him baited his destrer<sup>7</sup>  
 Of herbes<sup>8</sup> fin and good.

Himself drank water of the well,  
 As did the knight Sire Percivell  
 So worthy under wede,  
 Til on a day —————

allantry.  
 destruction.

<sup>1</sup> arbore, destrucit.

<sup>2</sup> Gilded.

<sup>3</sup> Adventurous.

<sup>4</sup> Brand.

<sup>5</sup> Pillow.

<sup>6</sup> Baited of, i.e., fed on.

## PROLOGUE TO MELIBEUS.

13847-13880.

No more of this for Goddes dignitee,  
 Quod oure hoste, for thou makest me  
 So wery of thy veray lewednesse,  
 That al so wisly God my soule blesse,  
 Min eres aken of thy drafty<sup>1</sup> speche.  
 Now swiche a rime the devil I betече;  
 This may wel be rime dogerel, quod he.

.Why so? quod I, why wolt thou letten<sup>2</sup> me  
 More of my tale, than an other man,  
 Sin that it is the beste rime I can!

By God, quod he, for plainly at o word,  
 Thy drafty riming is not worth a tord:  
 Thou dost nought elles but dispendest time.  
 Sire, at o word, thou shalt no lenger rime.  
 Let see wher thou canst tellen ought in geste,  
 Or tellen in prose somewhat at the leste,  
 In which ther be som mirthe or som doctrina.

Gladly, quod I, by Goddes swete pine  
 I wol you tell a litel thing in prose,  
 That oughte liken you, as I suppose,  
 Or elles certes ye be to dangerous.  
 It is a moral tale vertuons,  
 Al be it told sometime in sondry wise  
 Of sondry folk, as I shal you devise.

As thus, ye wote that every Evangelist,  
 That telleth us the peine of Jesu Crist,  
 Ne saith not alle thing as his felaw doth:  
 But natheles hir sentence is al soth,  
 And alle accorden as in hir sentence,  
 Al be ther in hir telling difference:  
 For som of hem say more, and som say lesse,  
 Whan they his pitous passion expresse;  
 I mene of Mark and Mathew, Luke and John,  
 But douteles hir sentence is all on.

<sup>1</sup> *Trangery.*<sup>2</sup> *Hidden.*



Therefore, lordinges all, I you beseeche,  
If that ye thinke I vary in my speche,  
As thus, though that I telle som del more  
Of proverbes, than ye han herde before  
Comprehended in this litel tretise here,  
To enforcen with the effect of my matere,  
And though I not the same wordes say  
As ye han herde, yet to you alle I pray  
Blameth me not, for, as in my sentence,  
Shul ye nowher finden no difference  
Fro the sentence of thilke tretise lite,  
After the which this mery tale I write.  
And therefore herkeneth what I shal say,  
And let me tellen all my tale I pray.

### The Tale of Melibens.

A **TOXOR** man called Melibens, mighty and riche, begate  
upon his wif, that called was Prudence, a doughter which  
that called was Sophie.<sup>1</sup>

Upon a day befell, that he for his disport is went into  
the felde him to playe. His wif and eke his doughter  
hath he left within his hous, of which the dores weren fast  
yasette. Foure of his olde foos han it espied, and setten  
ladders to the walles of his hous, and by the windowes ben  
entred, and beten his wif, and wounded his doughter with  
five mortal woundes, in five sondry places; this is to say,  
in hire feet, in hire hondes, in hire eres, in hire nose, and  
in hire mouth; and leften hire for dede, and wenten away.

Whan Melibens retorned was into his hous, and sey al  
this meschief, he, like a mad man, rending his clothes gan  
to wepe and crie.

Prudence his wif, as fer forth as she dorste, besought him  
of his weping for to stint: but not forthy<sup>2</sup> he gan to crie and  
wepen ever lenger the more.

This noble wif Prudence remembred hire upon the sen-  
tence of Ovide, in his book that cleped is the Remedie of

<sup>1</sup> *I. e.*, wisdom. The reader will doubtless observe (as Thomas and Tyrwhitt have noticed) that the earlier pages of this tale appear to be written in a species of blank verse.

<sup>2</sup> Therefore.

love, wheras he saith; he is a fool that distourbeth ~~the~~ moder to wepe, in the deth of hire childe, til she have wept hire fille, as for a certain time: and than shal a man do his diligence with amiable wordes hire to recontorte and preye hire of hire weping for to stinte. For which reason this noble wif Prudence suffred hire housbond for to wepe and crie, as for a certain space; and whan she saw hire time, she sayde to him in this wise. Alas! my lord, quod she, why make ye yourself for to be like a fool? Forsothe it apperteineth not to a wise man, to maken swiche a sorwe. Youre doughter, with the grace of God, shal warish<sup>1</sup> and escape. And al were it so that she right now were dede, ye ne ought not as for hire deth youreself to destroye. Senek saith; the wise man shal not take to gret discomfort for the deth of his children, but certes he shulde suffren it in patience, as wel as he abideth the deth of his owen propre persone.

This Melibeus answered anon and said: what man (quod he) shulde of his weping stinte, that hath so gret a cause for to wepe? Jeau Crist, our Lord, himself wepte for the deth of Lazarus his frend. Prudence answered; certes wel I wote, attempre<sup>2</sup> weping is nothing defended,<sup>3</sup> to him that sorweful is, among folk in sorwe, but it is rather graunted him to wepe. The Apostle Poule unto the Romaines writeth; man shal rejoyce with hem that maken joye, and wepen with swiche folk as wepen. But though attempre weping be ygranted, outrageous weping certes is defended. Measure of weping shulde be considered, after the lore that techeth us Senek. Whan that thy frend is dede (quod he) let not thin eyen to moiste ben of teres, ne to muche drie: although the teres comen to thin eyen, let hem not falle. And whan thou hast forgon thy frend, do diligence to get agein another frend: and this is more wisdom than for to wepe for thy frend, which that thou hast lorne, for therin is no bote.<sup>4</sup> And therefore if ye governe you by sapience, put away sorwe out of youre herte. Remembreth you that Jesus Sirak sayth; a man that is joyous and glad in herte, it him conserveth flourishing in his age: but sothly a sorweful herte maketh his bones drie. He saith eke thus, that sorwe in herte sleeth ful many a man. Salomon sayth, that right as mouthes<sup>5</sup> in the shapes fleese aneien<sup>6</sup> to the clothes, and the smaile

<sup>1</sup> Be healed.<sup>2</sup> Profit.<sup>3</sup> Moderate.<sup>4</sup> Moths.<sup>5</sup> Forbidden.<sup>6</sup> Are injurious.



wurmes to the tree, right so anoieth sorwe to the herte of man. Wherfore us ought as wel in the deth of oure children, as in the losse of oure goodes temporal, have patience.

Remembre you upon the patient Job, whan he hadde lost his children and his temporal substaunce, and in his body endured and received ful many a grevous tribulation, yet mayde he thus: Oure Lord hath yeve it to me, oure Lord hath beraft it me; right as oure Lord hath wold, right so is it don; yblessed be the name of oure Lord. To this foresaide thinges answered Melibeus unto his wif Prudence: all thy wordes (quod he) ben trewe, and therto profitable, but trewely min herte is troubled with this sorwe so grevously, that I n'ot what to don. Let calle (quod Prudence) thyn trewe frendes alle, and thy linage, which that ben wise, and telleth to hem your cas, and herkeneth what they saye in conseilling, and governs you after hir sentences. Salomon saith, werke all thinges by conseil, and thou shalt never repente.

Than, by conseil of his wif Prudence, this Melibeus let callen a gret congregation of folk, as surgiens, phisiciens, olde folk and yonge, and som of his olde enemies reconciled (as by hir semblant) to his love and to his grace: and therwithal ther comen some of his neighebouris, that diden him reverence more for drede than for love, as it happeth oft. Ther comen also ful many subtil flaterers, and wise Advocats lerned in the lawe.

And whan this folk togeder assembled weren, this Melibeus in sorweful wise shewed hem his cas, and by the manere of his speche, it seemed that in herte he bare a cruel ire, redy to don vengeance upon his foes, and exoleinly desired that the werre shulde beginne, but natheles yet axed he his conseil upon this matere. A surgien, by licence and assent of swiche as weren wise, up rose, and unto Melibeus sayde, as ye moun here.

Sire, (quod he) as to us surgiens apperteineth, that we do to every wight the beste that we can, wher as we ben withholden,<sup>1</sup> and to our patient that we do no damage: wherfore it happeth many time and ofte, that whan tway men han everich wounded other, o same surgien helieth hem both, wherfore unto our art it is not pertinent to norice werre, ne parties to supporte. But certes, as to

<sup>1</sup> Retained.

the warishing<sup>1</sup> of youre doughter, al be it so that per-  
 she be wounded, we shuln do so ententif besinesse<sup>2</sup>  
 to night, that with the grace of God, she shal be  
 sound, as sone as is possible. Almost right in  
 wise the phisiciens answerden, save that they  
 fewe wordes more. that right as maladies ben cured  
 contrarier, right so shal man warishe werre. His  
 boures ful of envie, his fensed frendes that semed  
 ciled, and his flaterers, maden semblant of weping  
 empeired and aggregated muchel of this matere, in  
 gretly Melibee of might, of power, of riches, of  
 frendes, despising the power of his adversaries,  
 saiden outrely,<sup>3</sup> that he anon shulde wreken him  
 foos, and beginnen werre.

Up rose than an Advocat that was wise, by leve  
 conseil of other that were wise, and sayde: Lordinge  
 nede for the which we ben assembled in this place, is  
 hevie thing, and an heigh matere, because of the  
 and of the wikkednesse that hath be don, and of  
 reason of the grete damages, that in time coming be  
 able to fallen for the same cause, and eke by reason  
 gret riches and power of the parties bothe, for the  
 reasons, it were a ful gret peril to erren in this  
 Wherefore, Melibee, this is oure sentence; we con-  
 you, aboven alle thing, that right anon thou do thy  
 gence in keping of thy propre persone, in swiche a  
 that thou ne want non espie ne watche, thy body  
 save. And after that, we conseilte that in thin hous  
 sette suffisant garnison, so that they moun as we  
 body as thy hous defende. But certes for to moun  
 werre, ne sodenly for to do vengeance, we moun  
 deme in so litel time that it were profitable. Whe-  
 we axen leiser and space to have deliberation in  
 to deme;<sup>4</sup> for the comune proverbe saith thus; He  
 sone demeth, sone shal repente. And eke men sain  
 thilke juge is wise, that sone understondeth a matere  
 jugeth by leiser. Foral be it so, that al taryng be an  
 algates it is not to reprove in yeving of judgement,  
 vengeance taking, whan it is suffisant and resonable.  
 that shewed our Lord Jesu Crist by ensample, for  
 that the woman that was taken in advoutrie, was brou-  
 in his presence to knowen what shulde be don with

<sup>1</sup> Restoration, cure.<sup>2</sup> Openly.<sup>3</sup> Determined.

persons, al be it that he wist wel himself what that he wolde answere, yet he wolde he not answere sodeinly, but he wolde have deliberation, and in the ground he wrote twice; and by thise causes we axen deliberation: and we shuln than by the grace of God conseil the thing that shal be profitable.

Up sterte than the yonge folk at ones, and the most partie of that compaignie han scorned this olde wise man, and begonnen to make noise and saiden; Right so as while that iren is hot men shulde smite, right so men shuln do wreken hir wronges, while that they ben freshe and newe: and with loude voys they crulen werre, werre. Up rose tho on of thise olde wise, and with his hand made countenance that men shuld holde hem stille, and yeve him audience. Lordlinge, (quod he) ther is ful many a man that crieth werre, werre, that wote ful litel what werre amounteth. Werre at his beginning hath so gret an entring and so large, that every wight may enter whan him liketh, and lightly find werre. but certes what end that shal befall, it is not light to know. For sothly whan that werre is ones begonne, ther is ful many a child unborne of his moder, that shal sterve<sup>1</sup> yong, by cause of thilke werre, other elles live in sorwe, and dien in wretchednesse: and therfore or that any werre be begonne, men must have gret conseil and gret deliberation. And whan this olde man wende to enforce his tale by reison, wel nis alle at ones begonne they to rise, for to breken his tale, and to biden him ful oft his wordes for to abregge. For sothly he that precheth to hem that listen not heren his wordes, his sermon hem anoneth. For Jesus Sirak sayth, that musike in weping is a noious thing. This is to sayn, as muche availleth to speke beforn folk to which his speche anoieth, as to singe beforne him that wepeth. And whan this wise man saw that him wanted audience, al shamefast he sette him down agein. For Salomon saith: ther as thou ne mayst have non audience, enforce then not to speke. I see wel, (quod this wise man) that the comune proverb is woth, that good conseil wanteth,<sup>2</sup> whan it is most nede.

Yet had this Melibous in his conseil many folk, that prively in his ore counselled him certain thing, and counselled him the contrary in general audience. Whan Melibous had herd that the grettest partie of his conseil

<sup>1</sup> Dies.

<sup>2</sup> Is wanting.

were accorded that he shulde make werre, anon he consented to hire conseilling, and fully affermed hir sentence. Than dame Prudence, whan that she saw how that his hosbonde shope him for to awreke him on his foos, and he begonne werre, she in ful humble wise, whan she saw his time, sayde him these wordes: my lord, (quod she) I yow beseeche as hertly as I dare and can, ne haste you not to faste, and for alre guerdons as yeve<sup>1</sup> me audience. For Piers Alphonse<sup>2</sup> sayth; who so that doth to thee outher good or harme, haste thee not to quite it, for in this wise thy frend wol abide, and thin enemye shal the lenger live in drede. The proverbe sayth; he hasteth wel that wisely can abide: and in wikked hast is no profite.

This Melibee answered unto his wif Prudence: I purposenot (quod he) to werken by thy conseil, for many causes and reasons: for certes every wight wold hold me than a fool; this is to sayn, if I for thy conseilling wolde change thinges, that ben ordeined and affirmed by so many wise men. Secondly, I say, that all women ben wicke, and non good of hem all. For of a thousand men, saith Salomon, I found o good man: but certes of alle women good woman found I never. And also certes, if I governed me by thy conseil, it shulde seme that I had yeve thee over me the maistrie: and God forbede that it so were. For Jesus Sirak sayth, that if the wif have the maistrie, she is contrarious to hire husbond. And Salomon sayth; never in thy lif to thy wiw, ne to thy childe, ne to thy trend, ne yeve no power over thy self; for better it were that thy children axe of thee thinges that hem nedeth, than thou see thy self in the handes of thy children. And also if I wol werche by thy conseilling, certes it must be sometime secree, til it were time that it be knowen: and this ne may not be, if I shulde be counselled by thee. [For it is written; the janglerie of women ne can no thing hide, save that which they wote not. After the philosophe sayth; in wikked conseil women venquishen men: and for thise reasons I ne owe not to be counselled by thee.]

Whan dame Prudence, ful debonairly and with gret pacience, had herd all that hire husbonde liked for to say, than axed she of him licence for to speke, and sayde in this wise. My lord, (quod she) as to your first reson, it may lightly ben answerd: for I say that it is no folie to

<sup>1</sup> I. e., do thou give me.

<sup>2</sup> See a long and learned account of this author in Tyrwhitt's notes.

chaunge conseil when the thing is chaunged, or elles when the thing semeth otherwise than it seemed afore. And moreover I say, though that ye have sworne and behight to performe your emprise, and nevertheless ye weive<sup>1</sup> to performe thilke same emprise by just cause, men shuld not say therfore ye were a lyer, no forsworn. for the book sayth, that the wise man maketh no leasing, when he turneth his courage for the better. And al be it that your emprise be established and ordeined by gret multitude of folk, yet thar you not accomplish thilke ordinance but you liketh: for the trouthe of thinges, and the profit, ben rather founden in fewe folk that ben wise and ful of reason, than by gret multitude of folk, ther every man cryeth and clattereth what him liketh: sothly swiche multitude is not honest. As to the second reson, wherof ye say, that alle women ben wicke. save your grace, certes ye despise alle women in this wise, and he that all despiseth, as smith the book, all displeneth. And Senek smith, that who so wol have sapience, shal no man dispise, but he shal gladly teche the science that he can, without presumption or pride: and swiche thinges as he nought can, he shal not ben ashamed to lere hem, and to enquire of lewse folk than himself. And, Sire, that ther hath ben ful many a good woman, may lightly be proved: for certes, Sire, our Lord Jesu Crist nold never han descended to be borne of a woman, if all women had be wicked. And after that, for the gret bountee that is in women, our Lord Jeun Crist, when he was risen from deth to lif, appeared rather to a woman than to his Apostles. And though that Salomon sayde, he found never no good woman, it folweth not therfore, that all women be wicked. for though that he ne found no good woman, certes many another man hath founde many a woman ful good and trewe. Or elles peraventure the entent of Salomon was this, that in sovereigns bountee he found no woman, this is to say, that ther is no wight that hath sovereigne bountee, save God alone, as he himself recordeth in his Evangelies. For ther is no creature so good, that hua ne wanteth somewhat of the perfection of God that is his maker. Yourse thirde reason is this; ye say that if that ye governe you by my conseil, it shulde seeme that ye had yeve me the mantrie and the lordship of your person. Sire, save your grace, it is not so; for if so were that no man shulde be counselled but only of hem that han

<sup>1</sup> Waive, omit.

lordship and maistrie of his person, men n'olde not be counselled so often: for sothly thilke man that asketh conseil of a purpos, yet bath he free chois whether he wol werke after that conseil or non. And as to your fourth reson, ther as ye sain that the janglerie of women can hide thinges that they wot not; as who so sayth, that a woman can not hide that she wote; Sire, thise wordes ben understonde of women that ben jangleresses and wicked; of which women men sain that three thinges driven a man out of his hous, that is to say, smoke, dropping of rain, and wicked wives. And of swiche women Salomon sayth, That a man were better dwell in desert, than with a woman that is riotous. And, sire, by your leve, that am not I; for ye have ful often assaied my gret silence and my gret patience, and eke how wel that I can hide and hale thinges, that men oughten secretly to hiden. And sothly as to your fifthe reson, wheras ye say, that in wicked conseil women venquish men; God wote that thilke reson stant here in no stede: for understondeth now, ye axen conseil for to do wickednesse; and if ye wol werken wickednesse, and your wif restraineth thilke wicked purpos, and overcometh you by reson and by good conseil, certes your wif ought rather to be preised than to be blamed. Thus shulde ye understonde the philosophre that sayth, In wicked conseil women venquishen hir husbondes. And ther as ye blamen all women and hir resons, I shal shewe you by many ensamples, that many women have ben ful good, and yet ben, and hir conseil holesome and profitable. Eke som men han sayd, that the conseil of women is either to dere, or elles to litel of pris. But al be it so that ful many a woman be bad, and hire conseil vile and nought worth, yet han men founden ful many a good woman, and discrete and wise in conseilling. Lo, Jacob, thurgh the good conseil of his mother Rebecke, wan the benison of his father, and the lordship over all his brethren. Judith, by hire good conseil, delivered the citee of Bethulie, in which she dwelt, out of the honde of Holofern, that had it beseged, and wolde it al destroye. Abigail delivered Nabal hire housbond fro David the king, that wolde han slain him, and appesed the ire of the king by hire wit, and by hire good conseilling. Hester by hire conseil enhaunced gretly the peple of God, in the regne of Assuerus the king. And the same bountee in good conseilling of many a good woman moun men rede and tell. And further more, whan that

oure Lord had created Adam oure forme fither, he sayd in this wise; it is not good to be a man allone: make we to him an helpe semblable to himself. Here moun ye see that if women weren not good, and hir conseil good and profitable, oure Lord God of heven woldo neither han wrought hem, ne called hem helpe of man, but rather confusion of man. And ther sayd a clerk ones in two vers; what is better than gold? Jaspere. What is better than jaspere? Wisdom. And what is better than wisdom? Woman. And what is better than a good woman? Nothing. And, Sire, by many other reasons moun ye seen, that many women ben good, and hir conseil good and profitable. And therefore, Sire, if ye wol treste to my conseil, I shal restore you your doughter hale and sound. and I wol don to you so muche, that ye shuln have honour in this cas.

Whan Melibres had herd the wordes of his wif Prudence, he sayd thus: I se wel that the word of Salomon is soth; for he saith, that wordes, that ben spoken discretly by ordinance, ben honeycombes, for they geve swetenesse to the soule, and holownesse to the body. And, wif, because of thy swete wordes, and eke for I have prevel and assayed thy grete sapience and thy grete trouthe, I wol governe me by thy conseil in alle thing.

Now, Sire, (quod dame Prudence) and sein that ye vouchsafe to be governed by my conseil, I wol enforme you how that ye shuln governe yourself, in chesing of youre conseilours. Ye shuln first in alle your werkes mekely besochen to the hight God, that he wol be your counsellour: and shapeth you to swiche entente that he yove you conseil and comforte, as taught Tobie his sone; at alle times thou shalt blesse God, and preie him to dresse thy wayes; and luke that alle thy counsels ben in him for evermore. Seint James eke sayth; if any of you have nede of sapience, aske it of God. And afterwarde, than shullen ye take conseil in yourself, and examine wel your owen thoughtes, of swiche thinges as you thinketh that ben best for your profit. And than shuln ye drive fro your herte thre thinges that ben contrarious to good conseil; that is to sayn, ire, covetise, and hastinesse.

First, he that axeth conseil of himself, certes he must be withouten ire, for many causes. The first is this: he that hath grete ire and wrath in himself, he waneth alway that he may do thing that he may not do. And secondly, he that is froward and wroth, he may not wel deme: and he that

may not wel deme, may not wel conseille. The thridd is this; he that is irous and wroth, as sayth Senek, ne may not speke but blameful thinges, and with his vicious wordes he stirreth other folk to anger and to ira. And eke, Sire, ye must drive coveitise out of your herte. For the Apostle sayth, that coveitise is the rote of alle harmes. And trosteth wel, that a coveitous man ne can not deme so thinke, but only to fulfille the ende of his coveitise; and certes that ne may never ben accomplisid; for ever the more haboundance that he hath of richesse, the more he desireth. And, Sire, ye must also drive out of youre herte hastinesse: for certes ye ne moun not deme for the beste a soden thought that falleth in youre herte, but ye must advise you on it ful ofte: for as ye have herde herebefore, the commune proverbe is this; he that sone demeth, sone repenteth.

Sire, ye ne be not alway in like disposition, for certes som thing that somtime semeth to you that it is good for to do, another time it semeth to you the contrarie.

And whan ye han taken conseil in yourself, and han demed by good deliberation swiche thing as you semeth beste, than rede I you that ye kepe it secree. Bewreys not your conseil to no persone, but if so be that ye wenen sikerly, that thurgh youre bewreying youre condition shal ben to you more profitable. For Jesus Sirak saith: neither to thy foe ne to thy frend discover not thy secree, ne thy folie: for they woln yeve you audience and loking, and supportation in youre presence, and scorne you in youre absence. Another clerk sayth, that scarcely shalt thou finden any persone that may kepe thy conseil secrely. The book sayth; while that thou kepest thy conseil in thin herte, thou kepest it in thy prison: and whan thou bewreyst thy conseil to any wight, he holdeth thee in his snare. And therefore you is better to hide your conseil in your herte, than to preye him to whom ye han bewreyed youre conseil, that he wol kepe it close and stille. For Seneca sayth: if so be that thou ne mayst not thin owen conseil hide, how darest thou preyen any other wight thy conseil secrely to kepe? but natheles, if thou wene sikerly<sup>1</sup> that thy bewreying of thy conseil to a persone wol make thy condition to stonden in the better plight, than shalt thou telle him thy conseil in this wise. First, thou shalt

<sup>1</sup> Truly.

make no cunhant whether thes were lever pass or worse, or this or that; ne shewe him not thy will ne thin entente: for treote wol that comunally thes conseilours ben flaterers, namely the conseilours of grete lordes, for they enforen hem alway rather to spoken pleasant wordes enclining to the lordes lust, than wordes that ben trewe or profitable: and therfore men sayn, that the riche man hath seide good conseil, but if he have it of himself. And after that thou shalt consider thy frendes and thin enemies. And as touching thy frendes, thou shalt consider which of hem ben most ferthful and most wise, and eldest and most approved in counselling: and of hem shalt thou axe thy conseil, as the cas requirith.

I say, that first ye shuln clepe to youre conseil youre frendes that ben trewe. For Salomon saith: that right as the herte of a man deliteth in savour that is swete, right so the counsel of trewe frendes yeveth swetenesse to the soule. He sayth also, ther may nothing be likened to the trewe frend. for certes gold ne silver ben not so muche worth as the good will of a trewe fiend. And eke he sayth, that a trewe frend is a strong defence; who so that it findeth, certes he findeth a gret tresor. Than shuln ye eke consider if that your trewe frendes ben discrete and wise: for the book saith, axe alway thy conseil of hem that ben wise. And by this same reason shuln ye clepen to youre conseil youre frendes that ben of age, swiche as han sayn and ben expert in many thingen, and ben approved in conseilliages. For the book sayth, in olde men is al the sapience, and in longe time the prudence. And Tullius sayth, that grete thinges ne ben not ay accomplished by strengthe, ne by deliverance<sup>1</sup> of body, but by good conseil, by auctoritee of persones, and by science: the which three thinges ne ben not seble by age, but certes they enforen and encreasen day by day. And than shuln ye kepe this for a general reule. First ye shuln clepe to youre conseil a fewe of youre frendes that ben especial. For Salomon saith; many frendes have thou, but among a thousand chese thos on to be thy conseilour. For al be it so, that thou first ne telle thy conseil but to a fewe, thou mayest afterwarde tell it to moe folk, if it be nede. But loke alway that thy conseilours have thilke three conditions that I have sayd before; that is to say, that they be trewe wise,

<sup>1</sup> Agility.

and of olde experience. And werer not alway in every nede by on conseilour allone: for somtime behoveth it to be counselled by many. For Salomon sayth; salvation of thinges is wher as ther ben many conseilours.

Now sith that I have told you of which tolk ye shulde be counselled: now wol I teche you which conseil ye ought to eschue. First ye shuln eschue the conseilung of fooler; for Salomon sayth, Take no conseil of a fool: for he ne can not conseil but after his owen lust and his affection. The book sayth, the propretee of a fool is this. He troweth lightly harme of every man, and lightly troweth all bountee in himself. Thou shalt eke eschue the conseilung of all flaterers, swiche as enforen hem rather to preisen youre persone by flaterie, than for to tell you the sothfastnesse of thinges.

Wherfore Tullius sayth, Among alle the pestilences that ben in frendship, the grettest is flaterie. And therefore it is more nede that thou eschue and drede flaterers, than any other peple. The book saith, Thou shalt rather dfele and flee fro the swete wordes of flatering preisers, than fro the egre wordes of thy frend that saith thee sothea. Salomon saith, that the wordes of a flaterer is a snare to cacchen innocentes. He sayth also, He that speket to his frend wordes of swetenesse and of plesaunce, he setteth a net beforne his feet to cacchen him. And therefore sayth Tullius, Encline not thin eres to flaterers, ne take no conseil of wordes of flaterie. And Caton sayth, Advise thee wel, and eschue wordes of swetenesse and of plesaunce. And eke thou shalt eschue the conseilung of thin olde enemies that ben reconciled. The book sayth, that no wight retourneth safely into the grace of his olde enemie. And Ysope sayth, Ne trost not to hem, to which thou hast somtime had werre or enmites, ne telle hem not thy conseil. And Senek telleth the cause why. It may not be, sayth he, ther as gret fire hath long time endured, that ther ne dwelleth som vapour of warmnesse. And therefore saith Salomon, In thin olde foo trost thou never. For sikerly, though thin enemie be reconciled, and maketh thee chere of humilitee, and louteth<sup>1</sup> to thee with his hed, ne trost him never: for certes he maketh thilke feined humilitee more for his profite, than for any love of thy persone; because that he demeth to have victorie over thy persone

<sup>1</sup> Boweth.

by swiche feined contenance, the which victorie he might not have by strif of warre. And Peter Alphonsus sayth; Make no felawship with thin olde enemies, for if thou do hem bountes, they wolven perverten it to wickednesse. And eke thou must eschue the counselling of hem that ben thy servants, and leren thee gret reverence: for paraventure they feyn it more for drede than for love. And therfore saith a philosophe in this wise. Ther is no wight partlyt trowe to him that he to sore dredeth. And Tullius sayth, Ther n'is no might so gret of any emperor that longe may endure, but if he have more love of the peple than drede. Thou shalt also eschue the counselling of folk that ben dronkelewe, for they ne can no conseil hide. For Salomon sayth, Ther n'is no privetes ther as regneth dronkennesse. Ye shuln also have in suspect the counselling of swiche folk as conceille you o thing prively, and conceille you the contrarie openly. For Cassiodoro sayth, That it is a manere sleighte to hinder his enemy whan he sheweth to don a thing openly, and werketh prively the contrary. Thou shalt also have in suspect the counselling of wicked folk, for hir conseil is alway ful of fraude. And David sayth; Blisful is that man that hath not solwed the counselling of shrewes. Thou shalt also eschue the counselling of yonge folk, for hir counselling is not ripe, as Salomon saith.

Now, Sire, with I have shewed you of which folk ye shullen take youre conseil, and of which folk ye shullen eschue the conseil, now wol I teche you how ye shuln examine your conseil after the doctrine of Tullius. In examining than of your counsellours, ye shuln considre many thinges. Alierfirst thou shalt considre that in thilke thing that thou purpoost, and upon what thing that thou wilt have conseil, that veray trouthe be said and conserved; this is to say, telle trewely thy tale. for he that sayth false, may not wel be counselled in that cas, of which he leith. And after this, thou shalt considre the thinges that accorion to that thou purpoost for to do by thy counsellours, if reason accord therto, and eke if thy might may atteine therto, and if the more part and the better part of thin counsellours accorden therto or no. Than shalt thou considre what thing shal solwe of that counselling; as hate, pite, warre, grace, profite, or damage, and many other thinges. and in alle thinges thou shalt chese the beste, and wrive alle other thinges. Than shalt thou considre of what route is engendred the matere of thy conseil, and

what fruit it may conceive and engendra. Thou shalt also considere alle the causes, from whences they ben sprongen. And whan thou hast examined thy conseil, as I have said, and which partie is the better and more profitable, and hast approved it by many wise folk and olde, than shalt thou considere, if thou mayst performe it and maken of it a good ende. For certes reason wol not that any man shalde begynne a thing, but if he mighte performe it as he oughte: no no wight shulde take upon him so hevy a charge, that he might not beren it. For the proverbe sayth; he that to muche embraceth distreineth lital. And Cato sayth; amay to do swiche thinges as thou hast power to don, lest the charge oppresse thee so sore, that thee behoveth to weive thing that thou hast begonne. And if so be that thou be in doute, whether thou mayst performe a thing or non, chese rather to suffre than to begynne. And Peter Alphonse sayth; If thou hast might to don a thing, of which thou must repente, it is better nay than ya: this is to sayn, that thee is better to holde thy tonge stille than for to speke. Than mayst thou understonde by stronger reasons, that if thou hast power to performe a werk, of which thou shalt repente, than is thee better that thou suffre than begynne. Wel sain they that defenden every wight to assaye a thing of which he is in doute, whether he may performe it or non. And after whan ye han examined youre conseil, as I have said before, and knowen wel that ye moun performe youre emprise, conferme it than sadly<sup>1</sup> til it be at an ende.

Now is it reason and time that I shewe you whan, and wherfore, that ye moun chaunge your conseil, withoute repreve. Sothly, a man may change his purpos and his conseil, if the cause ceseth, or whan a newe cas betideth. For the lawe saith, that upon thinges that newly betiden, behoveth newe conseil. And Seneca sayth; if thy conseil is comen to the eres of thin enemies, chaunge thy conseil. Thou mayst also chaunge thy conseil, if so be that thou find that by errour, or by other cause, harme or damage may betide. Also if thy conseil be dishoneste, other elles<sup>2</sup> come of dishoneste cause, chaunge thy conseil: for the lawes sain, that all behestes that ben dishoneste ben of no value: and eke, if so be that it be impossible, or may not goodly be performed or kept.

<sup>1</sup> Sadly.

<sup>2</sup> Or else.

And take this for a general rule, that every conseil that is affirmed so strongly, that it may not be changed for no condition that may betide, I say that thilke conseil is wicked.

This Melibeus, whan he had herd the doctrine of his wif dame Prudence, answered in this wise. Dame, quod he, as yet unto this time ye han wel and covenablely taught me, as in general, how I shal governe me in the chacing and in the withhokling of my conseilours: but now wold I fain that ye wold condescend in especial, and telle me how liketh you, or what semeth you by oure conseilours that we han chosen in oure present nede.

My lord, quod she, I beseeche you in alle humblesse, that ye wol not wilfully replie agein my resons, ne distempere your herte, though I speke thing that you displese; for God wote that, as in min entente, I speke it for your beste, for youre honour and for youre profits eke, and sothly I hope that youre benignitee wol taken it in patience. And trusteth me wel, quod she, that youre conseil as in this cas ne shulde not (as to speke proprely) be called a conseil, but a motion or a moving of folie, in which conseil ye han erred in many a sondry wise.

First and forward, ye han erred in the assembling of youre conseilours; for ye sholde first han cleped a fewe folk to youre conseil, and after ye mighte han shewed it to mo folk, if it hadde be nede. But certes ye han so-deinly cleped to your conseil a gret multitude of peple, ful chargiant and ful annoyous for to here. Also ye han erred, forther as ye shulde han only cleped to youre conseil youre trewe frendes, olde and wise, ye han cleped straunge folk, younge folk, false flaterers, and enemies reconciled, and folk that don you reverence withouten love. And eke ye han erred, for ye han brought with you to youre conseil ire, covetise, and hastifnesse, the which three thinges ben contrary to every conseil honest and profitable: the which three thinges ye ne han not anientised<sup>1</sup> or destroyed, neither in youreself ne in youre conseilours, as you ought. Ye han erred also, for ye han shewed to youre conseilours youre talent and youre affections to make werre anon, and for to do vengeance, and they han espied by youre wordes to what thing ye ben enclined: and therefore han they counselled you rather to youre talent, than to youre profits. Ye

<sup>1</sup> Reduced to nothing.

han erred also, for it semeth that you sufficeth to han be conaeilled by thise conaeillours only, and with litel avis, wheras in so high and so gret a nede, it had ben necessari mo conaeillours, and more deliberation to performe your empirie. Ye han erred also, for ye han not examined your conseil in the foresaid manere, ne in due manere, as the cas requireth. Ye han erred also, for ye han maked no division betwix youre conaeillours; this is to sayn, betwix your trewe frendes and your feined conaeillours: ne ye han not knowe the wille of your trewe frende, olde and wise, but ye han cast alle hir wordes in an hochebot,<sup>1</sup> and enclined your herte to the more part and to the greter nombre, and ther be ye condescended; and sith ye wot wel that men shuln alway finde a greter nombre of fooles than of wise men, and therefore the conaeillings that ben at congregations and multitudes of folk, ther as men take more regard to the nombre, than to the sapience of persones, ye seen wel, that in swiche conaeillings fooles han the maistrie. Melibeus answered and said aguin: I graunte wel that I have erred; but ther as thou hast told me herebeforne, that he n'is not to blame that chaungeth his conseil in certain cas, and for certain and just causes, I am al redy to chaunge my conseil right as thou wolt devise. The proverbe sayth; for to don sinne is mannish,<sup>2</sup> but certes for to persevere long in sinne is werke of the Diuel.

To this sentence answered anon dame Prudence, and saide; examineth (quod she) wel your conseil, and let us see the which of hem han spoken most resonably, and taught you best conseil. And for as muche as the examination is necessari, let us beginne at the Surgiens and at the Physicians, that first spoken in this mater. I say that Physicians and Surgiens han sayde you in youre conseil discretly, as hem oughte: and in hir speche saiden ful wisely, that to the office of hem apperteineth to don to every wight honour and profite, and no wight to anoye, and after hir craft to don gret diligence unto the cure of hem which that they han in hir governaunce. And, Sire, right as they han answered wisely and discretly, right so rede I that they be highly and soverainly guerdoned<sup>3</sup> for hir noble speche, and eke for they shulden do the more ententif besinesse in the curation of thy dere doughter. For al be it so that they ben youre frendes, therefore shullen ye not suffren, that they

<sup>1</sup> Like our "hodge podge," a mixture of all sorts of things thrown together.

<sup>2</sup> Human.

<sup>3</sup> Rewarded.

serve you for nought, but ye oughte the rather guerdone hem, and shewe hem youre largesse. And as touching the proposition, which the Physiciens entreteden in this cas, this is to sain, that in maladies, that a contrarie is warished by another contrarie; I wold fain knowe how ye understonde thilke text, and what is youre sentence. Certes, quod Melibeus, I understond it in this wise; that right as they han don me a contrarie, right so shulde I don hem another; for right as they han venged hem upon me and don me wrong, right so shal I venge me upon hem, and don hem wrong, and than have I cured a contrarie by another.

Lo, lo, quod dame Prudence, how lightly is every man enclined to his owen desire and his owen plesaunce! certes (quod she) the wordes of the Physiciens ne shulden not han ben understonden in that wise; for certes wickednesse is not contrarie to wickednesse, ne vengeance to vengeance, ne wrong to wrong, but they ben semblable: and therfore a vengeance is not warished by another vengeance, ne a wrong by another wrong, but everich of hem encreseth and aggreggeth other. But certes the wordes of the Physiciens shulden ben understonde in this wise; for good and wickednesse ben two contraries, and pees and werre, vengeance and suffraunce, discord and accord, and many other thinges: but certes, wickednesse shal be warished by goodnesse, discord by accord, werre by pees, and so forth of other thinges. And hereto accordeth Seint Poule the Apostle in many places: he sayth, ne yelde not harme for harme, ne wicked speche for wicked speche, but do wel to him that doth to thee harme, and blesse him that saith to thee harme. And in many other places he amonesteth pees and accord. But now wol I speke to you of the conseil, which that was yeven to you by the men of lawe, and the wise folk, and old folke, that sayden alle by on accord as ye han herd beforne, that over alle thinges yo shaln do youre diligence to kepe youre persone, and to warnestore<sup>1</sup> your house: and saiden also, that in this cas you oughte for to werchen ful avisely and with gret deliberation. And, sire, as to the first point, that toucheth the keping of youre persone, ye shuln understond, that he that hath werre, shal ever more devoutly and mekely preien beforne alle thinges, that Jesu Crist of his mercie wol han him in his protection, and ben his souveraine

<sup>1</sup> Furnish.

helping at his nede. for certes in this world ther is no wight that may be conseilid ne kept sufficiantly, withoute the keping of oure lord Jesu Crist. To this sentence accordeth the Prophete David that sayth: if God ne kepe the citee, in idel waketh he that kepeth it. Now, sirs, than shuln ye committe the keping of youre persone to youre trewe frendes, that ben apprevd and yknowe, and of hem shuln ye axen helpe, youre persone for to kepe. For Caton saith: if thou have nede of helpe, axe it of thy frendes, for ther n'is non so good a physicien as thy trewe frend. And after this than shuln ye kepe you fro alle straunge folk, and fro lieres, and have alway in suspect hir compaignie. For Piers Alphonse sayth: ne take no compaignie by the way of a straunge man, but if so be that thou have knowen him of lenger time: and if so be that he falle into thy compaignie paraventure withouten thy assent, enquire than, as subtilly as thou maist, of his conversation, and of his lif beforne, and feine thy way, saying thou wolt go thider as thou wolt not go: and if he bere a spere, hold thee on the right side, and if he bere a sword, hold thee on his left side. And after this than shuln ye kepe you wisely from all swiche manere peple as I have sayed before, and hem and hir conseil eschue. And after this than shuln ye kepe you in swiche manere, that for any presumption of youre strengthe, that ye ne despise not, ne account not the might of your adversary so lite, that ye let<sup>1</sup> the keping of your persone for your presumption; for every wise man dredeth his enemie. And Salomon sayth; welful<sup>2</sup> is he that of alle hath drede; for certes, he that thurgh the hardinesse of his herte, and thurgh the hardinesse of himself, hath to gret presumption, him shal evil betide. Than shuln ye evermo countrewaite embouyssements, and alle espiaile. For Senek sayth, that the wise man that dredeth harmes, eschueth harmes; ne he ne falleth into perils, that perils eschueth. And al be it so, that it seme that thou art in siker place, yet shalt thou alway do thy diligence in keping of thy persone; this is to sayn, ne be not negligent to kepe thin persone, not only fro thy grettest enemy, but also fro thy leste enemy. Senek sayth; a man that is wel avised, he dredeth his leste enemie. Ovide sayth, that the litel wesel wol also the gret boll and the wilde hart. And the book<sup>3</sup> sayth; a

<sup>1</sup> Let go of.<sup>2</sup> Prosperous, happy.<sup>3</sup> I.e., the Bible.



Hitel thorne may prikke a king ful sore, and a hitel hound wol hold the wilde bore. But natheles, I may not thou shalt be so coward, that thou doute wher as is no drede. The book saith, that som men [han taught hir deceivour, for they han to muche dreded] to be deceived. Yet shalt thou drede to be empoysoned; and [therfore shalt thou] kepe thee fro the compaignie of scorners: for the book sayth, with scorners ne make no compaignie, but flee hir wordes as venime.

Now as to the second point, wheras youre wise counsellours counselled you to warnestore your hous with gret diligence, I wolde fain knowe how that ye understode thilke wordes, and what is youre sentence.

Melibeus answered and saide; Certes I understond it in this wise, that I shal warnestore<sup>1</sup> min hous with toures, swiche as han castelles and other manere edifices, and armure, and artelries, by which thinges I may my persone and myn hous so kepen and defenden, that min enemies shuln ben in drede min hous for to approcha.

To this sentence answered anon Prudence. Warnestoring (quod she) of heighe toures and of grette edifices, is with grette costages and with grette travaille; and whan that they ben accomplished, yet ben they not worth a stro, but if they ben defended by trewe frendes, that ben olde and wise. And understode wel, that the gretteste and strongeste garneson that a riche man may have, as wel to kepen his persone as his goodes, is, that he be beloved with his subgets, and with his neighebouris. For thus sayth Tullius, that ther is a maner garneson, that no man may venquish ne discomfite, and that is a lord to be beloved of his citizeins, and of his peple.

Now, sire, as to the thridde point, wheras youre olde and wise counsellours sayden, that you ne oughte not sodainly ne hastily proceden in this nede, but that you oughte purveyen<sup>2</sup> and appareille<sup>3</sup> you in this cas, with gret diligence and gret deliberation; trowely, I trowe, that they sayden right wisely and right soth. For Tullius sayth: in every nede er thou beginne it, appareille thee with gret diligence. Than say I, that in vengeance taking, in werre, in bataille, and in warnestoring,<sup>2</sup> er thou beginne, I rede that thou appareille thee therto, and do it with gret deliberation. For Tullius sayth, that longe apparelling

<sup>1</sup> Provide, furnish.<sup>2</sup> Provide.<sup>3</sup> Furnishing.

tofore the bataille, maketh short victorie. And Camidorus sayth. the garneson is stronger, whan it is longe time avised.

But now let us speken of the conseil that was accorded by youre neighebores, swiche as don you reverens withouten love; youre olds enemies reconciled; your flaterers, that conseilled you certain thinges prively, and openly conseilled you the contrarie; the yonge folk also, that conseilled you to venge you, and to make werre anon. Certes, sire, as I have sayde before, ye han gretly erred to han cleped swiche maner folk to youre conseil, which conseilours ben ynough reproved by the reasons aforesaid. But natheles, let us now descende to the special. Ye shul first proceden after the doctrine of Tullius. Certes the trouthe of this matere or of this conseil nedeth not diligently to enquire, for it is wel wist, which they ben that han don to you this trespass and vilanie, and how many trespassours, and in what manere they han don to you all this wrong, and all this vilanie. And after this, than shuln ye examine the second condition, which that the same Tullius addeth in this matere. For Tullius putteth a thing, which that he clepeth consenting: this is to sayn, who ben they, and which ben they, and how many, that consenten to thy conseil in thy wilfulnesse, to don hastif vengeance. And let us considre also who ben they, and how many ben they, and which ben they, that consenteden to youre adversaries. As to the first point, it is wel known which folk they be that consenteden to youre wilfulnesse. For trewely, all tho that conseileden you to maken sodein werre, ne ben not youre frondes. Let us now considre which ben they that ye holden so gretly youre frendes, as to youre persone: for al be it so that ye be mighty and riche, certes ye ne ben but allone: for certes ye ne han no child but a doughter, ne ye ne han no brethren, ne cosins germaines, ne non other nigh kinrede, wherfore that youre enemies for drede shulde stinte to fiede with you, or to destroye youre persone. Ye knowen also, that your richesses moten ben dispended in diverse parties; and whan that every wight hath his part, they ne wollen taken but litel regard to venge youre deth. But thin enemies ben three, and they han many brethren, children, cosins, and other nigh kinrede: and though so were, that thou haddest alain of hem two or three, yet dwellen there ynow to wreken hir deth and to alee thy persone. And though

as be that youre kinrede be more stedefast and siker than the kin of your adversaries, yet natheles youre kinrede is but a fer kinrede, they ben but lital sibbe<sup>1</sup> to you, and the kin of youre enemies ben nigh sibbe to hem. And certes as in that, hir condition is better than youre. Than let us considre also of the conselling of hem that consailed you to take sodein vengeance, whether it accorde to reason: and certes, ye knowe wel, nay; for as by right and reason, ther may no man taken vengeance on no wight, but the juge that hath the jurisdiction of it, whan it is ygraunted him to take thilke vengeance hastily, or attempely, as the lawe requireth. And yet moreover of thilke word that Tullius clepeth consenting, thou shalt considre, if thy might and thy power may consente and suffice to thy wilfulness, and to thy consailours: and certes, thou mayest wel say, that nay, for sikerly, as for to spake properly, we moun do nothing but only swiche thing as we moun don rightfully: and certes rightfully ye ne mowe take no vengeance, as of your proper auctoritee. Than mowe ye see that your power ne consenteth not, ne accordeth not to youre wilfulness. Now let us examine the thridde point, that Tullius clepeth consequent. Thou shalt understonde, that the vengeance that thou purposeth for to take, is the consequent, and therof folweth another vengeance, peril, and werre, and other damages withouten nombre, of which we ben not ware, as at this time. And as touching the fourthe point, that Tullius clepeth engendring, thou shalt consider, that this wrong which that is don to thee, is engendred of the hate of thine enemies, and of the vengeance taking upon that wold engender another vengeance, and muchel sorwe and wasting of riches, as I sayde ere.

Now, sire, as to the point, that Tullius clepeth causes, which that is the last point, thou shalt understonde, that the wrong that thou hast received, hath certaine causes, which that clerkes clepen *oriens*, and *efficiens*, and *causa longinqua*, and *causa propinqua*, this is to sayn, the fer cause, and the nigh cause. The fer cause is almighty God, that is cause of alle thinges: the ner cause, is thine three enemies, the cause accidental was hate; the cause material, ben the five woundes of thy daughter; the cause formal, is the maner of hir working, that broughten hilders, and

<sup>1</sup> Related, allied.

clomben in at thy windowes; the cause final was for to see thy doughter; it letted not in as much as in hem was. But for to speke of the 1er cause, as to what ende they shuln come, or what shal finally betide of hem in this cas, ne can I not deme, but by conjecting and supposing: for we shuln suppose, that they shuln come to a wicked ende, because that the book of Decrees sayth. Selden or with gret peine ben causes ybrought to a good ende, whan they ben badly begonne.

Now, sire, if men wold axen me, why that God suffred men to do you this vilanie, certes I can not wel answer, as for no sothfastnesse. For the Apostle sayth, that the sciences, and the jugements of oure Lord God Almighty ben ful depe; ther may no man comprehend ne serche hem suffisantly. Natheles, by certain presumptions and conjectings, I hold and beleve, that God, which that is ful of justice and of rightwisenesse, hath suffered this betide, by just cause reasonable.

Thy name is Melibee, this is to sayn, a man that drinketh hony. Thou hast dronke so muche hony of swete temporel richesces, and delices, and honours of this world, that thou art drunken, and hast forgotten Jesu Crist thy creatour: thou ne hast not don to him swiche honour and reverence as thee ought, ne thou ne hast wel ytaken kepe to the wordes of Ovide, that sayth: Under the honey of the goodes of thy body is hid the venime that sleth the soule. And Salomon sayth: If thou hast founden hony, etc of it that sufficeth; for if thou etc of it out of mesure, thou shalt spewe, and be neddy and poure. And peraventure Crist hath thee in despit, and hath tourned away fro thee his face, and his eres of misericorde; and also he hath suffred, that thou hast ben punished in the manere that thou hast ytrespassed. Thou hast don sinne again oure Lord Crist, for certes the three enemies of mankind, that is to sayn, the fleah, the fend, and the world, thou hast suffred hem entre into thin herte wilfully, by the windowes of thy body, and hast not defended thyself suffisantly agein hir assautes, and hir temptations, so that they han wounded thy soule in five places, this is to sayn the dedly sinnes that ben entred into thyn herte by thy five witea: and in the same manere our Lord Crist hath wold and suffred, that thy three enemies ben entred into thyn hous by the windowes, and han ywounded thy doughter in the foresayd manere.

Certes, quod Melibee, I see wel that ye enforce you muchal by wordes to overcomen me, in swiche manere, that I shal not venge me on mine enemies, shewing me the perils and the evils that mighten falle of this vengeance: but who so wolde considre in alle vengeancees the perils and evils that mighten sue of vengeance taking, a man wold never take vengeance, and that were harme. for by the vengeance taking ben the wicked men discovered fro the goode men. And they that han will to do wicked-nesse, restrainen hir wicked purpos, whan they see the punishing and the chastising of the trespassours. (To this answered dame Prudence Certes, quod she, I graunte you that of vengeance taking cometh mucho evil and mucho good; but vengeance taking apperteineth not to everich on, but only to juges, and to hem that han the jurisdiction over the trespassours,) and yet say I more, that right as a singular persone sinneth in taking vengeance of another man, right so sinneth the jure, if he do no vengeance of hem that it han deserved. For Senek sayth thus. That maister (he anyth) is good, that proveth shrewes. And Cassiodore saith. A man dredeth to do outrages, whan he wot and knoweth, that it displeath to the juges and coveraines. And another sayth. The jure that dredeth to do right, maketh men shrewes. And Seint Poule the Apostle sayth in his Epiistle, whan he writeth unto the Romaines, that the juges beren not the spere withouten cause, but they beren it to punishe the shrewes and misdoers, and for to defende the goode men. If ye wiln than take vengeance of youre enemies, ye shuln retourne or have your recourse to the jure, that hath the jurisdiction upon hem, and he shal punishe hem, as the lawe axeth and requireth.

A, sayd Melibee, this vengeance liketh me nothing. I bethink me now, and take hede how that fortune hath nourished me fro my childhede, and hath holpen me to passe many a stronge pee. now wol I assyen hire, trow-ing, with Goddes helpe, that she shal helpe me my shame for to venge.

Certes, quod Prudence, if ye wol werke by my conseil, ye shuln not assaye fortune by no way: ne ye ne shuln not lene or bowe unto hire, after the wordes of Senek; for thinges that ben folily don, and tho that ben don in hope of fortune, shuln never come to good ende. And as the same Senek sayth. The more clere and the more chiving that fortune is, the more brotel and the more

broke she is. Trusteth not in hire, for she n'is not stodefast ne stable. for whan thou trowest to be most aiker and seure of hire helpe, she w'ill faile and deceive thee. And wheras ye sayn, that fortune hath nourished you fro youre childhede, I say that in so muchel ye shal in the lesse traste in hire, and in hire wit. For Senek saith. What man that is nourished by fortune, she maketh him a gret fool. Now than sin ye desire and axe vengeance, and the vengeance, that is don after the lawe and before the juge, ne liketh you not, and the vengeance, that is don in hope of fortune, is perilous and uncertain, than have ye non other remedie, but for to have your recours unto the soveraine juge, that vengeth alle vilanies, and wronges; and he shal venge you, after that himself witneseth, whereas he saith; Leveth the vengeance to me, and I shal do it.

Melibeus answered: If I ne venge me of the vilanie that men han don to me, I sompne<sup>1</sup> or warne hem, that han don to me vilanie, and alle other, to do me another vilanie. For it is written; If thou take no vengeance of an olde vilany, thou sompnest thin adversaries to do thee a newe vilanie: and also for my suffraunce, men wolden do me so muche vilanie, that I might neither bere it ne susteine; and so shulde I ben put and holden over lowe. For som men sain, In muchel suffering shul many thinges falle unto thee, which thou shalt not mowe suffra.

Certes, quod Prudence, I graunte you wel, that overmuchel suffraunce is not good, but yet ne folweth it not therof, that every persone to whom men don vilanie, shuld take of it vengeance: for that apperteineth and longeth all only to the juges, for they shul venge the vilanies and injuries: and therefore tho two auctoritees, that ye han sayd above, ben only understonden in the juges: for whan they suffren overmuchel the wronges and vilanies to be don, withouten punishing, they sompne not a man all only<sup>2</sup> for to do newe wronges, but they commaunden it: also as a wise man sayth, that the juge that correcteth not the sinner, commaundeth and biddeth him do sinne. And the juges and soveraines mighten in hir lond so muche suffra of the shrewes and misdoers, that they shulden by swiche suffraunce, by proces of time, wexen of swiche power and might, that they shuld putte out the juges and the sove-

<sup>1</sup> Summon, challenge.

<sup>2</sup> I. e., they not only summon.

raines from hir places, and atte laste maken hem lese hir lordshippes.

But now let us putte, that ye have leve to venge you: I say ye be not of might and power, as now to venge you: for if ye wol maken comparison unto the might of youre adversaries, ye shuln finde in many thinges, that I have shewed you er this, that hir condition is better than youre, and therfore say I, that it is good as now, that ye suffre and be patient.

Forthermore ye knowen wel, that after the commune saw, it is a woodnesse, a man to strive with a stronger, or a more mighty man than he is himself; and for to strive with a man of even strengthe, that is to say, with as strong a man as he is, it is peril; and for to strive with a weker man, it is folie; and therfore shulde a man flee striving, as muchel as he mighte. For Salomon sayth: It is a gret worship to a man to kepe him fro noise and strif. And if it so happe, that a man of greter mighte and strengthe than thou art, do thee grevaunce: studie and besie thee rather to stille the same grevaunce, than for to venge thee. For Senek sayth, that he putteth him in a grete peril, that striveth with a greter man than he is himself. And Caton sayth; If a man of higher estat or degree, or more mighty than thou, do thee anoye or grevance, suffre him: for he that ones hath greved thee, may another time releve thee and helpe thee. Yet sette I cas,<sup>1</sup> ye have bothe might and licence for to venge you, I say that ther ben ful many thinges that shuln restreine you of vengeance taking, and make you for to encline to suffre, and for to han patience in the wronges that han been don to you. First and forward, if ye wol considre the defautes that ben in youre owen persone, for which defautes God hath suffred you have this tribulation, as I have sayd to you herebeforne. For the Poete sayth, that we oughten patiently taken the tribulations that comen to us, whan that we thinken and consideren, that we han deserved to have hem. And Seint Gregorie sayth, that whan a man considereth wel the nombre of his defautes and of his sinnes, the peines and the tribulations that he suffereth, semen the lesse unto him. And in as muche as him thinketh his sinnes more hevy and grevous, in so muche semeth his peine the lighter and the esier unto him. Also ye owen to encline and bowe

<sup>1</sup> I put the case, I suppose.

your herte, to take the patience of oure Lord Jesu Crist, as sayth Seint Peter in his Epistlen. Jesu Crist (he said) hath suffred for us, and yeven ensample to every man to folwe and sue him, for he dide never synne, ne never cast ther a vilains word out of his mouth. Whan men curst him, he cursed hem nought; and whan men beten him, he manaced hem nought. Also the gret patience, which Seintes, that ben in Paradis, han had in tribulations that they han suffred, withouten hir desert or gilt, oughte muchel stirre you to patience. Forthermore, ye shulde enforce you to have patience, considering that the tribulations of this world but litel while endure, and some paine ben and gon, and the joye that a man seketh to han by patience in tribulations is perdurable; after that the Apostle sayth in his Epistle; the joye of God, he sayth, is perdurable, that is to sayn, everlasting. Also troweth and beloveth stedfastly, that he n'is not wel ynorished ne wel ytaught, that cannot have patience, or wol not receive patience. For Salomon sayth, that the doctrine and wit of a man is knowen by patience. And in another place he sayeth, that he that is patient, governeth him by gret prudence. And the same Salomon saith: The angrie and wrathful man maketh noises, and the patient man attrepreth and stilleth hem. He saith also, It is more worth to be patient than for to be right strong. And he that may have the lordshipe of his owen herte, is more to prais, than he that by his force or strengthe taketh gret citeis. And therefore sayth Seint James in his Epistle, that patience is a gret vertue of perfection.

Certes, quod Melibee, I graunte you, Dame Prudence, that patience is a gret vertue of perfection, but every man may not have the perfection that ye seken, ne I am not of the nombre of the right parfit men: for min herte may never be in pees, unto the time it be venged. And al be it so, that it was gret peril to min enemies to do me a vilain in taking vengeaunce upon me, yet token they non heed of the peril, but fulfilleden hir wicked will and hir courage and therefore me thinketh men oughten not repreve me, though I put me in a litel peril for to venge me, and though I do a gret excese, that is to sayn, that I venge on outrage by another.

A, quod dame Prudence, ye sayn your will and as ye liketh; but in no cas of the world a man shulde not do outrage ne excese, for to venge him. For Cassiodorus

sayth, that as evil doth he that vengeth him by outrage, as he that doth the outrage. And therefore ye shuln venge you alter the ordre of right, that is to sayn, by the lawe, and not by excesse, ne by outrage. And also if ye wol venge you of the outrage of youre adversaries, in other manere than right commaundeth, ye sinnen. And therefore sayth Senek, that a man shal never venge shrewednesse by shrewednesse. And if ye say that right axeth a man to defende violence by violence, and fighting by fighting: certes ye say soth, whan the defence is don withouten intervalle, or withouten taryng or delay, for to defende him, and not for to venge. And it behoveth, that a man putte swiche attemperaunce in his defence, that men have no cause ne mater to reprove him, that defendeth him, of outrage and excesse, for elles were it againe reson. Parde ye knowen wel, that ye maken no defence as now, for to defende you, but for to venge you: and so sheweth it, that ye han no will to do youre dede attemprely; and therefore me thinketh that patience is good. For Salomon sayth, that he that is not patient, shal have gret harme.

Certes, quod Melibee, I graunte you, that whan a man is impatient and wrothe of that that toucheth him not, and that apperteineth not unto him, though it harme him it is no wonder. For the lawe saith, that he is coupable that entremeteth or medleth with swiche thing, as apperteineth not unto him. And Salomon saith, that he that entremeteth of the noise or strif of another man, is like to him that taketh a straunge hound by the eres: for right as he that taketh a straunge hound by the eres is otherwhile bitten with the hound, right in the same wise, it is reson that he have harme, that by his impatience medleth him of the noise of another man, wheras it apperteineth not unto him. But ye knowe wel, that this dede, that is to sayn, my greef and my disese, toucheth me right nigh. And therefore though I be wroth and impatient, it is no merveille: and (saving your grace) I cannot see that it might gretly harme me, though I took vengeance, for I am richer and more mighty than min enemies ben: and wel knowe ye, that by money and by having gret possessions, ben alle thinges of this world governed. And Salomon sayth, that alle thinges obeie to money.

Whan Prudence had herd hire husbond avaunte him of his riches and of his money, dispreising the power of his adversaries, she spake and sayd in this wise: Certes, dere

Sire, I graunte you that ye ben riche and mighty, and that riches ben good to hem that han wel ygeten hem, and that wel coune usen hem. For right as the body of a man may not liven withouten soul, no more may it liven withouten temporel goodes, and by riches ben may a man gete him grette frendes. And therefore sayth Pamphilus: If a netherder<sup>1</sup> daughter (he sayth) be riche, she may chese of a thousand men, which she wol take to hire husband: for of a thousand men on wol not forsaken hire ne refusen hire. And this Pamphilus saith also: If thou be right happy, that is to sayn, if thou be right riche, thou shalt find a gret nombre of felawes and frendes; and if thy fortune chaunge that thou were poure, farewell frendshipe and felawshipe; for thou shalt be al allone withouten any compaignie, but if it be the compaignie of poure folk. And yet sayth the Pamphilus moreover, that they that ben bond and thralls of linage, shuln be made worthy and noble by riches. And right so as by riches ther comen many goodes, right so by povertie come ther many harmes and eviles: for gret povertie constraineth a man to do many eviles. And therefore clepeth Cassiodore povertie the moder of ruine, that is to sayn, the moder of overthrowing or falling down. And therefore sayth Piers Alphonse: on of the grettest adversitees of this world, is whan a free man by kinde, or of birthe, is constrained by povertie to eten the almeese of his enemies. And the same sayth Innocent in on of his bookes: he sayth, that sorweful and mishappy is the condition of a poure begger, for if he axe not his mete, he dieth for hunger, and if he axe, he dieth for shame: and algate neccesse constraineth him to axe. And therefore sayth Salomon, that better it is to die, than for to have swiche povertie. And as the same Salomon sayth: Better it is to die of bitter deth, than for to liven in swiche wise. By thise reons that I have said unto you, and by many other reons that I coude saye, I graunte you that riches ben good to hem that wel geten hem, and to hem that wel usen the riches: and therefore wol I shewe you how ye shuln behave you in gadering of youre riches, and in what manere ye shuln usen hem.

First, ye shuln geten hem withouten gret desir, by good leiser, sokingly,<sup>2</sup> and not over hastily, for a man that is desiring to gete riches, abandoneth him first to therte and to alle other eviles. And therefore sayth Salomon: He that hasteth him to basily to wake riche, he shal be as

<sup>1</sup> Netherder's.

<sup>2</sup> Gently.

innocent. He sayth also, that the richesse that hastily cometh to a man, sone and lightly goeth and passeth from a man, but that richesse that cometh litel and litel, wexeth alway and multiplieth. And, Sire, ye shulen get richesces by youre wit and by youre travaille, unto youre profite, and that withouten wrong or harme doing to any other persone. For the lawe sayth: Ther maketh no man himself riche, if he do harme to another wight; this is to say, that nature defendeth and forbedeth by right, that no man make himself riche, unto the harme of another persone. And Tullius sayth, that no sorwe, ne no drede of deth, ne nothing that may falle unto a man, is so muchel ageins nature, as a man to encrease his owen profite, to harme of another man. And though the grete men and the mighty men geten richesces more lightly than thou, yet shalt thou not ben idel ne slowe to do thy profite, for thou shalt in alle wise flee idelnesse. For Salomon sayth, that idelnesse teacheth a man to do many eviles. And the same Salomon sayth, that he that travaillith and besieth him to tillen his lond, shal ete bred: but he that is idel, and casteth him to no besinesse ne occupation, shal falle into poverte, and die for hunger. And he that is idel and slow, can never find covenable time for to do his profite. For ther is a versitiour sayth, that the idel man excuseth him in Winter, because of the grete cold, and in Summer by encheson of the hete. For thise causes, sayth Caton, waketh,<sup>1</sup> and enclineth you not over muchel to slepe, for over muchel reste norisheth and causeth many vices. And therefore sayth Seint Jerome; Doeth som good dedes, that the devil which is oure enemie, ne finde you not unoccupied, for the devil ne taketh not lightly unto his working swiche as he findeth occupied in goode werkes.

Than thus in geting richesces ye musten flee idelnesse. And afterward ye shuln usen the richesces, which ye han geten by youre wit and by youre travaille, in swiche manere, that men holde you not to scarce ne to sparing, ne fool-large, that is to say, over large a spender: for right as men blamen an avaricious man, because of his scarcitee and chincherie,<sup>2</sup> in the same wise is he to blame, that spendeth over largely. And therefore saith Caton: Use

<sup>1</sup> I can find nothing nearer to this in Cato, than the maxim, L. iii. Dist. 7. *Segnitiam fugito*.—For the quotations from the same author in the following page, see L. iv. Dist. 17, and L. iii. Dist. 23.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>2</sup> Over-sparingness, niggardness.

(sayth he) the riches that thou hast ygeten in such manere, that men have no matere ne cause to calle the nother wretched ne chynche for it is a gret shame for a man to have a poure herte and a riche purse. He sayth also the goodes that thou hast ygeten, use hem by such that is to sayn, spende measurably, for they that they wasten and dispenden the goodes that they han, with they han no more propre of hir owen, than they shal hem to take the goodes of another man. I say then that ye shuln flee avarice, using your riches in such manere, than men sayn not that your riches ben yhered, but that ye have hem in youre might, and in youre welking. For a wise man repreve the avaricious man, and sayth thus in two vers. Wherto and why bereth a man his goodes by his gret avarice, and knoweth wel, that neles must he die, for deth is the end of every man, as is this present lif, and for what cause or occasion jouer be him, or knatteth he him so fast unto his goodes that alle his wittes moun not disseveren him, or departen him from his goodes, and knoweth wel, or oughte to know, that when he is ded he shal nothing here with him of this world. And therefore sayth Seint Augustine, that the avaricious man is likened unto helle, that the more he swalweth, the more deeth it hath to swalwe and devour. And as wel as ye woldeschue to be called an avaricious man or chynche, as wel shul ye kepe you and govern you in such a wise, that men calle you not folow. Therefore sayth Tullius. The goodes of this lyf shuld not ben hid ne kept so close, but that they might be opened by price and debonairetee, that is to sayn, yove hem part that han gret neede, ne thy goodes shuld not ben so open, to be every mannis goodes. Afterward in geting of your riches, and in using of hem, ye shuld alway have three thinges in youre herte, that is to sayn, our lord God evermore and good name. First, ye shuld have God in youre herte, and for no riches ye shuld do no thing which may in any matere displese him, that your creatour and maker. For after the word of Seint it is better to have a litle good with love of God, than to have muchel good, and lose the love of the Lord God. And the Prophete sayth, That better it is to ben a poor man, and have litle good and tresor, than to be holden

shrewe, and have grette riches. And yet I say forth-  
more, that ye shulden alway do youre businessse to gete  
you riches, so that ye gete hem with good conscience.  
And the Apostle sayth, that ther n'is thing in this world  
of which we shulden have so gret joye, as whan oure con-  
science bereth us good witness. And the wise man sayth:  
The substaunce of a man is ful good, whan sinne is not  
in mannes conscience. Afterward, in geting of youre  
riches, and in using of hem, ye must have gret businessse  
and gret diligence, that youre good name be alway kept  
and conserved. For Salomon sayth, that beter it is, and  
more it availleth a man to have a good name, than for to  
have grette riches: and therfore he sayth in another  
place: Do grette diligence (saith Salomon) in keping of  
thy frendes, and of thy good name, for it shal langer abide  
with thee, than any tresor, be it never so precious. And  
certes, he shulde not be called a Gentilman, that after God  
and good conscience, alle thinges left, doth his diligence  
and businessse, to kepen his good name. And Cassiodore  
sayth, that it is a signe of a gentil herte, whan a man loveth  
and desireth to have a good name. And therfore sayth  
Seint Augustine, that ther ben two thinges that are right  
necessarie and nedeful; and that is good conscience, and  
good lof: that is to sayn, good conscience to thin owne  
persone inward, and good lof for thy neighebour outward.  
And he that troweth him so muchel in his good conscience,  
that he despueth and setteth at nought his good name or  
lof, and recketh not though he kepe not his good name,  
n'is but a cruel cherl.

Sire, now have I shewed you how ye shulden do in  
geting riches, and how ye shuld use hem: and I see  
wel that for the trust that ye han in youre riches, ye  
wilt move werre and bataille. I counseille you that ye  
beginne no bataille ne werre, in trust of youre riches,  
for they ne sufficen not werres to maintene. And ther-  
fore sayth a Philosopher: That man that desireth and wol  
enlarge han werre, shal never have suffisaunce: for the  
richer that he is, the greter dispences must he make, if he  
wol have worship and victorie. And Salomon saith, that  
the greter riches that a man hath, the mo dispendours  
he hath. And, dere Sire, al be it so, that for your  
riches ye moun have muchel folk, yet behoveth it not,  
ne it is not good to beginne werre, wher as ye moun in  
other manere have pees, unto youre worship and profite:

for the victorie of batailles that ben in this world, lith not in gret nombre or multitude of peple, ne in the vertue of man, but it lith in the will and in the hond of oure Lord God almighty. And therfore Judas Machabeus, which was Goldes knight, whan he shulde fighte again his adversarie, that hadde a greter nombre and a greter multitude of folk, and strengier than was the peple of this Machabee, yet he recomforted his litel compaignie, and sayde right in this wise. Al so lightly<sup>1</sup> (sayde he) may our Lord God almighty yeve victorie to a fewe folk, as to many folk; for the victorie of a bataille cometh not by the gret nombre of peple, but it cometh from oure Lord God of heven. And, dere Sire, for as muchel as ther is no man certaine, if it be worthy that God yeve him victorie or not, after that Salomon sayth, therfore every man shulde gretly drede werres to beginne: and because that in batailles fallen many perils, and it happeth other while, that as sone is the gret man slain, as the litel man; and, as it is ywritten in the second book of Kinges, the dedes of batailles ben aventureous, and nothing certain, for as lightly is on hurt with a spere as another; and for ther is gret peril in werre; therfore shulde a man flece and eschue werre in as muchel as a man may goodly. For Salomon sayth: He that loveth peril, shal falle in peril.

After that dame Prudence had spoken in this manere, Melibee answerd and saide: I see wel, dame Prudence, that by youre faire wordes and by youre reasons, that ye han shewed me, that the werre liketh you nothing: but I have not yet herd your conseil, how I shal do in this nede.

Certeis, quod she, I conseilte you that ye accorde with youre adversaries, and that ye have pees with hem. For Seint James sayth in his Epistle, that by concorde and pees, the smale richesses wexen grete, and by debat and discorde grete richesses fallen down. And ye knowen wel, that on of the grettest and mooste souveraine thing, that is in this world, is unitee and pees. And therfore sayde oure Lord Jesu Crist to his Apostles in this wise: Wel happy and blessed ben they that loven and purchasen pees, for they beu called the children of God. A, quod Melibee, now see I wel, that ye loven not min honour, ne my worships. Ye knowen wel that min adversaries han begonne this debat

<sup>1</sup> As easily.

and brige<sup>1</sup> by hir outrage, and ye see wel, that they ne requeren ne prayen me not of pees, ne they axen not to be reconciled; wol ye than that I go and meke me, and obeie me to hem, and crie hem mercie? Forsoth that were not my worshipec: for right as men sayn, that overgret humilnesse engendreth dispreising, so fareth it by to gret humiltee or mekenesse.

Than began dame Prudence to make semblaunt of wrathe, and sayde: Certes, Sire, (sauf your grace) I love youre honour and youre profite, as I do min owen, and ever have don; ye, ne non other seyn never the contrary: and if I had sayde, that ye shulde han purchased the pees and the reconciliation, I ne hadde not muchel mistake me, ne sayde amis. For the Wise man sayth: The dissention beginneth by another man, and the reconciling beginneth by thyself. And the Prophete saith: Flee shrewednesse and do goodnesse; seke pees and folwe it, in as muchel as in thee is. Yet say I not, that ye shuln rather pursue to youre adversaries for pees, than they shuln to you: for I know wel that ye ben so hard-herted, that ye wol do nothing for me; and Salomon sayth: he that hath over hard an herte, atte laste he shal mishappe and mistide.

Whan Melibee had herd dame Prudence make semblaunt of wrath, he sayde in this wise. Dame, I pray you that ye be not displeyd of thinges that I say, for I knowe wel that I am angry and wroth, and that is no wonder; and they that ben wroth, woten not wel what they don, ne what they sayn. Therefore the Prophete sayth, that troubled eyen han no clere sighte. But sayth and conseillesh me as you liketh, for I am redy to do right as ye wol desire. And if ye repreve me of my folie, I am the more holden to love you and to preise you. For Salomon saith, that he that repreveth him that doth folie, he shal find greter grace, than he that deceiveth him by swete wordes.

Than sayde Dame Prudence; I make no semblaunt of wrath ne of anger, but for youre grete profite. For Salomon saith: he is more worth, that repreveth or chideth a fool for his folie, shewing him semblaunt of wrath, than he that supporteth him and preiseth him in his misdoing, and laugheth at his folie. And this same Salomon saith afterward, that by the sorweful visage of a man, that is to sayn, by the sory and hevy countenance of a man, the fool correcteth and amendeth himself.

Than said Melibee: I shall not conne answere unto so many faire reasons as ye putten to me and shewen. sayth shortly youre will and youre conseil. and I am al redy to performe and fulfille it.

Than Dame Prudence discovered all hire will unto him and saide: I conseilte you, quod she, above alle thinges that ye make pees betwene God and you, and be reconciled unto him and to his grace, for as I have sayde you herebeforen, God hath suffered you to have this tribulation and disce for youre sinnes: and if ye do as I say you, God wol sende youre adversaries unto you, and make hem falle at youre feet, redy to do youre will and youre commaundementa. For Salomon sayth; whan the condition of man is plesant and liking to God, he chaungeth the hertes of the mannes adversaries, and constreineth hem to beseechen him of pees and of grace. And I pray you let me speke with your adversaries in privee place, for they shuln not knowe that it be of youre will or youre assent; and than, whan I knowe hir will and hir entente, I may conseilte you the more seurely.

Dame, quod Melibeus, doth youre will and youre liking, for I putte me holly in youre disposition and ordinaunce.

Than Dame Prudence, when she sey the good will of hire husbond, delibered unto hire, and toke avis in hire self, thinking how she might bring this nede unto goode ende. And whan she sey hire time, she sent for thise adversaries to come unto hire in to a privee place, and shewed wisely unto hem the grete goodes that comen of pees, and the grete harmes and perils that ben in warre; and saide to hem, in a goodly manere, how that hem oughte have gret repentaunce of the injuries and wronges, that they hadden don to Melibeus hire lord, and unto hire and to hire doughter.

And whan they herden the goodly wordes of Dame Prudence, they weren so surprised and ravished, and hadden so gret joye of hire, that wonder was to telle. A, lady, quod they, ye have shewed unto us the blessing of swetenesse, after the saying of David the Prophete; for the reconciling, which we be not worthy to have in no manere, but we oughten requeren it with grete contrition and humillitee, ye of youre grete goodnesse have presented unto us. Now see we wel, that the science and conning of Salomon is ful trewe; for he saith, that swete wordes multiplen and encreasen frendes, and maken shrewes to be debonaire and make.

Certes, quod they, we putten oure dede, and all oure matere and cause, al holly in youre good will, and ben redy to obeye unto the speche and commaundement of my lord Melibeus. And therfore, dere and benigne lady, we praye you and beseche you as mekely as we conne and moun, that it like unto youre grete goodnesse to fulfille in dede youre goodly wordes. For we consideren and knowelechen, that we han offended and greved my lord Melibeus out of mesure, so fer forth, that we ben not of power to maken him amendes; and therfore we oblige and binde us and oure frendes, for to do all his will and his commaundements: but peraventure he hath swiche hevynesse and swiche wrath to us ward, because of oure offence, that he wol enjoynen us swiche a peine, as we moun not bere ne susteine; and therfore, noble ladie, we beseche to youre womanly pittee to take swiche avisement in this nede, that we, ne oure frendes, ben not disherited and destroyed, thurgh oure folie.

Certes, quod Prudence, it is an hard thing and right perilous, that a man putte him all outrely in the arbitration and judgement, and in the might and power of his enemy; for Salomon sayth: leveth me, and yeveth credence to that that I shall say: to thy sone, to thy wif, to thy frend, ne to thy brother, ne yeve thou never might ne maistrie over thy body, while thou livest. Now, sith he defendeth that a man shulde not yeve to his brother, ne to his frend, the might of his body, by a strengier reson he defendeth and forbedeth a man to yeve himself to his enemy. And natheles, I conseilte you that ye mistruste not my lord: for I wot wel and know veraily, that he is debonaire and meke, large, curteis, and nothing desirous ne coveitous of good ne riches: for ther is nothing in this world that he desireth, save only worshipec and honour. Forthermore I know wel, and am right sure, that he shal nothing do in this nede withouten my conseil; and I shal so werken in this cas, that by the grace of oure Lord God ye shuln be reconciled unto us.

Than saiden they with o vois; worshipful lady, we putten us and oure goodes al fully in youre will and disposition, and ben redy to come, what day that it like unto youre noblesse to limite us or assigne us, for to make oure obligation and bond, as strong as it liketh unto youre goodnesse, that we moun fulfille the will of you and of my lord Melibee.

Whan Dame Prudence had herd the answer of thise men

she had hem go agin prively, and she retourned to hire lord Melibee, and told him how she fond his adversaries ful repentaunt, knowlecheth ful lowly hir sunnes and trespass, and how they weren redy to suffren all peine, requering and preying him of mercy and pitee.

Than saide Melibee, he is wel worthy to have pardon and foryevenesse of his sinne, that excuseth not his sinne, but knowlecheth, and repenteth him, axing indulgence. For Senek saith, ther is the remission and foryevenesse, wher as the confession is, for confession is neighebour to innocence. And therefore I assente and confirme me to have pees, but it is good that we do nought withouten the assent and will of oure frendes.

Than was Prudence right glad and joyeful, and saide: certes, sire, ye han well and goodly answered: for right as by the conseil, assent, and helpe of your frendes, ye han be stired to venge you and make werre, right so withouten hir conseil shul ye not accord you, ne have pees with youre adversaries. For the lawe saith: ther is nothing so good by way of kinde, as a thing to be unbounde by him that it was ybounde.

And than Dame Prudence, withouten delay or taryng, sent anon hire messageres for hir kin and for hir olde frendes, which that were trewe and wise: and told hem by ordre, in the presence of Melibee, all the matere, as it is above expressed and declared; and preied hem that they wold yere hir avis and conseil, what were best to do in this nede. And whan Melibeus frendes hadden taken hir avis and deliberation of the foresaid matere, and hadden examined it by gret besinesse and gret diligence, they yaven ful conseil for to have pees and reste, and that Melibee shulde receive with good herte his adversaries to foryevenesse and mercy.

And whan dame Prudence had herd the assent of hire lord Melibee, and the conseil of his frendes, accord with hire will and hire entention, she was wonder glad in hire herte, and sayde: ther is an olde Proverbe, quod she, sayth, that the goodnesse that thou maist do this day, do it, and abide not, ne delay it not til to morwe: and therefore I conseille, that ye sende youre messageres, swiche as ben discrete and wise, unto youre adversaries, telling hem on youre behalf, that if they wol trete of pees and of accord, that they shape hem, withouten delay or taryng, to come unto us. Which thing parfourned was indeede.

And when thise trespassours and repenting folk of hir folies, that is to myn, the adversaries of Melibee, hadden herd what thise messagers sayden unto hem, they weren right glade and joyeful, and aneswurdun ful mekely and benignely, yelding graces and thankinges to hir lord Melibee, and to all his compaignie: and chopen hem withouten delay to go with the messagers, and obeys to the commandement of hir lord Melibee.

And right anon they token hir way to the court of Melibee, and token with hem som of hir trowe frendes, to make feith for hem, and for to ben hir borwes.<sup>1</sup> And when they were comen to the presence of Melibee, he saide hem thise wordes. it stant thus, quod Melibee, and soth it is, that ye causeles, and withouten skill and reason, han don grete injuries and wronges to me, and to my wif Prudence, and to my doughter also, for ye han entred into myn hous by violence, and have don swiche outrage, that alle men knowen wel that ye han deserved the deth: and tharfore wol I know and wete of you, whether ye wol putte the punishing and chastising, and the vengeance of this outrage, in the will of me and of my wif, or ye wol not.

Than the wisest of hem three answered for hem alle, and saide. Sire, quod he, we knowen wel, that we han unworthy to come to the court of so gret a lord and so worthy as ye ben, for we han so gretly mistaken us, and han offended and agilt in swiche wise again youre high lordshipe, that trewely we han deserved the deth; but yet for the grete goodnesse and debonairetee, that all the world witneseth of youre persone, we submitten us to the excellence and benignitee of youre gracious lordshipe, and ben redy to obeys to alle youre comandementis, beseeching you, that of youre merciable pitee ye wol considere oure grete repentance and lowe submissioun, and graunte us foryevenesse of oure outrageous trespass and offence: for wel we knowen, that youre liberal grace and mercie strutchen hem forther into goodnesse, than don oure outrageous giltis and trespass into wickednesse; al be it that cursedly and dampnably we han agilt again youre highe lordshipe.

Than Melibee toke hem up fro the ground ful benignely, and received hir obligations, and hir bondes, by hir othes upon hir plugges and borwes, and assigned hem a certain

<sup>1</sup> *Progen.*

day to retourne unto his court for to receive and accept sentence and jugement, that Melibee wolde commande to be don on hem, by the causes aforesaid; which thinges ordeined, every man retourned to his hous.

And whan that Dame Prudence saw hire time, she freined<sup>1</sup> and axed hire lord Melibee, what vengeance he thought to be taken of his adversaries.

To which Melibee answerd, and smide: certes, quod he, I thinke and purpose me fully to disherite hem of all that ever they han, and for to putte hem in exile for ever.

Certes, quod Dame Prudence, this were a cruel sentence, and muchel agein reson. For ye ben riche ynough, and han no nede of other mennes good; and ye might lightly in this wise gete you a coveitous name, which is a vicious thing, and oughte to ben eschewed of every good man: for after the sawe of the Apostle, coveitise is rote of alle harmes. And therfore it were better for you to lese muchel good of your owen, than for to take of hir good in this manere. For better it is to lese good with worship, than to winne good with vilanie and shame. And every man oughte to do his diligence and his besinesse, to gete him a good name. And yet shal he not only besie him in keping his good name, but he shal also enforcen him alway to do som thing, by which he may renouvelle his good name: for it is written, that the olde good loa, or good name, of a man is sone gon and passed, whan it is not newed. And as touching that ye sayn, that ye wol exile your adversaries, that thinketh me muchel agein reson, and out of mesure, considered the power that they han yeven you upon hemself. And it is written, that he is worthy to lese his privilege, that misuseth the might and the power that is yeven him. And I sette cas, ye might enjoine hem that peins by right and by lawe, (which I trowe ye mowe not do) I say, ye might not putte it to execution peraventure, and than it were like to retourne to the warre, as it was befor. And therfore if ye wol that men do you obeisaunce, ye mustdeme more curteisly, that is to sayn, ye must yeve more easie sentences and jugementa. For it is written: he that most curteisly commandeth, to him men most obeyen. And therfore I pray you, that in this necessitee and in this nede ye caste you to overcome youre herte. For Senek sayth, that he that overcometh his herte, overcometh twice. And

<sup>1</sup> Asked.

Tullius saith : ther is nothing so commendable in a gret lord, as when he is debonaire and meke, and appeaseth him lightly. And I pray you, that ye wol now forbere to do vengeance in swiche a manere, that your good name may be kept and conserved, and that men moun have cause and matere to praise you of pitee and of mercy ; and that ye have no cause to repente you of thing that ye don. For Seneca saith : he overcometh in an evil manere, that repenteth him of his victorie. Wherfore I pray you let mercy be in youre herte, to the effect and entente, that God almighty have mercy upon you in his last jugement : for Saint James saith in his Epistle : jugement withoute mercy shal he do to him, that hath no mercy of another wight.

When Melibee had herd the grette skilles and reasons of dame Prudence, and hire wise informations and techinges, his herte gan incline to the will of his wif, considering hire trewe entente, enforced him anon and assented fully to werken after hire conseil, and thanked God, of whom procedeth all goodnesse and all vertue, that him sent a wif of so gret discretion. And when the day came that his adversaries shulde appere in his presence, he spake to hem ful goodly, and saide in this wise. Al be it so, that of youre pride and high presumption and folie, and of youre negligence and unconning, ye have misborne you, and trespassed unto me, yet for as muchel as I see and behold youre grette humilitee, and that ye ben sory and repentant of youre giltes, it constreinet me to do you grace and mercy : wherfore I receive you into my grace, and foryeve you outrely alle the offences, injuries, and wronges, that ye have don again me and mine, to this effect and to this ende, that God of his endelees mercie wol at the time of ourn dying foryeve us oure giltes, that we han trespassed to him in this wretched world : for douteles, if we be sory and repentant of the sinnes and giltes, which we han trespassed in the sight of oure Lord God, he is so free and so merciable, that he wol foryeven us oure giltes, and bringen us to the tyme that never han eny. Amen.

## THE MONKES PROLOGUE

13805—13920.

WHAN ended was my tale of Melibee,  
 And of Prudence and hire benigiteo,  
 Our hoste saide : as I am faithfull man,  
 And by the precious *corpus Madrian*,<sup>1</sup>  
 I haide lever than a barell of ale,  
 That goode lese my wif had herde this tale :  
 For she n'is no thing of swiche patience,  
 As was this Melibee's wif Prudence.

By Goddes bones, whan I bete my knaves,  
 She bringeth me the grete clobbered staves,  
 And cryeth ; slee the dogges everich on,  
 And breke hem bothe bak and every bon.

And if that any neighebour of mine  
 Wol not in chirche to my wif encline,  
 Or be so hardy to hire to trespace,  
 Whan she cometh home she rampeth in my face,  
 And cryeth ; false coward, wreke thy wif :  
 By *corpus Domini*, I wol have thy knif,  
 And thou shalt have my distaf, and go spinne.  
 Fro day til night right thus wol she beginne.

Alas, she saith, that ever I was yshape  
 To wed a milksop, or a coward ape,  
 That wol ben overlalde with every wight !  
 Thou darst not stonden by thy wives right.

This is my lif, but if that I wol fight,  
 And out at dore anon I mote me dight,

The body of St. Mathurin is probably the one meant. See his story in the *Golden Legende*, Edit. 1527, by Winkin de Worde, 151. "Than toke they the precious body and enoynted it with moche reverence, and when they had layd it in the erth, on the morowe they came to the sepulture and founde the holy body above the erth rygh unto the same sepulture, and than were they all abashed and wist not what to do." It seems, the knights, who had brought him out of France, had promised that, if he died on his journey, he should be sent back and buried "where as they had taken him," and therefore his body would not stay in the ground, till it was deposited, according to promise, in France, where it afterwards worked many miracles. — *Tyrrwhitt*.

Or elles I am lost, but if that I  
Be like a wilde leon, fool-hardy.

I wote wel she wol do me also som day  
Som neighebour, and thanne go my way,  
For I am perilous with knif in honde,  
Al be it that I dare not hire withatonde;  
For she is bigge in armes by my faith,  
That shal he finde, that hire misdoth or smith.  
But let us passe away fro this matere.

My lord the Monk, quod he, be mery of chere,  
For ye shul telle a tale trewely.

Lo, Rouchester stondeth here faste by.  
Ride forth, min owen lord, breke not our game.  
But by my trouthe I can not telle youre name;  
Whether shal I call you my lord Dan John,  
Or Dan Thomas, or elles Dan Albon?  
Of what hous be ye, by your fader kin?  
I vow to God, thou hast a ful faire skin;  
It is a gentil pasture ther thou gost;  
Thou art not like a penaunt<sup>1</sup> or a gost.

Upon my faith thou art som officer,  
Som worthy sextein, or som celerer.<sup>2</sup>  
For by my fadres soule, as to my dome,<sup>3</sup>  
Thou art a maister, whan thou art at home;  
No poure cloisterer, ne non novice,  
But a governour bothe ware and wise,  
And therwithal of braunes and of bones  
A right wel faring persone for the nones.  
I pray to God yve him confusion,  
That first thee brought into religion.  
Thou woldest han ben a trede-foul<sup>4</sup> a right,  
Haddest thou as grete love, as thou hast might,  
To parfourme all thy lust in engendrure,  
Thou haddest begeten many a creatura.  
Alas! why werest thou so wide a cope?  
God yve me sorwe, but, and I were pope,  
Not only thou but every mighty man,  
Though he were shore ful high upon his pan,  
Shuld have a wif, for al this world is lorn;  
Religion hath take up all the corn

<sup>1</sup> A person doing penance.

<sup>2</sup> The officer in a monastery who had the care of the provision.

<sup>3</sup> In my opinion.

<sup>4</sup> I. e., a wife.

Of trading, and we breid men bus shrimper:  
 Of lile wren ther comes wretched moper.  
 This maketh that our heres ben so splendre  
 And lile, that they mouen not wel engendre.  
 This maketh that our wives wol awaye  
 Religious folk, for they mouen better paye  
 Of Venes payementes than mowen we:  
 God wite, no lundeberghen<sup>1</sup> payen ye.  
 But be not wroth, my lord, though that I play;  
 Ful oft in game a sothe have I herd say.

This worthy Monke toke all in patience,  
 And saide: I wol don all my diligence,  
 As fer as souneith into hantree,  
 To tellen you a tale, or two or thre.  
 And if you list to herken hideward,  
 I wol you sayn the lif of Seint Edward;  
 Or elles tragedies first I wol telle,  
 Of which I have an hundred in my cello.

Tragedie is to sayn a certain storie,  
 As olde bookes maken us memorie,  
 Of him that stood in gret prosperitee,  
 And is yfallen out of high degree  
 In to miserie, and endeth wretchedly.  
 And they ben versified communly  
 Of six feet, which men clepen hexameter.<sup>2</sup>  
 In prose eke ben endited many on,  
 And eke in metre, in many a sondry wise.  
 Lo, this declaring ought ynough suffice.

Now herkeneth, if you liketh for to here.  
 But first I you beseeche in this matere,  
 Though I by ordre telle not thise thinges,  
 Be it of popes, emperoures, or kinges,  
 After hir ages, as men written finde,  
 But telle hem som before and som behinde,  
 As it now cometh to my remembrance,  
 Have me excused of min ignorance.

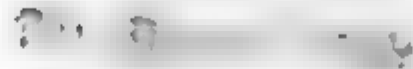
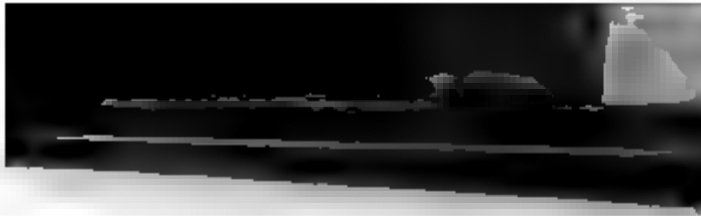
<sup>1</sup> Base coin, first imported, as Skinner thinks, from Laxemburg.

<sup>2</sup> It is true that the tragic Iambic verse is an Hexameter, as is the number of its metres; but that term is usually applied to the verse, composed of dactyls and spondee.





Ye Monks Tale.





## The Monkes Tale.

13907-14024.

I wol bewaile in manere of tragedie  
The harm of hem, that stode in high degree,  
And fellen so, that there n'as no remedie  
To bring hem out of hire adversitee.  
For certain whan that fortune list to see,  
Ther may no man of hire the cours withholde:  
Let no man trust on blinde prosperitee;  
Beth ware by thisse ensamples trewe and olde.

### LUCIFER.

At Lucifer, though he an angel were  
And not a man, at him I wol beginne.  
For though fortune may non angel dere,<sup>1</sup>  
From high degree yet fell he for his sinne  
Doun into helle, whereas he yet is inne.  
O Lucifer, brightest of angels alle,  
Now art thou Sathanaa, that maist not twinne<sup>2</sup>  
Out of miserie, in which that thou art falle.

### ADAM.

Lo Adam, in the feld of Damascene  
With Goddes owen finger wrought was he,  
And not begeten of mannes sperme unclene,  
And welte<sup>3</sup> all Paradis saving o tree:  
Had never worldly man so high degree  
As Adam, til he for misgovernance  
Was driven out of his prosperitee  
To labour, and to helle, and to meechance.

### SAMPSON.

Lo Sampson, which that was annunciat  
By the angel, long or his nativitee:  
And was to God Almighty consecrat,  
And stode in noblesse while he mighte see:

<sup>1</sup> Hurt.

<sup>2</sup> Depart, turn.

<sup>3</sup> Governed, ruled.

Was never swiche another as was he,  
To speke of strength, and therto hardinesse:  
But to his wives tolde he his secree,  
Thurgh which he slow himself for wretchednesse.

Sampson, this noble and mighty champion,  
Withouten wepen, save his handes twey,  
He slow and all to-rente the leon,  
Toward his wedding walking by the wey:  
His false wif coude him so plese, and pray,  
Til she his conseil knewe; and she untrew  
Unto his foes his conseil gan bewray,  
And him forsoke, and toke another newe.

Three hundred foxes toke Sampson for ire,  
And all hir tayles he togeder bond:  
And set the foxes tayles all on fire,  
For he in every tayl had knit a brond.  
And they brent all the cornes in that lond,  
And all hir oliveres, and vines eke.  
A thousand men he slow eke with his bond,  
And had no wepen, but an asses cheke.

Whan they were slain, so thursted him, that he  
Was wel nie lorne, for which he gan to preye,  
That God wold on his peine han som pitee,  
And send him drinke, or elles mooste he deye:  
And of his asses cheke, that was so dreye,  
Out of a wang<sup>1</sup> toth sprang anon a well,  
Of which he dranke ynough, shortly to seye.  
Thus halp him God, as *Judicum*<sup>2</sup> can telle.

By veray force at Gaza on a night,  
Maugre the Philistins of that citee,  
The gates of the toun he hath up plight,<sup>3</sup>  
And on his bak ycaried hem bath he  
High on an hill, wher as men might hem see.  
O noble mighty Sampson, lefe and dere,  
Haddest thou not told to women thy secree,  
In all this world ne had ther ben thy pera.

This Sampeon never sider drank ne wine,  
Ne on his hed came rasour non ne shere,  
By precept of the messenger divine,  
For all his strengthes in his hares were:

<sup>1</sup> Cheek.<sup>2</sup> I. e., Judge.<sup>3</sup> Twined.

And fully twenty winter yere by yere  
 He hadde of Israel the governance;  
 But sone shal he wepen many a tere,  
 For women shuln him bringen to meechance.

Unto his lemman Dalida he told,  
 That in his heres all his strengthe lay,  
 And falsely to his fomen she him sold;  
 And aleping in hire barme<sup>1</sup> upon a day  
 She made to clip or shere his here away,  
 And made his fomen all his craft espien;  
 And whan that they him fond in this array,  
 They bond him fast, and patten out his eyen.

But or his here was clipped or yahave,  
 Ther was no bond, with which men might him bind,  
 But now is he in prison in a cave,  
 Wheras they made him at the querne<sup>2</sup> grinde.  
 O noble Sampson, strongest of mankind,  
 O whilom juge in glory and richesse,  
 Now mayest thou wepen with thin eyen blind,  
 Sith thou fro wele art falle in wretchednesse.

The ende of this caitif was, as I shal seye:  
 His fomen made a festa upon a day,  
 And made him as hir fool before hem pleye:  
 And this was in a temple of gret array.  
 But at the last he made a foule affray,  
 For he two pillers shoke, and made hem falle,  
 And doun fell temple and all, and ther it lay,  
 And slow himself, and eke his fomen alle.

This is to sayn, the princes everich on,  
 And eke three thousand bodies wer ther slain  
 With falling of the gret temple of ston.  
 Of Sampson now wol I no more sain:  
 Beth ware by this ensample old and plain,  
 That no men tell hir conseil to hir wives  
 Of swiche thing, as they wold han secree fain,  
 If that it touch hir limmes or hir livees.

<sup>1</sup> Lap.<sup>2</sup> Mill.

## HERCULES.

Of Hercules the souveraine conquerour  
 Singen his werkes laude, and high renoun;  
 For in his time of strength he was the flour.  
 He slow and raft the skinne of the leon;  
 He of Centaures laid the bost adoun;  
 He Harpies slow, the cruel briddes felle;  
 He golden apples raft fro the dragon;  
 He drow out Cerberus the hound of hella.

He slow the cruel tirant Busirus,  
 And made his hors to fret him flesh and bon;  
 He slow the firy serpent venomous;  
 Of Achelous two hornes brake he on.  
 And he slow Cacus in a cave of ston;  
 He slow the geaunt Anteus the strong;  
 He slow the grisely bore, and that anon;  
 And bare the hevenc on his nekke long.

Was never wight sith that the world began,  
 That slow so many monstres, as did he;  
 Thurghout the wide world his name ran,  
 What for his strength, and for his high boundes;  
 And every reaume<sup>1</sup> went he for to see,  
 He was so strong that no man might him let;  
 At bothe the worldes endes, saith Trophee,<sup>2</sup>  
 In stede of boundes he a pillar set.

A lemman had this noble champion,  
 That highte Deianire, as fresh as May;  
 And as thise clerkes maken mention,  
 She hath him sent a sherte fresh and gay:  
 Alas! this sherte, alas and wala wa!  
 Evenimed was sotilly withalle,  
 That or that he had wered it half a day,  
 It made his flesh all from his bones falle.

<sup>1</sup> Kingdom.

<sup>2</sup> "It occurred to me that this reference might possibly be to the original of the *Troilus and Cressida*, which, according to Lydgate, was called *Trophee*. (See the n. on p. 389, l. 24, in page 514, ed. 4t) But I cannot find any such passage, as is here quoted, in the *Pilgrimage*—*Tyrwhitt*. I know not who can be the author alluded to.



But natheles som clerkes hire excusen  
By on, that highte Nessus, that it maked;  
Be as may be, I wol hire not accusen;  
But on his bak this sherte he wered al naked,  
Til that his flesh was for the venim blaked:<sup>1</sup>  
And whan he saw non other remedie;  
In hote coles he hath himselfen raked,  
For with no venime deigned him to die.

Thus starf<sup>2</sup> this worthy mighty Heracles.  
Lo, who may trust on fortune any throw?<sup>3</sup>  
For him that folweth all this world of pres,  
Or he be ware, is oft ylaid ful lowe:  
Ful wise is he, that can himselfen knowe.  
Beth ware, for whan that fortune list to gloue,  
Than waiteth she hire man to overthrowe  
By swiche a way, as he wold lest suppos.

## NABUCHODONOSOR.

The mighty trone, the precious tresor,  
The glorious sceptre, and real majestee,  
That hadde the king Nabuchodonosor,  
With tonge unnethes<sup>4</sup> may descrived be.  
He twies wan Jerusalem the citee,  
The vessell of the temple he with him ladde;  
At Babiloine was his souveraine see,  
In which his glorie and his delit he hadde.

The fayrest children of the blood real<sup>5</sup>  
Of Israel he did do gelde anon,  
And maked eche of hem to ben his thral.<sup>6</sup>  
Amonges other Daniel was on,  
That was the wisest child of everich on;  
For he the dremes of the king expounded,  
Wher as in Caldee clerk was ther non,  
That wiste to what fin<sup>6</sup> his dremes souned.

<sup>1</sup> Blackened.<sup>2</sup> Time.<sup>3</sup> Servant, slave.<sup>4</sup> Died.<sup>5</sup> With difficulty.<sup>6</sup> End.

This proude king let make a statue of gold  
 Sixty cubites long, and seven in brede,  
 To whi h image bothe yonge and old  
 Commaned he to late; and have in drede,  
 Or in a fourneis, ful of flames rede,  
 He shuld be brent, that wol be not obeys:  
 But never wold assenten to that dede  
 Daniel, ne his yonge felawes tweye.

This king of kinges proud was and elat;  
 He wend that God, that sit in majestee,  
 Ne might him nat bereve of his estat:  
 But sodenly he lost his dignitee,  
 And like a best him semed for to be,  
 And ete hey as an oxe, and lay therout:  
 In rain with wilde bestes walked he,  
 Til certain time was ycome about.

And like an egles fethers wax his heres,  
 His neyles like a briddes clawes were,  
 Til God releued him at certain yeres,  
 And gaf him wit, and than with many a tere  
 He thanked God, and ever his lif in fere  
 Was he to don amys, or more trespase.  
 And til that time he laid was on his bere,  
 He knew that God was ful of might and grace.

#### BALTHASAR.<sup>1</sup>

His sone, which that highte Balthasar,  
 That held the regne after his fadres day,  
 He by his fader coude not beware,  
 For proude he was of herte, and of array:  
 And eke an ydolaster was he ay.  
 His high estat assured him in pride;  
 But fortune cast him down (and ther he lay)  
 And sodenly his regne gan deuide.

A feste he made unto his lordes alle  
 Upon a time, and made hem blithe be,  
 And than his officeres gan he calle;  
 Goth, bringeth forth the vessels, quod he,

<sup>1</sup> Baw.

<sup>2</sup> I. e., Balthazar.

Which that my fader in his prosperitee  
Out of the temple of Jerusalem beraft,  
And to our highe goddes thanke we  
Of honour, that our eldres with us last.

His wif, his lordes, and his concubines  
Ay dronken, while hir appetites last,  
Out of thise noble vessels sondry wines.  
And on a wall this king his eyen cast,  
And saw an hand armles, that wrote ful fast,  
For fere of whiche he quoke, and siked sore.  
This hand, that Balthasar so sore agast,  
Wrote *Mane techel phares*, and no more.

In al that lond Magicien was non,  
That coud expounen what this lettre ment,  
But Daniel expouned it anon,  
And said; O king, God to thy fader lent  
Glorie and honour, regne, tresour, and rent;  
And he was proud, and nothing God ne dradde;  
And therfore God gret wreche upon him sent,  
And him beraft the regne that he hadde.

He was out cast of mannes compaignie,  
With asses was his habitation;  
And ete hey, as a best, in wete and drie,  
Til that he knew by grace and by reson,  
That God of heven hath domination  
Over every regne, and every creature:  
And than had God of him compassion,  
And him restored his regne and his figure.

Eke thou, that art his sone, art proud also,  
And knowest all thise thinges veraily;  
And art rebel to God, and art his fo.  
Thou dranke eke of his vessels boldely,  
Thy wif eke, and thy wenches sinfully  
Dranke of the same vessels sondry wines,  
And heried<sup>1</sup> false goddes cursedly,  
Therfore to thee yahapen ful gret pine is.

This hand was sent fro God, that on the wall  
Wrote *Mane techel phares*, trusteth me;  
Thy regne is don, thou weyest nought at all;  
Divided is thy regne, and it shal be

<sup>1</sup> Praised.

To Medes and to Perses yeven, quod he.  
 And thulke same night this king was slawe;  
 And Darius occupied his degree,  
 Though he therto had neither right ne lawe.

Lordinges, ensample hereby moun ye take,  
 How that in lordship is no sikernesse<sup>1</sup>  
 For whan that fortune wol a man forsake,  
 She bereth away his regne and his richesse,  
 And eke his frondes, bothe more and lesse.  
 For what man that hath frendes thurgh fortune  
 Mishap wol make hem enemies, I gesse.  
 This proverbe is ful soth, and ful commune.

## ZENOBIA.

Zenobia, of Palmerie the quene,  
 (As writen Persiens of hire noblesse)  
 So worthy was in armes, and so kene,  
 That no wight passed hire in hardinesse,  
 Ne in linage, ne in other gentillesse.  
 Of kinges blood of Perse is she descended;  
 I say not that she hadde most fairenesse,  
 But of hire shape she might not ben amended.

From hire childhode I finde that she fledde  
 Office of woman, and to wode she went;  
 And many a wilde hartes blood she shedde  
 With arwes brode that she to hem sent;  
 She was so swift, that she anon hem hent.  
 And whan that she was elder, she wold kille  
 Leons, leopards, and beres al to-rent,  
 And in hire armes weld hem at hire wille.

She dorst the wilde bestes dennes seke,  
 And rennen<sup>2</sup> in the mountaignes all the night;  
 And slepe under the bush; and she coude eke  
 Wrastlen by veray force and veray might  
 With any yong man, were he never so wight;  
 Ther mighte nothing in hire armes stonde;  
 She kept hire maidenhode from every wight,  
 To no man daigned hire for to be bonde.

<sup>1</sup> Security.<sup>2</sup> Run about.

But at the last hire frendes han hire married  
 To Odenate, a prince of that contree;  
 Al were it so, that she hem longe taried.  
 And ye shul understonden, how that he  
 Hadde swiche fantasies as hadde she;  
 But natheles, whan they were knit in fere,  
 They lived in joye, and in felicitie,  
 For eche of hem had other lefe and dere.

Save o thing, that she n'olde never assente,  
 By no way, that he shulde by hire lie  
 But ones, for it was hire plaine entente  
 To have a childe, the world to multiplie:  
 And al so sone as that she might espie,  
 That she was not with childe with that dede,  
 Than would she suffer him don his fantasie  
 Eftsoone,<sup>1</sup> and not but ones out of drede.

And if she were with child at thilke cast,  
 No more shuld he playen thilke game  
 Till fully fourty dayes weren past:  
 Than wold she ones suffre him do the same.  
 Al were this Odenate wild or tame,  
 He gate no more of hire, for thus she sayde,  
 It was to wives lecherie and shame,  
 In other cas if that men with hem playde.

Two sones by this Odenate had she,  
 The which she kept in vertue and lettrure.  
 But now unto our tale turne we:  
 I say, so worshipful a creature,  
 And wise therwith, and large with mesure,  
 So penible in the werre, and curteis eke,  
 Ne more labour might in werre endure,  
 Was non, though al this world men shulden seke.

Hire riche array ne might not be told,  
 As wel in vessell as in hire clothing:  
 She was al clad in pierrie<sup>2</sup> and in gold,  
 And eke she lefte not for non hunting  
 To have of sondry tonges ful knowing,  
 Whan that she leiser had, and for to entend  
 To lernen bookes was all hire liking,  
 How she in vertue might hire lif dispend.

<sup>1</sup> Again.<sup>2</sup> Jewels, precious stones:

And shortly of this storie for to trete,  
So doughty was hire husbond and eke she,  
That they conquered many regnes grete  
In the Orient, with many a faire citee,  
Appertenaunt unto the majestee  
Of Rome, and with strong hand held hem ful fast,  
Ne never might hir fomen don hem see,  
Ay while that Odenates dayes last.

Hire batailles, who so list hem for to rede,  
Againe Sapor the king, and other mo,  
And how that all this processe fell in dede,  
Why she conquered, and what title therto,  
And after of hire mischefe and hire wo,  
How that she was beseged, and ytake,  
Let him unto my maister Petrark go,  
That writeth ynough of this, I undertake.

Whan Odenate was ded, she mightily  
The regnes held, and with hire propre hond  
Agains hire fos she fought so cruelly,  
That ther n'as king ne prince in all that lond,  
That he n'as glad, if he that grace fond  
That she ne wolde upon his lond werreye:  
With hire they maden alliaunce by bond  
To ben in pees, and let hire ride and playe.

The emperour of Rome Claudius,  
Ne, him befor, the Romain Galien  
Ne dorste never be so corageous,  
Ne non Ermin, ne non Egiptien,  
Ne Surrien, ne non Arabien  
Within the feld ne dorste with hire fight,  
Lest that she wold hem with hire hondes alen,  
Or with hire meinie putten hem to flight.

In kinges habite wente hire sones two,  
As heires of hir fadres regnes alle,  
And Heremanno and Timolao  
Hir names were, as Persiens hem calle.  
But ay fortune hath in hire hony galle:  
This mighty quene may no while endure,  
Fortune out of hire regne made hire falle  
To wretchednesse, and to misaventure.

Aurelian, whan that the governance  
Of Rome came into his hondes twey,  
He shope upon this quene to do vengeance,  
And with his legions he toke his way  
Toward Zenobie, and shortly for to say,  
He made hire flee, and atte last hire hent,  
And fettred hire, and eke hire children tway,  
And wan the lond, and home to Rome he went.

Amonges other thinges that he wan,  
Hire char, that was with gold wrought and pierrie,  
This grete Romain, this Aurelian  
Hath with him lad, for that men shuld it see.  
Beforen his triumphe walketh she  
With gilte chaines on hire necke honging,  
Crouned she was, as after hire degree,  
And ful of pierrie charged hire clothing.

Alas fortune! she that whilom was  
Dredeful to kinges and to ĕmperoures,  
Now gaureth<sup>1</sup> all the peple on hire, alas!  
And she that helmed was in starke stoures,<sup>2</sup>  
And wan by force tounes stronge and toures,  
Shal on hire hed now were a vitremite:<sup>3</sup>  
And she that bare the sceptre ful of floures,  
Shal bere a distaf hire cost for to quite.

NERO.

Although that Nero were as vicious,  
As any fend, that lith ful low adoun,  
Yet he, as telleth us Suetonius,  
This wide world had in subjection,  
Both Est and West, South and Septentrioun.<sup>4</sup>  
Of rubies, sapphires, and of perles white  
Were all his clothes brouded up and doun,  
For he in gemmes gretly gan delite.

More delicat, more pompous of array,  
More proude, was never emperour than he;  
That ilke cloth that he had wered o day,  
After that time he n'olde it never see;

<sup>1</sup> Gazeth.

<sup>2</sup> What this means Tyrwhitt cannot tell.

<sup>3</sup> Battles.

<sup>4</sup> North.

Nettes of gold threde had he gret plente,  
 To fish in Tiber, whan him list to play,  
 His lustes were as law, in his degree,  
 For fortune as his frend wold him okay.

He Rome brente for his delicacie;  
 The senatours he slow upon a day,  
 To heren how that men wold wepe and cris;  
 And slow his brother, and by his suster lay.  
 His moder made he in pitous array  
 For he hire wombe let slitten, to behold  
 Wher he conceived was, so wala wa!  
 That he so litel of his moder told.

No tere out of his eyen for that sight  
 Ne came, but sayd, a faire woman was she.  
 Gret wonder is how that he coulde or might  
 Be domesman<sup>1</sup> of hire dede beautee  
 The wine to bringen him commanded he,  
 And dranke anon, non other wo he made.  
 Whan might is joined unto crueltee,  
 Alas! to depe wol the venime wade.

In youthe a maister had this emperour  
 To techen him lettrure and curtesie,  
 For of moraltee he was the flour,  
 As in his time, but if bookes lie.  
 And while this maister had of him maistrie,  
 He made him so conning and so souple,  
 That longe time it was, or tyrannie,  
 Or any vice dorst in him uncouple.

This Seneka, of which that I devise,  
 Because Nero had of him swiche drede,  
 For he fro vices wold him ay chastise  
 Discretly, as by word, and not by dede,  
 Sire, he wold say, an emperour mote nede  
 Be vertuous, and haten tyrannie.  
 For which he made him in a bathe to blede  
 On<sup>2</sup> bothe his armes, till he muste die.

This Nero had eke of a custumaunce  
 In youth ageins his maister for to rise;  
 Which afterward him thought a gret grevaunce  
 Therefore he made him dien in this wise.

<sup>1</sup> Judge.<sup>2</sup> From.

But natheles this Seneka the wise  
 Chees in a bathe to die in this manere,  
 Rather than han another turmentise:  
 And thus hath Nero slain his maister dere.

Now fell it so, that fortune list no lenger  
 The highe pride of Nero to cherice:  
 For though that he were strong, yet was she stronger.  
 She thoughte thus; by God I am to nice  
 To set a man, that is fulfilled of vice,  
 In high degree, and emperour him calle  
 By God out of his sete I wol him trice,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whan he lest weneth, sonest shal he falle.

The peple rose upon him on a night  
 For his defaute, and whan he it espied,  
 Out of his dores anon he hath him dight  
 Alone, and ther he wend han ben allied,  
 He knocked fast, and ay the more he cried,  
 The faster shetten they hir dores alle:  
 Tho wist he wel he had himself misgied,<sup>2</sup>  
 And went his way, no lenger dorst he calle.

The peple cried and rombled up and down,  
 That with his eres herd he how they sayde,  
 Wher is this false tyrant, this Neroun?  
 For fere almost out of his wit he brayde,  
 And to his goddes pitously he preide  
 For socour, but it mighte not betide:  
 For drede of this him thoughte that he deide,  
 And ran into a gardin him to hide.

And in this gardin fond he cherles tweye  
 That eaten by a fire gret and red,  
 And to thise cherles two he gan to preye  
 To slen him, and to girden of his hed,  
 That to his body, whan that he were ded,  
 Were no despit ydon for his defame.  
 Himself he slow, he coud no better rede,  
 Of which fortune lough<sup>3</sup> and hadde a game.

<sup>1</sup> Thrust.<sup>2</sup> Misgided.<sup>3</sup> Laughed.

## HOLOFERNES.

Was never capitaine under a king,  
 That regnes mo put in subjection,  
 Ne strengier was in feld of alle thing  
 As in his tyme, Le greter of renoun,  
 Ne more pompos in high presumption,  
 Than Holoferne, which that fortune ay kist  
 So likerously, and lad him up and down,  
 Til that his hed was of, or that he wist.

Not only that this world had him in awe  
 For lesing of richesse and libertee;  
 But he made every man reneie<sup>1</sup> his lawe.  
 Nabuchodonosor was God, sayd he;  
 Non other God ne shulde honoured be.  
 Ageins his heste ther dare no wight trespass,  
 Save in Bethulia, a strong citee,  
 Wher Eliachim a preest was of that place.

But take kepe of the deth of Holoferne:  
 Amid his host he drunken lay a night  
 Within his tente, large as is a berne;  
 And yet for all his pompe and all his might,  
 Judith, a woman, as he lay upright  
 Sleeping, his hed of smote, and fro his tente  
 Ful prively she stole from every wight,  
 And with his hed unto hire toun she wente.

## ANTIOCHUS.

What nedeth it of king Antiochus  
 To tell his high and real<sup>2</sup> majestee,  
 His gret pride, and his werkes venomous?  
 For swiche another was ther non as he;  
 Redeth what that he was in Machabe.  
 And redeth the proud wordes that he seid,  
 And why he fell from his prosperitee,  
 And in an hill how wretchedly he deid.

<sup>1</sup> Renounce.<sup>2</sup> Royal.

Fortune him had enhaunsed so in pride  
That veraily he wend he might attaine  
Unto the sterres upon every side,  
And in a balauce weyen eche mountaine,  
And all the floodes of the see restreine:  
And Goddes peple had he most in hate,  
Hem wold he sleen in turment and in peina,  
Wening that God ne might his pride abate.

And for that Nichanor and Timothee  
With Jewes were venquished mightily,  
Unto the Jewes swiche an hate had he,  
That he bad greithe his char<sup>1</sup> ful hastily,  
And swore and sayde ful despitously,  
Unto Jerusalem he wold eftsone  
To wreke his ire on it ful cruelly,  
But of his purpos was he let ful sone.

God for his manace him so sore smote,  
With invisible wound, ay incurable,  
That in his guttes carfe it so and bote,<sup>2</sup>  
Til thatte his peines weren importable;  
And certainly the wreche<sup>3</sup> was resonable,  
For many a mannes guttes did he peine;  
But from his purpos, cursed and damnable,  
For all his smerte, he n'olde him not restreine:

But bade anon apparailen his host.  
And sodenly, or he was of it ware,  
God daunted all his pride, and all his bost;  
For he so sore fell out of his chare,  
That it his limmes and his skinne to-tare,  
So that he neither mighte go ne ride;  
But in a chaiere men about him bare,  
Alle forbrused bothe bak and side.

The wreche of God him smote so cruelly,  
That thurgh his body wicked wormes crept,  
And therwithal he stanke so horribly,  
That non of all his meinie that him kept,  
Whether so that he woke or elles he slept,  
Ne mighte not of him the stinke endure.  
In this mischiefe he wailed and eke wept,  
And knew God, Lord of every creatura.

<sup>1</sup> Make ready his chariot.

<sup>2</sup> It tore and bit.

<sup>3</sup> Ravage.

To all his host, and to himself also  
Ful watson<sup>1</sup> was the stinke of his careine ;  
No man ne mighte him beren to ne fro.  
And in this stinke, and this horrible peina,  
He starf<sup>2</sup> ful wretchedly in a mountaine.  
Thus hath this robbour, and this homicide,  
That many a man made to wepe and pleina,  
Swiche guerdon, as belongeth unto pride.

ALEXANDER.

The storie of Alexandre is so commune,  
That every wight, that hath discretioun,  
Hath herd somewhat or all of his fortune.  
This wide world, as in conclusioun,  
He wan by strength, or for his high renown  
They weren glad for pees unto him sende.  
The pride of man and best he layd adoun,  
Wher so he came, unto the worldes ende.

Comparison might never yet be maked  
Betwix him and another conquerour,  
For al this world for drede of him hath quaked ;  
He was of knighthode and of fredome flour ;  
Fortune him maked the heir of hire honour.  
Save wine and women, nothing might asswage  
His high entente in armes and labour,  
So was he ful of leonin corage.

What pris were it to him, though I you told  
Of Darius, and an hundred thousand mo,  
Of kinges, princes, dukes, erles bold,  
Which he conquered, and brought hem into wo !  
I say, as fer as man may ride or go  
The world was his, what shuld I more devise ?  
For though I wrote or told you ever mo  
Of his knighthode, it mighte not suffice.

Twelf yere he regned, as saith Machabe ;  
Philippus sone of Macedoine he was,  
That first was king in Grece the contree.  
O worthy gentil Alexandre, alas

Lotharua.

<sup>1</sup> Died.



That ever shuld thee fallen swiche a cas !  
Enpoisoned of thyn owen folke thou ware ;  
Thy sis<sup>1</sup> fortune hath turned into an as,  
And yet for thee ne wept she never a tere.

Who shal me yeven teres to complaine  
The deth of gentillesse, and of fraunchise,<sup>2</sup>  
That all this world welded in his demaine,  
And yet him thought it mighte not suffice ?  
So ful was his corage of high emprise.  
Alas ! who shal me helpen to endite  
False fortune, and poison to despise ?  
The whiche two of all this wo I wite.

## JULIUS CESAR.

By wisdom, manhode, and by gret labour,  
From humblehede to real majestee  
Up rose he Julius the conquerour,  
That wan all the occident, by lond and see,  
By strengthe of hond, or elles by trettee,  
And unto Rome made hem tributarie ;  
And sith<sup>3</sup> of Rome the emperour was he,  
Til that fortune waxe his adversarie.

O mighty Cesar, that in Thessalie  
Ageins Pompeius father thin in lawe,  
That of the orient had all the chivalrie,  
As fer as that the day beginneth dawe,  
Thou thurgh thy knighthode hast hem take and slawe,  
Save fewe folk, that with Pompeius fledde,  
Thurgh which thou put all the orient in awe,  
Thanke fortune, that so wel thee spedde.

But now a litel while I wol bewaile  
This Pompeius, this noble governour  
Of Rome, which that fled at this bataille.  
I say, on of his men, a false traitour,  
His hed of smote, to winnen him favour  
Of Julius, and him the hed he brought :  
Alas, Pompeie, of the orient conquerour,  
That fortune unto swiche a fin thee brought !

<sup>1</sup> I. e., thy cast of six, the highest throw at dice, has been turned  
into the as, the lowest.

<sup>2</sup> Frankness.

<sup>3</sup> Some time.

To Rome again repaireth Julius  
 With his triumphe laureat ful his,  
 But on a time Brutus and Cassius,  
 That ever had of his high estat envie,  
 Ful prively had made conspiraunce  
 Ageins this Julius in sotil wise:  
 And cast the place, in which he shulde die  
 With bodekina, as I shal you devise.

This Julius to the capitolie wente  
 Upon a day, as he was wont to gon,  
 And in the capitolie anon him hente  
 This false Brutus, and his other foon,  
 And stiked him with bodekins anon  
 With many a wound, and thus they let him lise;  
 But never gront<sup>1</sup> he at no stroke but on,  
 Or elles at two, but if his storie lie.

So manly was this Julius of herte,  
 And so wel loved estatly honestee,  
 That though his dedly woundes sore smarte,  
 His mantel over his hippes caste he,  
 For no man shulde seen his privetee:  
 And as he lay of dying in a trance,  
 And wiste veraily that ded was he,  
 Of honestee yet had he remembrance.

Lucan, to thee this storie I recomende,  
 And to Sueton, and Valerie also,  
 That of this storie writen word and ende:  
 How that to thise gret conqueroures two  
 Fortune was first a frend, and sith a fo,  
 No man ne trust upon hire favour long,  
 But have hire in await for evermo;  
 Witnesse on all thise conqueroures strong.

#### CRESUS.

The riche Cresus, whilom king of Lide  
 Of whiche Cresus, Cirus sore him dradde,  
 Yet was he caught amidde all his pride,  
 And to be brent men to the fire him ladde:  
 But swiche a rain down from the welken shadde,  
 That slow<sup>2</sup> the fire, and made to him escape  
 But to beware no grace yet he hadde,  
 Til fortune on the galwes made him gape.

<sup>1</sup> Groaned.

<sup>2</sup> Slow, yet not.

Whan he escaped was, he can not stint  
 For to beginne a newe werre again:  
 He wened wel, for that fortune him sent  
 Swiche hap, that he escaped thurgh the rain,  
 That of his foos he mighte not be slain;  
 And eke a sweven<sup>1</sup> upon a night he metta,  
 Of which he was so proud, and eke so fain,  
 That in vengeance he all his herte sette.

Upon a tree he was, as that him thought,  
 Ther Jupiter him wesshe, both bak and side;  
 And Phebus eke a faire towail him brought  
 To drie him with, and therefore wex his pride.  
 And to his doughter that stood him beside,  
 Which that he knew in high science habound,  
 He bad hire tell him what it signified,  
 And she his dreame began right thus expound.

The tree (quod she) the galwes is to mene,  
 And Jupiter betokeneth snow and rain,  
 And Phebus with his towail clere and clene,  
 Tho ben the sonnes stremes, soth to sain:  
 Thou shalt anhangd be, fader, certain;  
 Rain shal thee wash, and sonne shal thee drie.  
 Thus warned him ful plat and eke ful plain  
 His doughter, which that called was Phanie.

Anhangd was Cressus the proude king,  
 His real trone might him not availle:  
 Tragedie is non other maner thing,  
 Ne can in singing crien ne bewaile,  
 But for that fortune all day wol assaille  
 With unware<sup>2</sup> stroke the regnes that ben proude:  
 For whan men trusten hire, than wol she faille,  
 And cover hire bright face with a cloude.

#### PETER OF SPAIN.

O noble, o worthy Petro, glorie of Spaine,  
 Whom fortune held so high in majestee,  
 Wel oughten men thy pitous deth complaine.  
 Out of thy lond thy brother made thee flee,  
 And after at a sege by sotiltee  
 Thou were betraied, and lad unto his tent,  
 Wher as he with his owen hond slow thee,  
 Succeeding in thy regne and in thy rent.

<sup>1</sup> Dream.

<sup>2</sup> Unexpected.

The feld of snow, with th'egle of blak therin,  
 Caught with the limerod,<sup>1</sup> coloured as the glede,  
 He brewed this cursednease, and all this sinne  
 The wicked neste was werker of this dede;  
 Not Charles Oliver,<sup>2</sup> that toke ay hede  
 Of trouthe and honour, but of Armorike  
 Genilon Oliver, corrupt for mede,  
 Broughte this worthy king in swiche a brike.<sup>3</sup>

PETRO, KING OF CYPRE.<sup>4</sup>

O worthy Petro king of Cypre also,  
 That Alexandria was by high maistris,  
 Ful many an hethen wroughtest thou ful wo  
 Of which thin owen lieges had envie:  
 And for no thing but for thy chivalria,  
 They in thy bed han slain thee by the morwe;  
 Thus can fortune hire whele governe and gie,  
 And out of joye bringen men to sorwe.

BARNABO VISCOUNT.<sup>5</sup>

Of Milane grete Barnabo Viscount,  
 God of delit, and scourge of Lumbardie,  
 Why shuld I not thin infortune account,  
 Sith in estat thou clomben were so high?

<sup>1</sup> A twig charged with birdlime.

<sup>2</sup> Not the Oliver of Charles (Charlemagne), but an Oliver of Armorica, a second Genelon, or Ganelon. See ver. 13174, 13233. So this passage is to be understood, which in Ed. Urr. has been changed to—Not Charles, no Oliver.—But who this *Oliver of Bretagne* was, whom our author charges as *werker* of the death of King Petro, is not so clear. According to Mariana, l. xvii. c. 13, such a charge might most properly be brought against *Bertrand du Guesclin*, a Breton, afterwards Constable of France; as it was in consequence of a private treaty with him, that Petro came to his tent, where he was killed by his brother Henry, and partly, as some said, *con ayuda de Beltran*. But how he should come to be called *Oliver* I cannot guess; unless, perhaps, Chaucer confounded him with *Olivier de Clisson*, another famous Breton of those times, who was also Constable of France after Bertrand. Froissart mentions an *Olivier de Mansy*, nephew to Bertrand du Guesclin, as receiving large rewards from King Henry; vol. i. ch. 245, but he does not represent him as particularly concerned in the death of Petro.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>3</sup> Breach, ruin.

<sup>4</sup> Concerning the taking of Alexandria by this prince, and his other exploits, see the note on ver. 51, and the authors there cited. He was assassinated in 1369. Acad. des Ins. T. xx. p. 429.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>5</sup> Barnabo Visconti, Duke of Milan, was deposed by his nephew, and thrown into prison, where he died in 1385.—*Tyrwhitt*.



Thy brothers sone, that was thy double allie,  
For he thy nevew was, and sone in lawe,  
Within his prison made he thee to die,  
But why, no how, n'ot I that thou were slawe.

HUGELIN OF PISE<sup>1</sup>

Of the erl Hugelin of Pise the langour<sup>2</sup>  
Ther may no tonge tellen for pitee.  
But litel out of Pise stant a tour,  
In whiche tour in prison yput was he,  
And with him ben his litel children thre,  
The eldest scarcely five yere was of age:  
Alas! fortune, it was gret crueltee  
Swiche briddes for to put in swiche a cage.

Dampned was he to die in that prison,  
For Roger, which that bishop was of Pise,  
Had on him made a false suggestion,  
Thurgh which the peple gan upon him rise,  
And put him in prison, in swiche a wise,  
As ye han herd; and mete and drinke he had  
So smale, that wel unnethe it may suffice,  
And therwithal it was ful poure and bad.

And on a day befell, that in that houre,  
Whan that his mete went was to be brought,  
The gailer shette the dores of the toure;  
He hered it wel, but he spake right nought.  
And in his herte anon ther fell a thought,  
That they for hunger wolden do him dien;  
Alas! quod he, alas that I was wrought!  
Therwith the teres fallen fro his eyen

His yonge sone, that three yere was of age,  
Unto him said, fader, why do ye wepe?  
Whan will the gailer bringen our potage?  
Is ther no morsel bred that ye do kepe?  
I am so hungry, that I may not slepe.  
Now wolde God that I might slepen ever,  
Than shuld not hunger in my wombe<sup>3</sup> crepe;  
Ther n'is no thing, sauf bred, that me were lever.

<sup>1</sup> Chaucer himself has referred us to Dante for the original of this tragedy. See *Inferno*, c. xxxiii.—*Tyrrel*. Compare Buckley's *Great Cities of the Middle Ages*, art. Pisa, p. 188 sqq.

<sup>2</sup> I. e., the slow death by starvation.

<sup>3</sup> Belly.

Thus day by day this childe began to crie,  
Til in his fadres barme adoun it lay,  
And saide; farewel, fader, I mote die;  
And kist his fader, and dide the same day.  
And whan the woful fader did it sey,  
For wo his armes two he gan to bite,  
And saide, alas! fortune, and wala wa!  
Thy false whele my wo all may I wite.

His children wenden, that for hunger it was  
That he his armes gnawe,<sup>1</sup> and not for wo,  
And sayden: fader, do not so, alas!  
But rather ete the flesh upon us two.  
Our flesh thou yaf us, take our flesh us fro,  
And ete ynough: right thus they to him seide,  
And after that, within a day or two,  
They laide hem in his lappe adoun, and deide.

Himself dispeired eke for hunger starf.  
Thus ended is this mighty Erl of Pise:  
From high estat fortune away him carf.  
Of this tragedie it ought ynough suffice;  
Who so wol here it in a longer wise,  
Redeth the grete poete of Itaille,  
That highte Dante, for he can it devise  
Fro point to point, not o word wol he faille.

<sup>1</sup> Gnawed.



## THE NONNES PREESTES PROLOGUE.

14773-14804.

Ho! quod the knight, good sire, no more of this:  
That ye han said, it right ynough ywis,<sup>1</sup>  
And mochel more; for litel hevinessse  
Is right ynough to mochel folk, I gesse.  
I say for me, it is a gret disease,  
Wher as men have ben in gret welth and eue,  
To heren of hir soden fall, alas!

And the contrary is joye and gret solas,  
As whan a man hath ben in poure estat,  
And climbeth up, and waxeth fortunat,  
And ther abideth in prosperites:  
Swiche thing is gladaom, as it thinketh me,  
And of swiche thing were goodly for to telle.

Ye, quod our hoste, by Seint Poules belle,  
Ye say right soth; this monk hath clapped loude:  
He spake, how fortune covered with a cloude  
I wote not what, and als<sup>2</sup> of a tragedie  
Right now ye herd: and parde no remedie  
It is for to bewailen, ne complaine

That that is don, and als it is a paine,  
As ye han said, to here of hevinessse.  
Sire monk, no more of this, so God you blesse;  
Your tale anoyeth all this compaignie;  
Swiche talking is not worth a boterflie,  
For therin is ther no disport ne game:

Therefore, sire monk, dan Piers by your name,  
I pray you hertely, tell us somewhat elles,  
For sikerly, n'ere<sup>3</sup> clinking of your belles,  
That on your bridel hange on every side,  
By heven king, that for us alle dide,  
I shuld er this have fallen down for slepe,  
Although the slough had ben never so depe:

Truly, certaily.

<sup>2</sup> Moreover, also.<sup>3</sup> But for the.

Than hadde your tale all ben tolde in vain,  
 For certainly, as that thise clerkes sain,  
 Wher as a man may have non audience,  
 Nought helpeth it to tellen his sentence.  
 And wel I wote the substance is in me,  
 If any thing shal wel reported be.  
 Sire, say somewhat of hunting,<sup>1</sup> I you pray.

Nay, quod this Monk, I have no lust to play:  
 Now let another telle as I have told.

Than spake our hoste with rude speche and bold,  
 And sayd unto the Nonnes Preest anon,  
 Come nere, thou preest, come hither, thou Sire John,<sup>2</sup>  
 Telle us swiche thing, as may our hertes glade.  
 Be blithe, although thou ride upon a jade.  
 What though thyn horse be bothe fouls and leas,  
 If he wol serve thee, rocke thee not a bone:  
 Loke that thyn herte be mery evermo.

Yes, hoste, quod he, so mote I ride or go,  
 But I be mery, ywis I wol be blamed.  
 And right anon his tale he hath attamed;<sup>3</sup>  
 And thus he said unto us everich on,  
 This swete preest, this goodly man Sire John.

### The Nonnes Preestes Tale.

A FOURTE widewe somdel stoupen in age,  
 Was whilom dwelling in a narwe cotage,  
 Beside a grove, standing in a dale.  
 This widewe, which I tell you of my tale,  
 Sin thilke day that she was last a wif  
 In patience led a ful simple lif.

<sup>1</sup> For the propriety of this request, see the note on ver. 156 of the *Monkes Character*.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>2</sup> I know not how it has happened, that in the principal modern languages, John, or its equivalent, is a name of contempt, or at least of slight. So the Italians use *Gianni* from whence *Zani*; the Spaniards *Juan*, as *Bobo Juan*, a foolish John; the French *Jean*, with various additions; and in English, when we call a man a *John*, we do not mean it as title of honour. Chaucer in ver. 3708, uses *Jacke fool*, as the Spaniards do *Bobo Juan*, and I suppose *Jack* as has the same etymology.

The title of *Sire* was usually given, by courtesy, to priests, both secular and regular.—*Tyrwhitt*.  
 Opened, begun.







1. Nohme Presentes Tula



For lital was hire catel and hire rente:  
 By husbondry of swiche as God hire sente,  
 She found hireself, and eke hire doughtren two.  
 Three large sowes had she, and no mo:  
 Three kine, and eke a sheep that highte Malle.  
 Ful sooty was hire boure, and eke hire halla,  
 In which she ete many a slender mela.  
 Of poinant sauce ne knew she never a dela.  
 No deintee morsel passed thurgh hire throte;  
 Hire diete was accordant to hire oote.  
 Repletion ne made hire never sike;  
 Attentre diete was all hire physike,  
 And exercise, and hertes suffisance.  
 The goute let<sup>1</sup> hire nothing for to dance,  
 No apoplexie shente<sup>2</sup> not hire hed.  
 No win ne dranke she, neyther white ne red:  
 Hire bord was served most with white and black,  
 Milk and broun bred, in which she fond no lack,  
 Seinde<sup>3</sup> bacon, and somtime an ey<sup>4</sup> or twey;  
 For she was as it were a maner dey.<sup>5</sup>

A yerd she had, enclosed all about  
 With stickez, and a drie dicke without,  
 In which she had a cok highte Chaunteclere,  
 In all the land of crowing n'as his pere.  
 His vois was merier than the mery organ,  
 On masse daies that in the chirches gon.  
 Wel sikerer<sup>6</sup> was his crowing in his loge,  
 Than is a klok, or any abbey orloge.<sup>7</sup>  
 By nature he knew eche ascentioun  
 Of the equinoctial in thilke toun;  
 For whan degrees fiftene were ascended,  
 Than crow he, that it might not ben amended.

<sup>1</sup> Blinded.<sup>2</sup> Injured.<sup>3</sup> Singed, frizzled.<sup>4</sup> Egg.

<sup>5</sup> *A kind of dey*: but what a *dey* was it is not easy to determine precisely. It is mentioned, as the last species of labourers in husbandry, in the Stat. 25 Edw. III. St. I. c. 1. *Qe cheescun charetter, carver, chaceour des carues, bercher, porcher, deys, & tous autres servants.*—And again in the Stat. 27 Edw. III. c. 14. *Item qe charatters, charuers, chaceours des carues, bovers, vachars, berchers, porchers, deys, & tous autres gardeins des bestes, bateurs des bles, & toutes maneres des gens d'estate de garsen entendants a husbandrie.*—It probably meant originally a *day-labourer* in general, though it may since have been used to denote particularly the superintendent of a *Deperie*. See Du Cange<sup>2</sup> in v. DAKRIA. DAYRIA. DAGASCALCE.—Tyrolit.

<sup>6</sup> Surer, more regular.<sup>7</sup> Clock, dial.

His combe was redder than the fin corall,  
 Embattellid, as it were a castel wall.  
 His bill was black, and as the jet it shone;  
 Like asure were his legges and his tone;<sup>1</sup>  
 His nailes white<sup>2</sup> than the lily flour,  
 And like the burned gold was his colour.

This gentil cok had in his governance  
 Seven hennes, for to don all his plesance,  
 Which were his susters and his paramours,  
 And wonder like to him, as of coloures.  
 Of which the fairest hewed in the throta,  
 Was cleped faire damoselle Pertelote.<sup>3</sup>  
 Curteis she was, discrete, and debonaire,  
 And compenable, and bare hireself so faire,  
 Sithen the day that she was sevennight old,  
 That trewelich she hath the herte in hold  
 Of Chaunteclere, loken<sup>4</sup> in every lith.<sup>5</sup>  
 He loved hire so, that wel was him therwith.  
 But swiche a joye it was to here hem sing,  
 Whan that the brighte sonne gan to spring,  
 In swete accord: my life is fare in load.

For thilke time, as I have understond,  
 Bestes and briddes couden speke and sing,  
 And so befell, that in a dawening,  
 As Chaunteclere among his wives alle  
 Sate on his perche, that was in the halle,  
 And next him sate his faire Pertelote,  
 This Chaunteclere gan gronen in his throta,  
 As man that in his dreme is dretched<sup>6</sup> sore.  
 And whan that Pertelote thus herd him rore  
 She was agast, and saide, herte dere,  
 What aileth you to grone in this manere?  
 Ye ben a veray sleper, fy for shame.

And he answered and sayde thus; madame,  
 I pray you, that ye take it not agrese:  
 By God me mette I was in swiche mischese  
 Right now, that yet min herte is sore afright.  
 Now God (quod he) my sweven recche aright,<sup>7</sup>  
 And kepe my body out of foule prisoun.

Me mette, how that I romed up and down

<sup>1</sup> Toes.

<sup>2</sup> Like our "Dame Partlet."

<sup>3</sup> Locked, tightly fastened.

<sup>4</sup> Limb.

<sup>5</sup> Troubled.

<sup>6</sup> Make my dream have a good issue.

Within our yerde, wher as I saw a beste,  
 Was like an hound, and wold han made areste  
 Upon my body, and han had me ded.  
 His colour was betwix yelwe and red;  
 And tipped was his tail, and both his eres  
 With black, unlike the remenant of his heres.<sup>1</sup>  
 His snout was smal, with glowing eyen twey:  
 Yet for his loke almost for fere I dey:  
 This caused me my groning douteles.

Avoy, quod she, fy on you herteles.<sup>2</sup>  
 Alas! quod she, for by that God above  
 Now han ye lost myn herte and all my love;  
 I cannot love a coward by my faith.  
 For certes, what so any woman saith,  
 We all desiren, if it mighte be,  
 To have an husbond, hardy, wise and free,  
 And secree, and non niggard ne no fool,  
 Ne him that is agast of every tool,  
 Ne non avantour<sup>3</sup> by that God above.  
 How dorsten ye for shame say to your love,  
 That any thing might maken you aferde?  
 Han ye no mannes herte, and han a berde?  
 Alas! and con ye ben agast of swevenis?<sup>4</sup>  
 Nothing but vanitee, god wote, in sweven is.

Swevenes<sup>5</sup> engendren of repletions,  
 And oft of fume, and of complexions,  
 Whan humours ben to habundant in a wight.  
 Certes this dreame, which ye han met to-night,  
 Cometh of the grete superfluitee  
 Of youre rede *colera* parde,  
 Which causeth folk to dreden in hir dremes  
 Of arwes, and of fire with rede lemes,<sup>6</sup>  
 Of rede bestes, that they wol hem bite,  
 Of conteke,<sup>7</sup> and of waspes gret and lite;  
 Right as the humour of melancolie  
 Causeth ful many a man in slepe to crie,  
 For fere of bolles, and of beres blake,<sup>8</sup>  
 Or elles that blake devils wol hem take.

Of other humours coud I telle also,  
 That werken many a man in slepe moch wo:

<sup>1</sup> Haira.<sup>2</sup> Boaster.<sup>3</sup> Flames.<sup>4</sup> Dreaming.<sup>7</sup> Contention.<sup>2</sup> Fainthearted.<sup>6</sup> Dreams.<sup>8</sup> Bulls, and black bears.

But I wol passe, as lightly as I can.

Lo Caton, which that was so wise a man,  
Said he not thus? Ne do no force<sup>1</sup> of dremes.

Now, Sire, quod she, whan we fleo fro the benes,<sup>2</sup>  
For Goddes love, as take som laxatif:

Up peril of my soule, and of my lif,

I counsel you the best, I wol not lie,

That both of coler, and of melancolie

Ye purge you; and for ye shul not tario,

Though in this toun be non apotecarie,

I shal myself two herbes techen you,

That shal be for your hele, and for your prow

And in our yerde, the herbes shall I finde,

The which han of hir propretee by kinde

To purgen you benethe, and eke above.

Sire, forgete not this for Goddes love;

Ye ben ful colerike of complexion;

Ware that the sonne in his ascencion

No finde you not replete of humours hote:

And if it do, I dare wel lay a grote,

That ye shul han a fever tertiane,

Or elles an ague, that may be your bane.

A day or two ye shul han digestives

Of wormes, or ye take your laxatives,

Of laureole, centaarie, and fumetere,

Or elles of ellebor, that groweth there,

Of catapuce,<sup>3</sup> or of gatre-beries,<sup>4</sup>

Or herbe ive growing in our yerd, that mery<sup>5</sup> is:

Picke hem right as they grow, and ete hem in-

Beth mery, husbond, for your fader kin;

Dredeth no dreame; I can say you no more.

Madame, quod he, *grand mercy* of your lore.

But natheles, as touching dan Caton,

That hath of wisdom swiche a gret renoun,

Though that he bade no dremes for to drede,

By God, men moun in olde bookes rede,

Of many a man, more of auctoritee

Than ever Caton was, so mote I the,<sup>6</sup>

That all the revers<sup>7</sup> sayn of his sentence,

And han wel founden by experience,

<sup>1</sup> Have no care.

<sup>2</sup> The perches.

<sup>3</sup> A species of spurge.

<sup>4</sup> Berries of the dog-wood tree.

<sup>5</sup> Yvonne.

<sup>6</sup> Advice.

<sup>7</sup> So may I thrive.

<sup>8</sup> The contrary, reverse.

That dremes ben significations  
 As wel of joye as tribulations,  
 That folk enduren in this lif present.  
 Ther nedeth make of this non argument;  
 The verey preve sheweth it indede.

On of the gretest auctours<sup>1</sup> that men rede,  
 Saith thus; that whilom twey felawes wente  
 On pilgrimage in a ful good entente;  
 And happed so, they came into a toun,  
 Wher ther was swiche a congregatioun  
 Of peple, and eke so streit of herbergage,  
 That they ne founde as moche as a cotage,  
 In which they bothe might ylogged be:  
 Wherefore they musten of necessitee,  
 As for that night, departen compaignie;  
 And eche of hem goth to his hostelrie,  
 And toke his logging as it wolde falle.

That on of hem was logged in a stalle,  
 Fer in a yerd, with oxen of the plough,  
 That other man was logged wel ynough,  
 As was his aventure, or his fortune,  
 That us governeth all, as in commune.

And so befell, that, long or it were day,  
 This man met in his bed, ther as he lay,  
 How that his felaw gan upon him calle,  
 And said, alas! for in an oxes stalle  
 This night shal I be mordred, ther I lie.  
 Now helpe me, dere brother, or I die;  
 In alle haste come to me, he saide.

This man out of his slepe for fere abraide;<sup>2</sup>  
 But whan that he was waked of his slepe,  
 He turned him, and toke of this no kepe;  
 Him thought his dreame was but a vanitee.  
 Thus twies in his sleping dremed he.

And at the thridde time yet his felaw  
 Came, as him thought, and said, I now am slaw:  
 Behold my bloody woundes, depe and wide.  
 Arise up erly, in the morwe tide,

<sup>1</sup> Authors. Cicero, *de Diris*. L. i. c. 27, relates this and the following story; but in a contrary order; and with so many other differences, that one might be led to suspect that he was here quoted at second hand, if it were not usual with Chaucer, in these stories of familiar life, to throw in a number of natural circumstances, not to be found in his original authors.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>2</sup> Awoke.

And at the West gate of the toun (quod he)  
 A carte ful of donge ther shalt thou see,  
 In which my body is hid prively.  
 Do thilke carte arresten boldely.  
 My gold caused my mordre, soth to sain.  
 And told him every point how he was slain  
 With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe.  
 And trusteth wel, his dreme he found ful trewe.  
 For on the morwe, as sone as it was day,  
 To his felawes inne he toke his way:  
 And whan that he came to this oxes stalle,  
 After his felaw he began to calle.

The hosteler answered him anon,  
 And saide, Sire, your felaw is agon.  
 As sone as day he went out of the toun.

This man gan fallen in suspicioun  
 Remembring on his dremes that he mette,  
 And forth he goth, no lenger wold he lette,  
 Unto the West gate of the toun, and fond  
 A dong carte, as it went for to dong lond,  
 That was arraied in the same wise  
 As ye han herde the dede man devise:  
 And with an hardy herte he gan to crie,  
 Vengeance and justice of this felonie:  
 My felaw mordred is this same night,  
 And in this carte he lith, gaping upright.  
 I crie out on the ministres, quod he,  
 That shulden kepe and reulen this cite:  
 Harow! alas! here lith my felaw slain.

What shuld I more unto this tale sain?  
 The peple out start, and cast the cart to ground,  
 And in the middel of the dong they found  
 The dede man, that mordred was all newe.

O blisful God, that art so good and trewe,  
 Lo, how that thou bewreyest mordre alway.  
 Mordre wol out, that see we day by day.  
 Mordre is so wlatom<sup>1</sup> and abhominable  
 To God, that is so just and resonable,  
 That he ne wol not suffre it hyll<sup>2</sup> be:  
 Though it abide a yere, or two, or three,  
 Mordre wol out, this is my conclusioun.

And right anon, the ministres of the toun

<sup>1</sup> Loathsoma.

<sup>2</sup> Hidden.



Han bent the carter, and so sore him pined,  
And eke the hosteler so sore engined,  
That they beknew<sup>1</sup> hir wickednesse anon,  
And were anhangid by the necke bon.

Here moun ye see that dremes ben to drede.  
And certes in the same book I rede,  
Right in the nexte chapitre after this,  
(I gabbe not, so have I joye and blis)  
Two men that wold han passed over the see  
For certain cause in to a far contree,  
If that the wind ne hadde ben contraria,  
That made hem in a citee for to tarie,  
That stood ful mery upon an haven side.  
But on a day, again the even tide,  
The wind gan change, and blew right as hem last.  
Jolif and glad they wenten to hir rest,  
And casten hem ful erly for to saile;  
But to that o man fell a gret mervaille.

That on of hem in sleping as he lay,  
He mette a wonder<sup>2</sup> dreme, again the day:  
Him thought a man stood by his beddes side,  
And him commanded, that he shuld abide,  
And said him thus; if thou to-morwe wende,  
Thou shalt be dreint<sup>3</sup>; my tale is at an ende.

He woke, and told his felaw what he met,  
And praied him his viage for to let,<sup>4</sup>  
As for that day, he prayd him for to abide.

His felaw that lay by his beddes side,  
Gan for to laugh, and scorned him ful faste.  
No dreme, quod he, may so my herte agaste,  
That I wol leten for to do my thinges.  
I sette not a straw by thy dreminges,  
For swevens ben but vanitees and japes.  
Men dreme al day of oules and of apes,  
And eke of many a masse therwithal;  
Men dreme of thing that never was, ne shal.  
But sith I see that thou wolt here abide,  
And thus forlounthen wilfully thy tide,<sup>5</sup>  
God wot it reweth me,<sup>6</sup> and have good day.  
And thus he took his leve, and went his way.

<sup>1</sup> Confused.

<sup>2</sup> Strange.

<sup>3</sup> Drowned.

<sup>4</sup> Abandon his journey.

<sup>5</sup> Wilfully let go thy opportunity.

<sup>6</sup> I pity you.

But or that he had half his cours ysailed,  
 N'ot I not why, ne what meschance it ailed,  
 But casuelly the shippes bottom rente,  
 And ship and man under the water wente  
 In sight of other shippes ther beside,  
 That with him sailed at the same tide.

And therefore, faire Pertelote so dere,  
 By swiche ensamples olde maist thou lere,  
 That no man shulde be to reccheles  
 Of dremes, for I say<sup>1</sup> thee douteles,  
 That many a dreme ful sore is for to drede.

Lo, in the lif of seint Kenelme, I rede,  
 That was Kenulphus sone, the noble king  
 Of Mercenrike, how Kenelm mette a thing.  
 A litel or he were mordred on a day,  
 His mordre in his avision he say,<sup>2</sup>  
 His norice him expounded<sup>3</sup> every del  
 His sweven, and bade him for to kepe him wel  
 Fro treson; but he n'as but seven yere old,  
 And therefore litel tale hath he told  
 Of any dreme, so holy was his herte.  
 By God I hadde lever than my sherte,  
 That ye had red his legend, as have I.

Dame Pertelote, I say you trewely,  
 Macrobius, that writ the avision  
 In Affrike of the worthy Scipion,  
 Affirmeth dremes, and sayth that they ben  
 Warning of thinges, that men after seen.

And furthermore, I pray you loketh wel  
 In the olde Testament, of Daniel,  
 If he held dremes any vanitee.

Rede eke of Joseph, and ther shuln ye see  
 Wher dremes ben sometime (I say not alle)  
 Warning of thinges that shuln after falle.

Loke of Egipt the king, dan Pharao,  
 His baker and his boteler also,  
 Wheder they ne felten non effect in dremes.  
 Who so wol seken actes of sondry remes,<sup>4</sup>  
 May rede of dremes many a wonder thing.

Lo Cresus, which that was of Lydie king,  
 Mette he not that he sat upon a tree,  
 Which signified he shuld anhanged be?

<sup>1</sup> Tell.<sup>2</sup> Explained.<sup>3</sup> Saw in a vision.<sup>4</sup> Realms.

Lo hire Andromacha,<sup>1</sup> Hectores wif,  
 That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,  
 She dremed on the same night beforne,  
 How that the lif of Hector shuld be lorne,  
 If thilke day he went into bataille:  
 She warned him, but it might not availle;  
 He went forth for to fighten natheles,  
 And was yslain anon of Achilles.

But thilke tale is al to long to telle,  
 And eke it is nigh day, I may not dwelle.  
 Shortly I say, as for conclusion,  
 That I shal han of this avision  
 Adversitee: and I say forthermore,  
 That I ne tell of laxatives no store,  
 For they ben venimous, I wot it wel:  
 I hem deffie, I love hem never a del.

But let us speke of mirthe, and stinte all this;  
 Madame Pertelote, so have I blis,  
 Of o thing God hath sent me large grace  
 For whan I see the beautee of your face,  
 Ye ben so scarlet red about your eyen,  
 It maketh all my drede for to dien,  
 For, al so siker as *In principio*,  
*Mulier est hominis confusio*.

(Madame, the sentence of this Latine is,  
 Woman is mannes joye and mannes blis.)  
 For whan I fele a-night your softe side,  
 Al be it that I may not on you ride,  
 For that our perche is made so narwe, alas!  
 I am so ful of joye and of solas,  
 That I deffie bothe sweven and dreme.

And with that word he flew doun fro the beme,  
 For it was day, and eke his hennes alle;  
 And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,  
 For he had found a corn, lay in the yerd.  
 Real<sup>2</sup> he was, he was no more aferd;  
 He fethered Pertelote twenty time,  
 And trade hire eke as oft, er it was prime.

<sup>1</sup> We must not look for this dream of Andromache in Homer. The first author who relates it is the fictitious Dares, c. xxiv. and Chaucer very probably took it from him, or from Guido de Columnis; or perhaps from Benoit de Sainte More, whose *Roman de Troie* I believe to have been that History of Dares, which Guido professes to follow, and has indeed almost entirely translated.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>2</sup> Royal.

He loketh as it were a grim leoun;  
 And on his toos he rometh up and doun,  
 Him deigned not to set his feet to ground:  
 He chukketh, whan he hath a corn yfound,  
 And to him reunen than his wives alle.

Thus real, as a prince is in his halle,  
 Leve I this Chaunteclere in his pasture;  
 And after wol I tell his aventure.

Whan that the month in which the world began,  
 That highte March, whan God first maketh man,  
 Was complete, and ypassed were also,  
 Sithen March ended, thritty dayes and two,  
 Befell that Chaunteclere in all his pride,  
 His seven wives walking him beside,  
 Cast up his eyen to the brighte sonne,  
 That in the signe of Taurus had yronne  
 Twenty degrees and on, and somewhat more:  
 He knew by kind, and by non other lore,  
 That it was prime, and crew with blisful steven.  
 The sonne, he sayd, is clomben up on heven  
 Twenty degrees and on, and more ywis.  
 Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis,  
 Herkeneth thise blisful briddes how they sing,  
 And see the freshe fioures how they spring;  
 Ful is min herte of revel, and solas.

But sodenly him fell a sorweful cas;  
 For ever the latter ende of joye is wo:  
 God wote that worldly joye is sone ago:  
 And if a rethor<sup>1</sup> coude faire endite,  
 He in a chronicle might it sauflly write,  
 As for a souveraine notabilitee.

Now every wise man let him herken me:  
 This story is al so trewe, I undertake,  
 As is the book of Launcelot du lake,  
 That women holde in ful gret reverence.  
 Now wol I turne agen to my sentence.

A col fox,<sup>2</sup> ful of sleigh iniquitee,  
 That in the grove had wonned yeres thre,

<sup>1</sup> A rhetorician, an orator.

<sup>2</sup> Skinner interprets this a *blackish fox*, as if it were a *col fox*. Gl. Urr. It is much easier to refute this interpretation than to assign the true one. *Col* appears from ver. 15389 to have been a common name for a dog. In composition, it is to be taken *in malam partem*, but in what precise sense I cannot say. See Chaucer's H. of F. B. III. 187. *Col-tragatour*—and in

By high imagination foretold,  
 The same night thurghout the ierger ierger  
 Into the yerd, ther Chaunteclere the ierger  
 Was wont, and eke his wyf the ierger  
 And in a beide of wofulnes the ierger  
 Till it was passed unthirgh the ierger  
 Waiting his time on Chaunteclere the ierger  
 As gladly don this the ierger  
 That in await ligen to the ierger

O false morderour, racking in my dea!  
 O newe Scariot, newe Geseke!  
 O false dissimulour, o Greek Sene,  
 That broughtest Troye al utterly to sene!  
 O Chaunteclere, accused be the newe,  
 That thou into thy yerd flew fro the newe;  
 Thou were ful wel ywarned by thy frowe,  
 That thilke day was perforce to sene.  
 But what that God forewarned was, is  
 After the opinion of certain sene  
 Witnesse on him, that any part is  
 That in scole is gret alteration;  
 In this matere, and gret dyscrepancy,  
 And hath ben of an hundred thousand men  
 But I ne cannot bault it to the ierger,  
 As can the holy doctour Augustin,  
 Or Boece, or the bishop Bradwardin,  
 Whether that Goddes worldly knowing  
 Streineth me nedely for to do a thing  
 (Nedely clepe I simple necessity)  
 Or elles if free choise be granted me

ie Mirr. for Mag. Leg. of Glendow, fol. 137. b. *Coleprophet* is plainly yet  
 r a false, lying prophet. Heywood has an Epigram of *coleprophet*.<sup>1</sup> *Mirr.*  
 . Ep. 89!

Thy prophesy poysony to the prynces galle:  
*Coleprophet* and *coleprophet* thou art both.

nd in his Proverbial Dialogues, P. i. ch. x. he has the following lines.

*Cell* under canstyke she can play on both hands  
 Dissimulation well she understoode.

will add an allusion of our author, in the Tale of Iseult & Lancelot  
 cxxxlii. b. to a story of one *Cella*, which I cannot explain. "I knowe  
 owe his gester, and he was slain of Hercules his gester. I knowe  
 ed many men, and of *Cella* was he betrayed." — *Tyrant*

<sup>1</sup> Burst.

<sup>2</sup> The third hour, three o'clock

<sup>3</sup> Foreknew, predestined.

<sup>4</sup> Sift it to the bran, i. e., probe the truth thoroughly.

To do that same thing, or do it nought,  
 Though God forewot it, or that it was wrought;  
 Or if his weting streineth never a del,  
 But by necessitee condicionel.  
 I wol not han to don of swiche matere;  
 My tale is of a cok, as ye may here,  
 That took his conseil of his wit with sorwe  
 To walken in the yerd upon the morwe,  
 That he had met the dreme, as I you told.  
 Womennes conseiles ben ful often cold;  
 Womannes conseil brought us first to wo,  
 And made Adam fro paradis to go,  
 Ther as he was ful mery, and wel at es.  
 But for I n'ot, to whom I might displese,  
 If I conseil of women wolde blame,  
 Pame over, for I said it in my game.  
 Rede auctours, wher they tete of swiche matere,  
 And what they sayn of women ye mown here.  
 Thise ben the Cokkes wordes, and not mine;  
 I can non harme of no woman devine.

Saire in the sond, to bath hire merily,  
 Lith Pertelote, and all hire susters by,  
 Agein the sonne, and Chaunteclere so free  
 Sang merier than the Mermaid in the see,  
 For Physiologus<sup>1</sup> sayth sikerly,  
 How that they singen wel and merily.

And so befell that as he cast his eye  
 Among the wortes on a boterflie,  
 He was ware of this fox that lay ful low.  
 Nothing ne list him thanne for to crow,  
 But cried anon cok, cok, and up he sterte,  
 As man that was affraied in his herte.  
 For naturally a beest desireth flee  
 Fro his contrarie, if he may it see,  
 Though he never erst had seen it with his eye.

This Chaunteclere, whan he gan him espie,  
 He wold han fled, but that the fox anon  
 Said; gentil sire, alas! what wol ye don?  
 Be ye affraid of me that am your frend?  
 Now certes, I were wese than any fend,  
 If I to you wold harme or vilanie.  
 I n'am not come your conseil to espie.

<sup>1</sup> Probably an allusion to an old book entitled - *Physiologus de naturalibus animalibus*.

But trewely the cause of my coming  
 Was only for to herken how ye sing:  
 For trewely ye han as mery a steven,<sup>1</sup>  
 As any angel hath, that is in heven;  
 Therwith ye han of musike more feling,  
 Than had Boece,<sup>2</sup> or any that can sing.  
 My lord your fader (God his soule blesse)  
 And eke your moder of hire gentillesse  
 Han in myn hous yben, to my gret ese:  
 And certes, sire, ful fain wold I you plesse.  
 But for men speke of singing, I wol sey,  
 So mote I brouken wel min eyen twey,  
 Save you, ne herd I never man so sing,  
 As did your fader in the morwening.  
 Certes it was of herte all that he song.  
 And for to make his vois the more strong,  
 He wold so peine him, that with both his eyen  
 He muste winke, so loud he wolde crien,  
 And stonden on his tiptoon therwithal,  
 And stretchen forth his necke long and smal.  
 And eke he was of swiche discretion,  
 That ther n'as no man in no region,  
 That him in song or wisdom mighte passe.  
 I have wel red in dan Burnel the asse<sup>3</sup>  
 Among his vers, how that ther was a cok,  
 That, for a preestes sone yave him a knock  
 Upon his leg, while he was yonge and nice,  
 He made him for to lese his benefice.

<sup>1</sup> Voice.<sup>2</sup> Boethius wrote an elaborate treatise "de Musica."

<sup>3</sup> The story alluded to is in a poem of Nigel Wireker, entitled, *Burnellus, seu Speculum stultorum*, written in the time of Richard I. The story supposes, that the priest's son, when he was to be ordained, directed his servant to call him at cock-crowing, and that the cock, whose leg he had formerly broken, having overheard this, purposely refrained from crowing at his usual time; by which artifice the young man was suffered to sleep till the ordination was over.

*Burnell* is used as a nickname for the ass in the Chester Whitsun Playes. *MS. Harl. 2013*. See the note on ver. 3539. In the pageant of Balaam, he says—

Go forth, *Burnell*, go forth, go.

What? the devil, my asse will not go.

and again, fol. 36. b.

*Burnell*, why begilest thou me?

The original word was, probably, *Brunell*, from its brown colour; as the box below, ver. 15340, is called *Russell*, from his red colour, I suppose.  
 —Tyrwhitt.

But certain ther is no comparison  
Betwix the wisdom and discretion  
Of youre fader, and his subtiltee.  
Now singeth, sire, for Seinte Charitee,  
Let see, can ye your fader contrefete ?

This Chaunteclere his winges gan to bete,  
As man that coud not his treson espie,  
So was he raviashed with his flaterie.

Alas ! ye lordes, many a false flatour  
Is in your court, and many a losengeour,<sup>1</sup>  
That pleseth you wel more, by my faith,  
Than he that sothfastnesse<sup>2</sup> unto you saith.  
Redeth Ecclesiast of flaterie,  
Beth ware, ye lordes, of hire trecherie.

This Chaunteclere stood high upon his toes  
Stretching his necke, and held his eyen cloon,  
And gan to crowen loude for the nones :  
And dan Russel<sup>3</sup> the fox stert up at ones,  
And by the gargat hente<sup>4</sup> Chaunteclere,  
And on his back toward the wood him bere.  
For yet ne was ther no man that him sued.

O destinee, that maist not ben eschued !  
Alas, that Chaunteclere flew fro the bemes !  
Alas, his wif ne raughte<sup>5</sup> not of dremes !  
And on a Friday fell all this meschance.

O Venus, that art goddesse of plesance,  
Sin that thy servant was this Chaunteclere,  
And in thy service did all his powere,  
More for delit, than world to multiplie,  
Why wolt thou suffre him on thy day to die ?

O Gaufride,<sup>6</sup> dere maister soverain,  
That, whan thy worthy king Richard was slain  
With shot, complainedest his deth so sore,  
Why ne had I now thy science and thy lore,  
The Friday for to chiden, as did ye ?  
(For on a Friday sothly slain was he)  
Than wold I shew you how that I coud plaine,  
For Chauntecleres drede, and for his paine.

<sup>1</sup> Flatterer.

<sup>2</sup> The plain truth.

<sup>3</sup> So called from his red colour.

<sup>5</sup> Thought.

<sup>4</sup> Seized by the gorget, or throat.

<sup>6</sup> He alludes to a passage in the *Novus Petrus* of Geoffrey de Vinsauf published not long after the death of Richard I. In this work the



Certes swiche cry, no lamentation  
 N'as never of ladies made, whan Ilion  
 Was wonne, and Pirrus with his struite sword  
 Whan he had hent king Priam by the berd,  
 And slain him, (as saith us *Eneid*)<sup>1</sup>  
 As maden all the hennes in the cloos,  
 Whan they had seen of Chaunteclere the sight.  
 But souverainly dame Pertelote shrighit,  
 Ful louder than did Hasdruballes wif,  
 Whan that hire husbond hadde ylost his lif,  
 And that the Romaines hadden brent Cartage,  
 She was so ful of turment and of rage,  
 That wilfully into the fire she sterte,  
 And brent hirselven with a stedfast herte.

O woful hennes, right so criden ye,  
 As, whan that Nero brente the citee  
 Of Rome, cried the senatoures wiven,  
 For that hir husbonds losten alle hir liven;  
 Withouten gilt this Nero hath hem slain.

Now wol I turne unto my tale again.  
 The sely<sup>2</sup> widewe, and hire doughtren two,  
 Herden thise hennes crie and maken wo,  
 And out at the dores sterten they anon,  
 And saw the fox toward the wode is gon,  
 And bare upon his back the cok away:  
 They crieden, out! harow and wala wa!  
 A ha the fox! and after him they ran,  
 And eke with staves many another man;

author has not only given instructions for composing in the different  
 styles of Poetry, but also examples. His specimen of the plaintive kind  
 of composition begins thus:—

Neustria, sub clypeo regis defensas Ricard,  
 Indefensas modo, gestu tentare dolores.  
 Exundent oculi lacrymas; exterminet ora  
 Pallor; conuolvet digitos tortura; cruentat  
 Interiora dolor, et verberet æthere clamor:  
 Tota peris ex morte sua. Mors non fuit ejus,  
 Sed tua; non una, sed publica mortis origo.  
 O *Fœneris* lacrymans dies! o sydus amaram!  
 Illa dies tua nox fuit, et Venus illa vancens,  
 Illa dedit cinis, &c.

These Notes are sufficient to show the object, and the propriety, of  
 hauser's ridicule. The whole poem is printed in *Layard's Hist. Po.*  
*vol. III. p. 262—272.*—*Tyrwhitt.*

<sup>1</sup> *I. e.*, Virgil.

<sup>2</sup> *Heavenly.*

Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot, and Gerlond,  
 And Malkin, with hire distal in hire hond;  
 Ran cow and calf, and eke the veray hogges  
 So fered were for berking of the dogges,  
 And shouting of the men and women eke,  
 They ronnen so, hem thought hir hertes broke.  
 They yelleden as fendes don in helle:  
 The dokes crieden as men wold hem quelle:  
 The gees for tere flewen over the trees,  
 Out of the hive came the swarme of bees,  
 So hidous was the noise, a *benedicite*!  
 Certes he Jakke Straw,<sup>1</sup> and his menne,  
 Ne maden never shoutes half so shrille,  
 Whan that they wolden any Fleming kille,  
 As thilke day was made upon the fox.  
 Of bras they broughten beemes and of box,  
 Of horn and bone, in which they blew and pouped,  
 And therwithal they shriked and they houped;  
 It semed, as that the heven shulde falle.

Now, goode men, I pray you herkeneth alle;

Lo, how fortune turneth sodenly  
 The hope and pride eke of hire enemy.  
 This cok that lay upon the foxes bake,  
 In all his drede, unto the fox he spake,  
 And sayde: sire, if that I were as ye,  
 Yet wolde I sayn, (as wisly God helpe me)  
 Turneth agein, ye proude cherles alle;  
 A veray pestilence upon you falle.

Now am I come unto the wodes side,  
 Maugre your hed, the cok shal here abide;  
 I wol him ete in faith, and that anon.

The fox answered, in faith it shal be don:  
 And as he spake the word, al sodenly  
 The cok brake from his mouth deliverly,  
 And high upon a tree he flew anon.

And whan the fox saw that the cok was gon,  
 Alas! quod he, o Chaunteclere, alas!  
 I have (quod he) ydon to you trespas,

<sup>1</sup> The noise made by the followers of this rebel, to which our author alludes, he had probably heard himself. It is called by Walsingham, p. 751, *clamor horrendissimus, non similis clamoribus quos edere solent homines, sed qui ultra omnem estimationem superaret omnes clamores humanos, et maxime posset assimilari ululationibus infernalium incolarum*,—Tyndall, &c.

In as moche as I makyd you aferd,  
 Whan I you hente, and brought out of your yerd;  
 But, sire, I did it in no wikke entente:  
 Come down, and I shal tell you what I mente.  
 I shal say sothe to you, God helpe me so.

Nay than, quod he, I shrewe us bothe two.  
 And first I shrewe myself, bothe blood and bones,  
 If thou begile me oftener than ones.  
 Thou shalt no more thurgh thy flaterie  
 Do me to sing and winken with myn eye.  
 For he that winketh, whan he shulde see,  
 Al wilfully, God let him never the.

Nay, quod the fox, but God yeve him merchandise  
 That is so indiscrete of governance,  
 That jangleth, whan that he shuld hold his pece.

Lo, which it is for to be reccheles  
 And negligent, and trust on flaterie.  
 But ye that holden this tale a folie,  
 As of a fox, or of a cok, or hen,  
 Taketh the moralitee therof, good men.  
 For Seint Poule sayth, That all that writen is,  
 To our doctrine it is ywritten ywis.  
 Taketh the fruit, and let the chaf be stille.

Now, goode God, if that it be thy wille,  
 As sayth my Lord, so make us all good men;  
 And bring us to thy highe blisse. *Amen.*

Sire Nonnes Preest, our hoste sayd anon,  
 Yblessed be thy breche and every ston;  
 This was a mery tale of Chaunteclere.  
 But by my trouthe, if thou were seculere,  
 Thou woldest ben a tredefoule a right:  
 For if thou have corage as thou hast might,  
 Thee were nede of hennes, as I wene,  
 Ye mo than seven times seventene.  
 Se, whiche braunes hath this gentil preest,  
 So gret a necke, and swiche a large breest!  
 He loketh as a sparhawk with his eyen;  
 Him nedeth not his colour for to dien  
 With Brasil, ne with grain of Portingale.

But, sire, faire falle you for your tale.  
 And after that, he with ful mery chere  
 Sayd to another, as ye shulen here.

## The Second Runts Tale.

15489-15498.

THE minstre and the norice unto vices,  
Which that men clepe in English idelnesse,  
That porter at the gate is of delices,  
To eschuen, and by hire contrary hire oppress,  
That is to sayn, by leful besinesse,  
Wel oughte we to don al our entente,  
Lest that the fend thurgh idelnesse us hente.

For he that with his thousand cordes alie  
Continuently us waiteth to beclappe,  
Whan he may man in idelnesse espie,  
He can so lightly cacche him in his trappe,  
Til that a man be hent right by the lappe,<sup>1</sup>  
He n'is not ware the fend hath him in hond:  
Wel ought us werche, and idelnesse withstond.

And though men dradden never for to die,  
Yet see men wel by reson douteles,  
That idelnesse is rote of slogardie,  
Of which ther never cometh no good encreas,  
And see that slouthe holdeth hem in a lees,<sup>2</sup>  
Only to slepe, and for to ete and drinke,  
And to devouren all that other swinke.

And for to put us from swiche idelnesse,  
That cause is of so gret confusion,  
I have here don my feithful besinesse  
After the Legende in translation  
Right of thy glorious lit and passion,  
Thou with thy gerlond, wrought of rose and lilie,  
Thee mene I, maid and martir Seinte Cecilia.

<sup>1</sup> Skirt.

<sup>2</sup> Leech.

And thou, that arte floure of virgines all,  
Of whom that Bernard list so wel to write,  
To thee at my beginning first I call,  
Thou comfort of us wretches, do me endite  
Thy maidens deth, that wan thurgh hire merite  
The eternal lif, and over the fend victorie,  
As man may after reden in hire storie.

Thou maide and mother, doughter of thy son,  
Thou well of mercy, sintul soules cure,  
In whom that God of bountee chees to won;  
Thou humble and high over every creature,  
Thou nobledest so fer forth our nature,  
That no desdaine the maker had of kinde  
His son in blood and flesh to clothe and winde.

Within the cloystre blisful of thy sides,  
Toke mannes shape the eternal love and pees,  
That of the trine compas Lord and gide is,  
Whom erthe, and see, and heven out of releas<sup>1</sup>  
Ay herien;<sup>2</sup> and thou, virgine wemmeles,<sup>3</sup>  
Bare of thy body (and dweltest maiden pure)  
The creatour of every creature.

Assembled is in thee magnificence  
With mercy, goodnesse, and with swiche pitee,  
That thou, that art the sonne of excellence,  
Not only helpest hem that praien thee,  
But oftentime of thy benignitee  
Ful freely, or that men thin helpe beseche,  
Thou goest beforne, and art hir lives leche.

Now helpe, thou meke and blisful faire maide,  
Me flemed<sup>4</sup> wretch, in this desert of galle;  
Thinke on the woman Cananee, that saide  
That whelpes eten som of the cromes alle  
That from hir Lordes table ben yfalle;  
And though that I, unworthy sone of Eve,  
Be sinful, yet accepteth my beleve.

<sup>1</sup> Without ceasing.<sup>2</sup> Spotless.<sup>3</sup> Praise.<sup>4</sup> Banished.

And for that feith is ded withouten werken,  
 So for to werken yeve me wit and space,  
 That I be quit from thennes<sup>1</sup> that most derke is  
 O thou, that art so faire and ful of grace,  
 Be thou min advocat in that high place,  
 Ther as withouten ende is songe Osanne,  
 Thou Cristes mother, daughter dere of Anna.

And of thy light my soule in prison light,  
 That troubled is by the contagion  
 Of my body, and also by the wight  
 Of erthly lust, and false affection:  
 O haven of refute,<sup>2</sup> o salvation  
 Of hem that ben in sorwe and in distress,  
 Now help, for to my werk I wol me dresse.

Yet pray I you that reden that I write,  
 Foryeve me, that I do no diligence  
 This ilke storie subtilly to endite.  
 For both have I the wordes and sentence  
 Of him, that at the seintes reverence  
 The storie wrote, and folowed hire legende,  
 And pray you that ye wol my werk amende.

First wol I you the name of Seinte Cecilie  
 Expouns, as men may in hire storie see;  
 It is to sayn in English, Hevens lilie,  
 For pure chastnesse of virginitee,  
 Or for she whitenesse had of honestee,  
 And grene of conscience, and of good fame  
 The swote<sup>3</sup> savour, Lilie was hire name.

Or Cecilie is to sayn, the way to blinde,  
 For she ensample was by good teching;  
 Or elles Cecilie, as I writen finde,  
 Is joined by a maner conjoining  
 Of heven and *Lia*, and here in figuring  
 The heven is set for thought of holinesse,  
 And *Lia*, for hire lasting besinesse.

Cecilie may eke be sayd in this manere,  
 Wanting of blindnesse, for hire grete light  
 Of aspience, and for hire thewes<sup>4</sup> clere.

<sup>1</sup> Thence, *i. e.*, from that place.

<sup>2</sup> Sweet.

<sup>3</sup> Refuge.

<sup>4</sup> Manners, qualities.

Or elles lo, this maidens name bright  
 Of heven and *Leos* cometh, for which by right  
 Men might hire wel the heven of peple calle,  
 Ensampl of good and wise werkes alle:

For *Leos* peple in English is to say;  
 And right as men may in the heven see  
 The sonne and mone, and sterres every way,  
 Right so men gostly, in this maiden free  
 Sawen of faith the magnanimitie,  
 And eke the clerenesse hole of sapience,  
 And sondry werkes, bright of excellence.

And right so as thise Philosophres write,  
 That heven is swift and round, and eke brenning,  
 Right so was faire Cecilie the white  
 Ful swift and hery in every good werking,  
 And round and hole in good persevering,  
 And brenning ever in charitee ful bright:  
 Now have I you declared what she hight.

This maiden bright Cecile, as hire lif saith,  
 Was come of Romaines and of noble kind,  
 And from hire cradle fostred in the faith  
 Of Crist, and bare his Gospel in hire mind:  
 She never ceased, as I writen find,  
 Of hire prayere, and God to love and drede,  
 Beseching him to kepe hire maidenhede.

And whan this maiden shuld until a man  
 Ywedded be, that was ful yonge of age,  
 Which that ycleped was Valerian,  
 And day was comen of hire marriage,  
 She ful devout and humble in hire corage,  
 Under hire robe of gold, that sat ful faire,  
 Had next hire flesh yclad hire in an haire.

And while that the organs maden melodie,  
 To God alone thus in hire hert song she;  
 O Lord, my soule and eke my body gie  
 Unwemmed, lest that I confounded be.  
 And for his love that died upon the tree,  
 Every second or thridde day she fast,  
 Ay bidding in hire orisons ful fast.

The night came, and  
With hire husband, an  
And prively she said to  
O swete and wel beloved  
Ther is a conseil, and  
Which that right sayeth  
So that ye swere, ye w

Valerian gan fasten  
That for no cas, ne thi  
He shulde never to ne  
And than at erst thus  
I have an Angel which  
That with gret love, w  
Is redy ay my body fo

And if that he may  
That ye me touch or l  
He right anon wol ale  
And in your youthe t  
And if that ye in clen  
He wol you love as m  
And shew to you his j

This Valerian, corre  
Answerd again, if I sh  
Let me that angel see  
And if that it a veray  
Than wol I don as the  
And if thou love anot  
Right with this sword

Cecile answerd anon  
If that you list, the as  
So that ye trowe on C  
Goth forth to Via Ap  
That fro this toun ne  
And to the poure folk  
Say hem right thus, a

Tell hem, that I Ce  
To shewen you the go  
For secree nedes, and  
And when that ye sh

Tell him the wordes whiche I to you told;  
And whan that he hath purged you fro sinne,  
Than shal ye seen that angel er ye twinne.<sup>1</sup>

Valerian is to the place gon,  
And right as he was taught by hire lerning,  
He fond this holy old Urban anon  
Among the seintes buriels louting:<sup>2</sup>  
And he anon withouten tarying  
Did his message, and whan that he it tolde,  
Urban for joye his hondes gan upholde

The teres from his eyen let he falle;  
Almighty Lord, o Jesu Crist, quod he,  
Sower of chast conseil, hierde<sup>3</sup> of us alle,  
The fruit of thilke seed of chastitee  
That thou hast sow in Cecile, take to thee:  
Lo, like a besy bee withouten gile  
Thee serveth ay thin owen thral<sup>4</sup> Cecile.

For thilke spouse, that she toke but newe  
Ful like a fiers leon, she sendeth here  
As meke as ever was any lambe to ewe.  
And with that word anon ther gan apere  
An old man, clad in white clothes clere,  
That had a book with lettres of gold in hond,  
And gan beforne Valerian to stond. •

Valerian, as ded, fell down for drede,  
Whan he him saw; and he up hent him tho,  
And on his book right thus he gan to rede;  
On Lord, on faith, on God withouten mo,  
On Cristendom, and fader of all also  
Aboven all, and over all every wher:  
Thise wordes all with gold ywriten were.

Whan this was red, than said this olde man,  
Levest thou this thing or no? say ye or nay.  
I leve all this thing, quod Valerian,  
For sother<sup>5</sup> thing than this, I dare wel say,  
Under the heven no wight thinken may.  
Tho vanished the olde man, he n'iste wher,  
And pope Urban him cristened right ther.

<sup>1</sup> Depart.<sup>2</sup> Shepherd.<sup>4</sup> Servant.<sup>3</sup> Kneeling.<sup>5</sup> True.

Valerian goth home, and firt<sup>1</sup> Cecilie  
 Within his chambre with an angel stonde;  
 This angel had of roses and of lillie  
 Corones two, the which he bare in honde,  
 And first to Cecile, as I understonde,  
 He yaf that on, and after gan he take  
 That other to Valerian hire make.

With body clene, and with unwemmed<sup>2</sup> thought  
 Kepeth ay wel thise corones two, quod he,  
 From paradis to you I have hem brought,  
 Ne<sup>3</sup> never mo ne shul they roten be,  
 Ne lese hir swete savour, trusteth me,  
 Ne never wight shal seen hem with his eye,  
 But he be chaste, and hate vilania.

And thou, Valerian, for thou so sone  
 Assentedest to good conseil, also  
 Say what thee list, and thou shalt han thy bone.  
 I have a brother, quod Valerian tho,  
 That in this world I love no man so,  
 I pray you that my brother may have grace  
 To know the trouth, as I do in this place.

The angel sayd; God liketh thy request,  
 And bothe with the palme of martirdome  
 Ye shullen come unto his blisful rest.  
 And with that word, Tiburce his brother come.  
 And whan that he the savour undernome,  
 Which that the roses and the lilies cast,  
 Within his herte he gan to wonder fast,

And said; I wonder this time of the yere  
 Whennes that swete savour cometh so  
 Of roses and lilies, that I smelle here;  
 For though I had hem in min bondes two,  
 The savour might in me no deper go:  
 The swete smel, that in min herte I find,  
 Hath changed me all in another kind.

Valerian saide; two corones han we  
 Snow-white and rose-red, that shinen clere,  
 Which that thin eyen han no might to see

<sup>1</sup> Found.<sup>2</sup> Unblemished.

And as thou smellest hem thurgh my praier,  
 So shalt thou seen hem, leve brother dere,  
 If it so be thou wolt withouten slouthe  
 Beleve aright, and know the veray trouthe.

Tiburce answered; saiest thou this to me  
 In sothnesse, or in dreme herken I this?  
 In dremes, quod Valerian, han we be  
 Unto this time, brother min, ywis:  
 But now at erst in trouthe our dwelling is.  
 How wost thou this, quod Tiburce, in what wise?  
 Quod Valerian; that shal I thee devise.

The angel of God hath me the trouth ytaught,  
 Which thou shalt seen, if that thou wilt reney  
 The idoles, and be clene, and elles naught.  
 [And of the miracle of thise corones twey  
 Seint Ambrose in his preface list to sey;  
 Solempnely this noble doctour dere  
 Commendeth it, and saith in this manere.

The palme of martirdome for to receive,  
 Seinte Cecilie, fulfilled of Goddes yeft,<sup>1</sup>  
 The world and eke hire chambre gan she weleve;<sup>2</sup>  
 Witnesse Tiburces and Ceciles shrift,  
 To which God of his bountee wolde shift  
 Corones two, of floures wel smelling,  
 And made his angel hem the corones bring.

The maid hath brought thise men to bliess above;  
 The world hath wist what it is worth certain  
 Devotion of chastitee to love.]  
 Tho shewed him Cecile all open and plain,  
 That all idoles n'is but a thing in vain,  
 For they ben dombe, and therto they ben deve,  
 And charged him his idoles for to leve.

Who so that troweth not this, a best he is,  
 Quod this Tiburce, if that I shal not lie.  
 And she gan kisse his brest whan she herd this,  
 And was ful glad he coude trouth espie:  
 This day I take thee for min allie,  
 Saide this blisful faire maiden dere;  
 And after that she said as ye may here.

<sup>1</sup> Gift.<sup>2</sup> Waive.

Lo, right so as the love of Crist (quod she)  
 Made me thy brothers wif, right in that wise  
 Anon for mine allie here take I thee,  
 Sithen that thou wolt thin idoles despise.  
 Goth with thy brother now and thee baptise,  
 And make thee clepe, so that thou maist behold  
 The angels face, of which thy brother told.

Tiburce answered, and saide; brother dere,  
 First tell me whither I shal, and to what man.  
 To whom? quod he; come forth with goode chere,  
 I wol thee lede unto the pope Urban.  
 To Urban? brother min Valerian,  
 Quod the Tiburce, wilt thou me thider lede?  
 He thinketh that it were a wonder dede.

Ne menest thou not Urban (quod he the)  
 That is so often damned<sup>1</sup> to be ded,  
 And woneth in halkes<sup>2</sup> alway to and fro,  
 And dare not ones putten forth his hed?  
 Men shuld him brennen in a fire so red,  
 If he were found, or that men might him spie,  
 And we also, to bere him compaignie.

And while we seken thilke divinites,  
 That is yhid in heven prively,  
 Algate<sup>3</sup> ybrent in this world shuld we be.  
 To whom Cecile answered boldely;  
 Men mighten dreden wel and skilfully  
 This lif to lese, min owen dere brother,  
 If this were living only and non other.

But ther is better lif in other place,  
 That never shal be lost, ne drede thee nought:  
 Which Goddes sone us tolde thurgh his grace,  
 That fadres sone which alle thinges wrought;  
 And all that wrought is with a skilful thought,  
 The gost, that from the fader gan procede,  
 Hath souled hem<sup>4</sup> withouten any drede.

By word and by miracle he Goddes sone,  
 Whan he was in this world, declared here,  
 That ther is other lif ther men may wone.

<sup>1</sup> Condemned.

<sup>2</sup> By all means.

<sup>3</sup> Dwelleth in corners, hiding-places.

<sup>4</sup> Endued them with a soul.

To whom answerd Tiburce; o suster dere,  
Ne saidest thou right now in this manere,  
Ther n'as but o God, lord in sothiastnesse,  
And now of three how mayst thou bere witnesse?

That shal I tell, quod she, or that I go.  
Right as a man hath sapiences three,  
Memorie, engine, and intellect also,  
So in o being of divinitee  
Three persones mowen ther righte wel be.  
Tho gan she him ful besily to preche  
Of Cristes sonde,<sup>1</sup> and of his peines teche,

And many pointes of his passion;  
How Goddes sone in this world was withhold  
To don mankinde pleine remission,  
That was ybound in sinne and cares cold.  
All this thing she unto Tiburce told,  
And after this Tiburce in good entent,  
With Valerian to pope Urban he went,

That thanked God, and with glad herte and light  
He cristened him, and made him in that place  
Parfite in his lerning and Goddes knight.  
And after this Tiburce gat swiche grace,  
That every day he saw in time and space  
The angel of God, and every maner bone  
That he God axed, it was sped ful sone.

It were ful hard by ordre for to sain  
How many wonders Jesus for hem wrought.  
But at the last, to tellen short and plain,  
The sergeaunts of the toun of Rome hem sought,  
And hem before Almache the prefect brought,  
Which hem apposed,<sup>2</sup> and knew all hire entant,  
And to the image of Jupiter hem sent;

And said; who so wol nought do sacrifice,  
Swap<sup>3</sup> of his hed, this is my sentence here.  
Anon thise martyrs, that I you devise,  
On Maximus, that was an officere  
Of the prefectes, and his corniculere,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Message, teaching.

<sup>2</sup> Opposed, or put them to the question.

<sup>3</sup> Strike.

<sup>4</sup> Cornicularius, an officer under the Roman government.

Hem hent, and whan he forth the seintes lad,  
Himself he wept for pitee that he had.

Whan Maximus had herd the seintes lore,  
He gafe him of the turmentounes leve,  
And lad hem to his hous withouten more;  
And with hir preching, or that it were eve,  
They gonnen fro the turmentours to reve,<sup>1</sup>  
And fro Maxime, and fro his folk eche on  
The false faith, to trowe in God alone.

Cecilie came, whan it was waxen night,  
With preestes, that hem cristened all yfere;  
And afterward, whan day was waxen light,  
Cecilie hem said with a ful stedfast chere;  
Now, Cristes owen knyghtes leve and dera,  
Caste all away the werkes of derkenesse,  
And armeth you in armes of brightnesse.

Ye han forsoth ydon a gret bataille;  
Yur cours is don, your faith han ye conserved;  
Goth to the crowne of hi that may not faille;  
The rightful juge, which that ye han served,  
Shal yve it you, as ye han it deserved.  
And whan this thing was said, as I devise,  
Men ledde hem toth to don the sacrifice.

But whan they weren to the place ybrought,  
To tellen shortly the conclusion,  
They n'olde encense, ne sacrifice right nought,  
But on hir knees they setten hem adoun,  
With humble herte and sad devotioun,  
And listen bothe hir hedes in the place;  
Hir soules wenten to the king of grace.

This Maximus, that saw this thing betide,  
With pitous tores told it anon right,  
That he hir soules saw to heaven glide  
With angels, ful of clerenesse and of light;  
And with his word converted many a wight.  
For which Almach'us did him to-bete  
With whip of led, til he his lif gan lete.

<sup>1</sup> Take away.

Cecile him toke, and buried him anon  
 By Tiburce and Valerian softly,  
 Within hir burying place, under the ston.  
 And after this Almachius hastily  
 Bad his ministres fetchen openly  
 Cecile, so that she might in his presence  
 Don sacrifice, and Jupiter encense.

But they converted at hire wise lore<sup>1</sup>  
 Wepten ful sore, and yaven ful credence  
 Unto hire word, and crieden more and more;  
 Crist, Goddes sone, withouten difference  
 Is veray God, this is all our sentence,  
 That hath so good a servant him to serve:  
 Thus with o vois we trowen<sup>2</sup> though we starve.<sup>3</sup>

Almachius, that herd of this doing,  
 Bad fetchen Cecile, that he might hire see:  
 And alderfirst, lo, this was his axing;  
 What maner woman arte thou? quod he.  
 I am a gentilwoman borne, quod she.  
 I axe thee, quod he, though it thee greve,  
 Of thy religion and of thy beleve.

Why than began your question folily,  
 Quod she, that woldest two answers conclude  
 In o demand? ye axen lewedly.  
 Almache answerd to that similitude,  
 Of whennes cometh thin answering so rude?  
 Ot whennes? (quod she, whan that she was freined)  
 Ot conscience, and of good faith unfeined.

Almachius said; ne takest thou non hede  
 Of my power? and she him answerd this;  
 Your might (quod she) ful litel is to drede;  
 For every mortal mannes power n'is  
 But like a bladder ful of wind ywis:  
 For with a nedles point, whan it is blow,  
 May all the bost of it be laid ful low.

Ful wrongfully begonnest thou, (quod he)  
 And yet in wrong is al thy perseverance:  
 Wost<sup>4</sup> thou not how our mighty princes free  
 Have thus commanded and made ordinance,  
 That every cristen wight shal han penance

<sup>1</sup> Advice, teaching.<sup>2</sup> Believe.<sup>3</sup> Die.<sup>4</sup> Knowest.

But if that he his Cristendome withseye,  
And gon al quite, if he wol it reneye ?

Your princes erren, as your nobley doth,  
Quod the Cecile, and with a wood sentence  
Ye make us gilty, and it is not soth :  
For ye that knowen wel our innocence,  
For as moche as we don ay reverence  
To Crist, and for we bere a Cristen nama,  
Ye put on us a crime and eke a blame

But we that knowen thilke name so  
For vertuons, we may it not withseye.  
Almache answered; chese on of thise two,  
Do sacrifice, or Cristendom reneye,  
That thou mow now escapen by that way.  
At which this holy blisful fayre maid  
Gan for to laughe, and to the juge said:

O juge confuse in thy nicetee,  
Woldest thou that I reneye innocence ?  
To maken me a wicked wight (quod she)  
Lo, he dissimuleth here in audience,  
He stareth and wodeth<sup>1</sup> in his advertence.<sup>2</sup>  
To whom Almachius said; Unsely<sup>3</sup> wretch,  
Ne wost thou not how far my might may stretch ?

Han not our mighty princes to me yeven  
Ya bothe power and eke auctoritee  
To maken folk to dien or to liven ?  
Why spekest thou so proudly than to me ?  
I ne speke nought but stedfastly, quod she,  
Not proudely, for I say, as for my side,  
We haten dedly thilke vice of pride.

And if thou drede not a soth for to here,  
Than wol I shewe al openly by right,  
That thou hast made a ful gret lesing here.  
Thou saist, thy princes han thee yeven might  
Both for to slee and for to quiken a wight,  
Thou that ne maist but only lif bereve,  
Thou hast non other power ne no leve.

<sup>1</sup> Raveth.<sup>2</sup> Attention.<sup>3</sup> Unhappy.

But thou maist sayn, thy princes han thee makid  
 Ministre of deth; for if thou speke of mo,  
 Thou liest; for thy power is ful naked.  
 Do way thy boldnesse, said Almachius tho,  
 And sacrifice to our goddes, er thou go.  
 I recke not what wrong that thou me proffire,  
 For I can suffre it as a philosophre.

But thilke wronges may I not endure,  
 That thou spekest of our goddes here, quod he.  
 Cecile answerd; o nice creature,  
 Thou saidest no word sin thou spake to me,  
 That I ne knew therwith thy nicetee,  
 And that thou were in every maner wise  
 A lewed officer, a vain justice.

Ther lacketh nothing to thin utter<sup>1</sup> eyen  
 That thou n'art blind; for thing that we seen alle  
 That is a ston, that men may wel espie,  
 That ilke ston a god thou wolt it calle.  
 I rede thee let thin hond upon it falle,  
 And tast it wel, and ston thou shalt it find,  
 Sin that thou seest not with thin eyen blind.

It is a shame that the peple shal  
 So scornen thee, and laugh at thy folie:  
 For comunly men wot it wel over al,  
 That mighty God is in his hevens hie;  
 And thise images, wel maist thou espie,  
 To thee ne to hemself may not profite,  
 For in effect they be not worth a mite.

Thise and swiche other wordes saide she,  
 And he wex wroth, and bade men shuld hire lede  
 Home til hire house, and in hire hous (quod he)  
 Brenne hire right in a bath, with flames rede.  
 And as he bade, right so was don the dede;  
 For in a bathe they gonne hire faste shetten,  
 And night and day gret fire they under betten.

The longe night, and eke a day also,  
 For all the fire, and eke the bathes hete,  
 She sate al cold, and felt of it no wo,  
 It made hire not a drope for to swete:  
 But in that bath hire lif she muste lete.

<sup>1</sup> Oster.

For he Almeche, with a ful wicke intent,  
To clean hire in the bath his sonde<sup>1</sup> sent.

Three strokes in the nekke he smote hir  
The turmentour, but for no maner chauce  
He mighte not smite all hire nekke atwo:  
And for ther was that time an ordinance  
That no man shulde don man swiche penance  
The fourthe stroke to smitan, soft or sore,  
This turmentour ne dorste do no more;

But half ded, with hire nekke yecorven t<sup>2</sup>  
He left hire lie, and on his way is went.  
The cristen folk, which that about hire w<sup>3</sup>  
With shetes han the blood ful faire yhent  
Three dayes lived she in this turment,  
And never cessed hem the faith to teche,  
That she had fostred hem, she gan to prech

And hem she gaf hire mebles and hire t<sup>4</sup>  
And to the pope Urban betoke hem tho,  
And said; I axed this of heaven king,  
To have respit three dayes and no mo,  
To recommend to you, or that I go,  
Thise soules lo, and that I might do werch  
Here of min hous perpetuellich a cherche.

Saint Urban, with his dekenes<sup>5</sup> prively  
The body sette, and buried it by night  
Among his other seintes honestly:  
Hire hous the cherche of seinte Cecile big  
Saint Urban halowed it, as he wel might,  
In which unto this day in noble wise  
Men don to Crist and to his seinte service

<sup>1</sup> Order.

<sup>2</sup> Deacons.

## THE CHANONES YEMANNES PROLOGUE

16022-16051.

WHAN that tolde was the lif of seinte Cecile,  
 Er we had ridden fully five mile,<sup>1</sup>  
 At Boughton under blee us gan atake<sup>2</sup>  
 A man, that clothed was in clothes blake,  
 And undernethe he wered a white surplis.  
 His hakeney, which that was al pomelee gris,  
 So swatte, that it wonder was to see,  
 It semed as he had priked miles three.  
 The horse eke that his yeman rode upon,<sup>3</sup>  
 So swatte, that unnethes might he gon.  
 About the peytrel stood the fome ful hie,  
 He was of fome as flecked<sup>4</sup> as a pie.  
 A male tweitold<sup>4</sup> on his croper lay,  
 It semed that he caried litel array,  
 Al light for sommer rode this worthy man.  
 And in my herte wondren I began  
 What that he was, til that I understode,  
 How that his cloke was sowed to his hode;  
 For which whan I had long avised me,  
 I demed him some chanon for to be.  
 His hat heng at his back doun by a las,<sup>5</sup>  
 For he had ridden more than trot or pas,  
 He had ay priked like as he were wode.  
 A clote-lefe<sup>6</sup> he had laid under his hode  
 For swete, and for to kepe his hed fro hete.  
 But it was joye for to seen him swete;  
 His forehed dropped, as a stillatorie<sup>7</sup>  
 Were ful of plantaine or of paritorie.<sup>8</sup>  
 And whan that he was come, he gan to crie,  
 God save (quod he) this joly compaignie

<sup>1</sup> See a long dissertation in Tyrwhitt's notes.<sup>2</sup> Overtake.<sup>3</sup> Sprinkled with foam.<sup>4</sup> Double budget.<sup>5</sup> Lace.<sup>6</sup> A leaf of the burdock.<sup>7</sup> Still.<sup>8</sup> Paritory.

Fast have I priked (quod he) for your sake,  
Because that I wolde you atake,  
To riden in this mery compaignie.

His yeman was eke ful of curtesie,  
And saide; Sires, now in the morwe tide  
Out of your hostelrie I saw you ride,  
And warned here my lord and soverain,  
Which that to riden with you is ful fain,  
For his disport; he loveth daliance.  
Frend, for thy warning God yeve thee good chance,  
Than said our hoste; certain it wolde seme  
Thy lord were wise, and so I may wel deme;  
He is ful joconde also dare I leye:

Can he ought tell a mery tale or tweie,  
With which he gladen may this compaignie?

Who, sire? my lord? Ye, sire, withouten lie,  
He can of mirth and eke of jolitee  
Not but ynough; also, sire, trusteth me,  
And ye him knew al so wel as do I,  
Ye wolden wondre how wel and craftily  
He coude werke, and that in sondry wise.  
He hath take on him many a gret emprise,  
Which were ful harde for any that is here  
To bring about, but they of him it lere.<sup>1</sup>  
As homely as he rideth amonges you,  
If ye him knew, it wold be for your prow.<sup>2</sup>  
Ye wolden not forgon his acquaintance  
For mochel good, I dare lay in balance  
All that I have in my possession.

He is a man of high discreccion,  
I warne you wel, he is a passing man.

Wel, quod our hoste, I pray thee tell me than,  
Is he a clerk, or non? tell what he is.

Nay, he is greter than a clerk ywis,  
Saide this yeman, and in wordes fewe,  
Hoste, of his craft somewhat I wol you shewe.

I say, my lord can swiche a subtiltee,  
(But all his craft ye moun not wete of me,  
And somewhat help I yet to his werking)  
That all the ground on which we ben riding  
Till that we come to Canterbury toun,  
He coud al clene turnen up so doun,

<sup>1</sup> Learned.

<sup>2</sup> Proff, advantage.

And pave it all of silver and of gold.

And whan this yeman had this tale ytolde  
Unto our hoste, he said; *benedicite*,  
This thing is wonder mervailous to me,  
Sin that thy lord is of so high prudence,  
Because of which men shulde him reverence,  
That of his worship rekketh he so lite;  
His overest sloppe it is not worth a mite  
As in effect to him, so mote I go;  
It is all haudy<sup>1</sup> and to-tore<sup>2</sup> also.

Why is thy lord so sluttish I thee preye,  
And is of power better cloth to beye,  
If that his dede acorded with thy speche?  
Telle me that, and that I thee beseche.

Why? quod this yeman, wherto axe ye me?  
God helpe me so, for he shal never the.<sup>3</sup>  
(But I wol not avowen that I say,  
And therfore kepe it secree I you pray)  
He is to wise in faith, as I beleve.  
Thing that is overdon, it wol not preve  
Aright, as clerkes sain, it is a vice;  
Wherfore in that I hold him lewed and nica.  
For whan a man hath overgret a wit,  
Ful oft him happeth to misusen it:  
So doth my lord, and that me greveth sore.  
God it amende, I can say now no more.

Therof no force, good yeman, quod our host,  
Sin of the conning of thy lord thou wost,  
Telle how he doth, I pray thee hertily,  
Sin that he is so crafty and so aly.  
Wher dwellen ye, if it to tellen be?

In the subarbes of a toun, quod he,  
Lurking in hernes<sup>4</sup> and in lanes blinde,  
Wheras thise robbours and thise theves by kinde  
Holden hir privee fereful residence,  
As they that dare not shewen hir presence,  
So faren we, if I shal say the sothe.

Yet, quod our hoste, let me talken to the;  
Why art thou so discoloured of thy face?

Peter, quod he, God yeve it harde grace,  
I am so used the hote fire to blow,  
That it hath changed my colour I trow;

<sup>1</sup> Dirty.  
<sup>2</sup> Torna.

<sup>3</sup> Torn.  
<sup>4</sup> Corners.



I n'am not wont in no mirroure to prie,  
But swinke sore, and lerne to multiplie.  
We blundren ever, and poren in the fire,  
And for all that we faille of our desire,  
For ever we lacken our conclusion.  
To mochel folk we don illusion,  
And borwe gold, be it a pound or two,  
Or ten or twelve, or many sommes mo,  
And make hem wenen at the leste wey,  
That of a pound we connen maken twey,  
Yet is it false; and ay we han good hope  
It for to don, and after it we grope:  
But that science is so fer us besorne,  
We mowen not, although we had it sworne  
It overtake, it slit away so fast;  
It wol us maken beggers at the last.

While this yeman was thus in his talkin,  
This Chanon drow him nere, and herd all  
Which this yeman spake, for suspecion  
Of mennes speche ever had this Chanon:  
For Caton sayth, that he that gilty is,  
Demeth all thing be spoken of him ywis:  
That was the cause, he gan so nigh him dre  
To his yeman, to herken all his sawe,  
And thus he saide unto his yeman tho;  
Hold thou thy pees, and speke no wordes;  
For if thou do, thou shalt it dere abie.

Thou sclaunderest me here in this compaign  
And eke discoverest that thou shuldest hit

Ye, quod our hoste, tell on, what so beti  
Of all his threkening recke not a mite.

In faith, quod he, no more I do but lye.  
And whan this Chanon saw it wold not be  
But his yeman wold tell his privetee,  
He fled away for veray sorwe and shame.

A, quod the yeman, here shal rise a gam  
All that I can anon I wol you telle,  
Sin he is gon; the foule fend him quelle;  
For never hereafter wol I with him mete  
For peny ne for pound, I you behete.

He that me broughte first unto that game,  
Er that he die, sorwe have he and shame.

For it it is earnest to me by faith;  
That fele I wel, what that any man saith;

And yet for all my smert, and all my grief,  
 For all my sorwe, labour, and meschief,  
 I coude never leve it in no wise.  
 Now wolde God my wit mighte suffice  
 To tellen all that longeth to that art;  
 But natheles, yet wol I tellen part;  
 Sin that my lord is gon, I wol not spare,  
 Swiche thing as that I know, I wol declare.

### The Chanones Yemannes Tale.

With this Chanon I dwelt have seven yere,  
 And of his science am I never the nere:  
 All that I had, I have ylost therby,  
 And God wot, so han many mo than I.  
 Ther I was wont to be right fresh and gay  
 Of clothing, and of other good array,  
 Now may I were an hose upon min hed;  
 And wher my colour was both fresh and red,  
 Now is it wan, and of a leden hewe;  
 (Who so it useth, so shal he it rewe)  
 And of my swiuke yet blered is min eye;  
 Lo which advantage is to multiplie!  
 That sliding science hath me made so bare,  
 That I have no good, wher that ever I fare;  
 And yet I am endetted so therby  
 Of gold, that I have borwed trewely,  
 That while I live, I shal it quiten never;  
 Let every man be ware by me for ever.  
 What maner man that casteth him therto,  
 If he continue, I hold his thrift ydo;  
 So help me God, therby shal he nat winne,  
 But empte his purse, and make his wittes thinne.  
 And whan he, thurgh his madnesse and folie,  
 Hath lost his owen good thurgh jupartie,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> So MS. C. i. I have followed it, as it comes nearest to the true original of our word *jeopardie*, which our etymologists have sadly mistaken. They deduce it from *J'ai perdu*, or *Jeu perdu*; but I rather believe it to be a corruption of *Jeu parti*. A *jeu parti* is properly a game, in which the chances are exactly even. See Frohman, v. i. c. 284. Its

Than he exciteth other folk therto,  
 To lese hir good as he himself hath do,  
 For unto shrewes joye it is and ese  
 To have hir felawes in peine and disese.  
 Thus was I ones lerned of a clerk ;  
 Of that no charge ; I wol speke of our werk.

Whan we be ther as we shuln exercise  
 Our elvish craft, we semen wonder wise,  
 Our termes ben so clerghial and queinte,  
 I blow the fire til that myn herte feinte.  
 What shuld I tellen eche proportion  
 Of thinges, whiche that we werchen upon,  
 As on five or six unces, may wel be,  
 Of silver, or som other quantitee ?  
 And besie me to tellen you the names,  
 As orpiment, brent bones, yren squames,<sup>1</sup>  
 That into poudre grounden ben ful smal ?  
 And in an erthen pot how put is al,  
 And salt yput in, and also pepere,  
 Beforn thise poudres that I speke of here,  
 And wel ycovered with a lampe of glas ?  
 And of moche other thing which that ther was ?  
 And of the pottes and glasses englutynge,<sup>2</sup>  
 That of the aire might passen out no thing ?  
 And of the esy fire, and smert also,  
 Which that was made ? and of the care and wo,  
 That we had in our materes subliming,  
 And in amalgaming, and calcening  
 Of quiksilver, ycleped mercurie crude ?  
 For all our sleightes we can not concluden.  
 Our orpiment, and sublimed mercurie,  
 Our grounden litarge eke on the porphurie,  
 Of eche of thise of unces a certain  
 Not helpeth us, our labour is in vain,  
 Ne, neyther our spirites ascentioun,  
 Ne our materes that lien al fix adoun,  
 Mown in our working nothing us availle ;  
 For lost is all our labour and travaille,

*n'estoient pas à jeu parti* contre les François, v. ii. c. 9, et nous les voyons à *jeu parti*. From hence it signifies anything uncertain, or hazardous. In the old French poetry, the discussion of a problem, where much might be said on both sides, was called a *jeu parti*. See *Poemes du Roy de Navarre*, Chanson xlviii. and *Gloss.* in v. See also *De Cange* in v. *Jocus PARTITUS*.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>1</sup> Scales.

<sup>2</sup> Stopping with clay.

And all the cost a twenty devil way  
Is lost also, which we upon it lay.

Ther is also ful many another thing,  
That is unto our craft apperteining,  
Though I by ordre hem nat rehersen can,  
Because that I am a lewed<sup>1</sup> man,  
Yet wol I telle hem, as they come to minde,  
Though I ne cannot set hem in hir kinde,  
As bole armoniak, verdegrese, boras;  
And sondry vessels made of erthe and glas,  
Our urinales, and our descensories,  
Viols, croslettes, and sublimatories,  
Cucuribtes,<sup>2</sup> and alembikes eke,  
And other swiche gere, dere ynough a leke,  
What nedeth it for to rehearse hem alle?  
Wateres rubifying, and bolles galle,  
Arsenik, sal armoniak, and brimston?  
And herbes coude I tell eke many on,  
As egremoine,<sup>3</sup> valerian, and lunarie,<sup>4</sup>  
And other swiche, if that me list to tarie;  
Our lampes brenning bothe night and day,  
To bring about our craft if that we may;  
Our fourneis eke of calcination,  
And of wateres albification,  
Unslekked lime, chalk, and gleire of an ey,<sup>5</sup>  
Poudres divers, ashes, dong, pisse, and cloy,  
Sered<sup>6</sup> pokettes, sal peter, and vitriole;  
And divers fires made of wode and cole;  
Sal tartre, alcaly, and salt preparat,  
And combust materes, and coagulat;  
Cley made with hors and mannes here, and offe  
Of tartre, alum, glas, berme,<sup>7</sup> wort, and argoile,<sup>8</sup>  
Rosalgars,<sup>9</sup> and other materes enbibing;  
And eke of our materes encorporing,  
And of our silver citrination,  
Our cementing, and fermentation,  
Our ingottes, testes, and many thinges mo.

I wol you tell as was me taught also  
The foure spirites, and the bodlies sevene  
By ordre, as oft I herd my lord hem nevene.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Simple, ignorant.<sup>4</sup> Moon-wort.<sup>6</sup> Dry.<sup>9</sup> Red arsenic.<sup>2</sup> Crucibles.<sup>5</sup> Glaire, or white of an egg.<sup>7</sup> Yeast.<sup>3</sup> Agrimony.<sup>8</sup> Potter's clay.<sup>10</sup> Name.

The firste spirit quiksilver cleped is;  
The second orpiment; the thridde ywis  
Sal armoniak, and the fourth brimston.

The bodies sevene eke, lo hem here anon.  
Sol gold is, and Luna silver we threpe;  
Mars iren, Mercurie quiksilver we clepe:  
Saturnus led, and Jupiter is tin,  
And Venus coper, by my fader kin.

This cursed craft who so wol exercise,  
He shal no good have, that him may suffice,  
For all the good he spendeth therabouts  
He lesen shal, therof have I no doute.  
Who so that listeth uttren his folie,  
Let him come forth and lernen multiplie:  
And every man that hath ought in his cofre,  
Let him appere, and wex a philosophre,  
Ascaunce<sup>1</sup> that craft is so light to lere.  
Nay, nay, God wot, al be he monk or frere,  
Prest or chanon, or any other wight,  
Though he sit at his book both day and night  
In lerning of this elvish nice lore,  
All is in vain, and parde mochel more  
To lerne a lewed man this subtiltee;  
Fie, speke not therof, for it wol not be.  
And conne he letterure, or conne he non,  
As in effect, he shal finde it all on;  
For bothe two by my salvation  
Concluden in multiplication  
Ylike wel, whan they have all ydo;  
This is to sain, they failen bothe two.

Yet forgate I to maken rehersaile  
Of waters corosif, and of limaile,<sup>2</sup>  
And of bodies mollification,  
And also of hir induration,  
Oiles, ablusions, metal fusible,  
To tellen all, wold passen any bible,  
That o wher is; wherfore as for the best  
Of all thise names now wol I me rest;  
For as I trow, I have you told ynow  
To reise a fend, al loke he never so row.

A, nay, let be; the philosophres ston,  
Elixer cleped, we seken fast eche on,

<sup>1</sup> See Tyrwhitt's note on vs. 7827.

<sup>2</sup> Filaga.

For had we him, than were we siker ynow;  
 But unto God of heven I make avow,  
 For all our craft, whan we han all ydo,  
 And all our sleight, he wol not come us to.  
 He hath ymade us spenden mochel good,  
 For sorwe of which almost we waxen wood,  
 But that good hope crepeth in our herte,  
 Supposing ever, though we sore smerte,  
 To ben releved of him afterward.  
 Swiche supposing and hope is sharpe and hard.  
 I warne you wel it is to seken ever.  
 That future *temps*<sup>1</sup> hath made men dissever,  
 In trust therof, from all that ever they had,  
 Yet of that art they conne not waxen sad,  
 For unto hem it is a bitter swete;  
 So semeth it; for ne had they but a shete  
 Which that they might wrappen hem in a-night,  
 And a bratt<sup>2</sup> to walken in by day-light,  
 They wold hem sell, and spend it on this craft;  
 They conne not stinten, til no thing be left.  
 And evermore, wher ever that they gon,  
 Men may hem kennen by smell of brimston;  
 For all the world they stinken as a gote;  
 Hir savour is so rammish and so hote,  
 That though a man a mile from hem be,  
 The savour wol enfect him, trusteth me.

Lo, thus by smelling and thred-bare array,  
 If that men list, this folk they knowen may.  
 And if a man wol axe hem prively,  
 Why they be clothed so unthriftily,  
 They right anon wol rounen<sup>3</sup> in his ere,  
 And saien, if that they espied were,  
 Men wolde hem sle, because of hir science:  
 Lo, thus thise folk betraien innocence.

Passé over this, I go my tale unto.  
 Er that the pot be on the fire ydo  
 Of metals with a certain quantitee,  
 My lord hem tempereth, and no man but he;  
 (Now he is gon, I dare say boldely)  
 For as men sain, he can don craftily;  
 Algate I wote wel he hath swiche a name,  
 And yet ful oft he reunneth in a blame;

<sup>1</sup> Time.<sup>2</sup> Coarse mantle.<sup>3</sup> Whisper.

And wete ye how þat ful oft it falleth so,  
 The pot to-breketh, and farewel all is go.  
 Thise metales ben of so gret violence,  
 Our walles may not make hem resistance,  
 But if they weren wrought of lime and ston;  
 They percen so, that thurgh the wall they gon;  
 And som of hem sinke down into the ground,  
 (Thus have we lost by times many a pound)  
 And som are scatered all the flore aboute;  
 Som lepen into the roof withouten doute.  
 Though that the fend not in our sight him shewe,  
 I trow that he be with us, thilke shrew,  
 In helle, wher that he is lord and sire,  
 Ne is ther no more wo, rancour, ne ire.  
 Whan that our pot is broke, as I have sayde,  
 Every man chit,<sup>1</sup> and bolt him evil apayde.  
 Som sayd it was long on the fire-making;  
 Som sayd nay, it was long on the blowing;  
 (Than was I ferd, for that was min office)  
 Straw, quod the thridde, ye ben lewed and nice,  
 It was not tempred as it ought to be.  
 Nay, quod the fourthe, stint and herken me;  
 Because our fire was not made of beche,  
 That is the cause, and other non, so the icha.<sup>2</sup>  
 I can not tell wheron it was along,  
 But wel I wot gret strif is us among.  
 What? quod my lord, ther n'is no more to don,  
 Of thise perils I wol beware eftsona.  
 I am right siker,<sup>3</sup> that the pot was crased.<sup>4</sup>  
 Be as be may, be ye no thing amased.  
 As usage is, let swepe the flore as swithe,<sup>5</sup>  
 Plucke up your hertes and be glad and blithe.  
 The mullok<sup>6</sup> on an hepe ysweped was,  
 And on the flore ycast a canevas,<sup>7</sup>  
 And all this mullok in a sive ythrowe,  
 And sifted, and ypicked many a throwe.<sup>8</sup>  
 Parde, quod on, somewhat of our metall  
 Yet is ther here, though that we have not all.  
 And though this thing mishapped hath as now,  
 Another time it may be wel ynow.

<sup>1</sup> Chides.<sup>2</sup> Sure.<sup>3</sup> Hastily, quickly.<sup>4</sup> Canvas.<sup>5</sup> So may I thrive.<sup>6</sup> Ercast, broken.<sup>7</sup> Dung, rubbish.<sup>8</sup> Time.

We mosten put our good in aventure;  
 A marchant parde may not ay endure,  
 Trusteth me wel, in his prosperitee:  
 Somtime his good is drenched in the see,  
 And somtime cometh it sauf unto the lond.

Pees, quod my lord, the next time I wol fond  
 To bring our craft all in another plite,  
 And but I do, sires, let me have the wite:  
 Ther was defaute in somewhat, wel I wote.

Another sayd, the fire was over hote.  
 But be it hote or cold, I dare say this,  
 That we concluden ever more amis:  
 We faille alway of that which we wold have,  
 And in our madnesse evermore we rave.  
 And whan we be together everich on,  
 Every man semeth a Salomon.  
 But all thing, which that shineth as the gold,  
 Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told;  
 Ne every apple that is faire at eye,  
 Ne is not good, what so men clap or crie.  
 Right so, lo, fareth it amonges us.  
 He that semeth the wisest by Jesus  
 Is most fool, whan it cometh to the prefe;  
 And he that semeth trewest, is a thefe.  
 That shal ye know, or that I from you wende,  
 By that I of my tale have made an ende.

Ther was a chanon of religioun  
 Amonges us, wold enfect all a toun,  
 Though it as gret were as was Ninive,  
 Rome, Alisaundre, Troie, or other three.  
 His sleighes and his infinite falsenesse  
 Ther coude no man writen, as I gesse,  
 Though that he mighte live a thousand yere;  
 In all this world of falsenesse n'is his pere.  
 For in his termes he wol him so winde,  
 And speke his wordes in so alie a kinde,  
 Whan he comunen shal with any wight,  
 That he wol make him doten anon right,<sup>1</sup>  
 But it a fend be, as himselven is.  
 Ful many a man hath he begiled er this,  
 And wol, if that he may live any while:  
 And yet men gon and riden many a mile

<sup>1</sup> Make him mad straightway.

Him for to sake, and have his acquaintance,  
 Not knowing of his false governance.  
 And if you lust to yeve me audience,  
 I wol it tellen here in your presence.

But, worshipful Chanons religious,  
 Ne demeth not that I sclander your hous,  
 Although that my tale of a Chanon be.  
 Of every order som shrew is parde :  
 And God forbade that all a compaignie  
 Shuld rewe a singuler mannes folie.  
 To sclander you is no thing min entant,  
 But to correcten that is mis I ment.  
 This tale was not only told for you,  
 But eke for other me : ye wote wel how  
 That among Cristes aposteles twelve  
 Ther was no traitour but Judas himselfe :  
 Than why shuld al the remenant have blame,  
 That guiltles were ? by you I say the same.  
 Save only this, if ye wol herken me,  
 If any Judas in your covent be,  
 Remeveth him betimes, I you rede,  
 If shame or los may causen any drede.  
 And be no thing displeased I you pray,  
 But in this cas herkeneth what I say.

In London was a preest, an annuellere,<sup>1</sup>  
 That therin dwelled hadde many a yere,  
 Which was so plesant and so servisable  
 Unto the wif, ther as he was at table,  
 That she wold suffer him no thing to pay  
 For borde ne clothing, went he never so gay ;  
 And spending silver had he right ynow :  
 Therof no force ; I wol proceed as now,  
 And tellen forth my tale of the Chanon,  
 That broughte this preest to confusion.

<sup>1</sup> They were called *annuellers*, not from their receiving a yearly stipend, as the Glom. explains it, but from their being employed solely in singing *annualls*, or *anniversary Masses*, for the dead, without any care of souls. See the Stat. 36 Edw. III. c. viii. where the *Chapelleins Parochials* are distinguished from others *chantans annualls*, *et a cure d'es almes nient entendantz*. They were both to receive yearly stipends, but the former was allowed to take six marks, and the latter only five. Compare Stat. 3. H. V. St. 2. c. 2, where the stipend of the *Chapellein Parochial* is raised to eight marks, and that of the *Chapellein annueller* (so is he named in the statute) to seven.—Tyndal.

This false Chanon came upon a day  
Unto the preestes chambre, ther he lay,  
Beseeching him to lene him a certain<sup>1</sup>  
Of gold, and he wold quite it him again.  
Lene me a mark, quod he, but dayes three,  
And at my day I wol it quiten thee.  
And if it so be, that thou finde me false,  
Another day hang me up by the halse.<sup>2</sup>

This preest him toke a marke, and that as swith,  
And this Chanon him thanked often sith,  
And toke his leve, and wente forth his wey:  
And at the thridde day brought his money;  
And to the preest he toke his gold again,  
Wherof this preest was wonder glad and fain.

Certes, quod he, nothing anoieth me  
To lene a man a noble, or two, or three,  
Or what thing were in my possession,  
Whan he so trewe is of condition,  
That in no wise he breken wol his day:  
To swiche a man I can never say nay.

What? quod this Chanon, shuld I be untrewe?  
Nay, that were thing fallen al of the newe.  
Trowth is a thing that I wol ever kepe  
Unto the day in which that I shal crepe  
Into my grave, and elles God forbede:  
Beleveth this as siker<sup>3</sup> as your crede.  
God thanke I, and in good time be it sayde,  
That ther n'as never man yet evil apayde  
For gold ne silver that he to me lent,  
Ne never falshede in min herte I ment.

And, sire, (quod he) now of my privetee,  
Sin ye so goodlich have ben unto me,  
And kithed<sup>4</sup> to me so gret gentillesse,  
Somwhat, to quiten with your kindenesse,  
I wol you shewe, and if you lust to lere  
I wol you techen plainly the manere,  
How I can werken in philosophie.  
Taketh good heed, ye shuln wel sen at eye,  
That I wol do a maistrie or I go.

Ye? quod the preest, ye, sire, and wol ye so?  
Mary therof I pray you hertily.

At your commandement, sire, trewely,

<sup>1</sup> I. e., a certain sum.  
<sup>2</sup> Surely.

<sup>3</sup> Neek.  
<sup>4</sup> Shown.

Quod the Chanon, and elles God forbede.  
 Lo, how this thefe coude his service bede.<sup>1</sup>  
 Ful soth it is that swiche profered service  
 Stinketh, as witnessen thise olde wise ;  
 And that ful sone I wol it verifie  
 In this Chanon, rote of all trecherie,  
 That evermore delight hath and gladnesse  
 (Swiche fendly thoughtes in his herte emprent)  
 How Cristes peple he may to meschief bring.  
 God kepe us from his false dissimuling.  
 Nought wiste this preest with whom that he delt,  
 Ne of his harme coming nothing he felt.  
 O sely preest, o sely innocent,  
 With covetise anon thou shalt be blant ;  
 O graceles, ful blind is thy conceite,  
 For nothing art thou ware of the disceite,  
 Which that this fox yshapen hath to thee ;  
 His wily wrenches thou ne mayst not flea.  
 Wherefore to go to the conclusion  
 That referreth to thy confusion,  
 Unhappy man, anon I wol me hie  
 To tellen thin unwit and thy folie,  
 And eke the falsenesse of that other wretch,  
 As ferforth as that my conning wol stretch.  
 This Chanon was my lord, ye wolden wene ;  
 Sire hoste, in faith, and by the heven quene,  
 It was another Chanon, and not he,  
 That can an hundred part more subtiltee.  
 He hath betraied folkes many a time ;  
 Of his falsenesse it dulleth me to rime.  
 Ever whan that I speke of his falshede  
 For shame of him my chekes waxen rede ;  
 Algates they begynnen for to glowe,  
 For rednesse have I non, right wel I knowe,  
 In my visage, for fumes diverse  
 Of metals, which ye have herd me reherse,  
 Consumed han and wasted my rednesse.  
 Now take hede of this Chanons cursednesse.  
 Sire, quod the Chanon, let your yeman gon  
 For quiksilver, that we it had anon ;  
 And let him bringen unces two or three ;  
 And whan he cometh, as faste shul ye see

A wonder thing, which ye saw never er this.

Sire, quod the preest, it shal be don ywis.  
He bad his servant fetchen him this thing,  
And he al redy was at his bidding,  
And went him forth, and came anon again  
With this quiksilver, shortly for to sain,  
And toke thise unces three to the Chanoun;  
And he hem laide wel and faire adoun,  
And bad the servant coles for to bring,  
That he anon might go to his werking.

The coles right anon weren yfet,  
And this Chanon toke out a crosselet  
Of his bosome, and shewed it to the preest.  
This instrument, quod he, which that thou seest,  
Take in thyn hond, and put thyself therin  
Of this quiksilver an unce, and here begin  
In the name of Crist to wex a philosophre.  
Ther be ful fewe, which that I wolde proire  
To shewen hem thus muche of my science:  
For here shul ye see by experience,  
That this quiksilver I wol mortifie,  
Right in your sight anon withouten lie,  
And make it as good silver and as fine,  
As ther is any in your purse or mine,  
Or elles wher; and make it malliable;  
And elles holdeth me false and unable  
Amonges folk for ever to appere.

I have a poulder here that cost me dere,  
Shal make all good, for it is cause of all  
My conning, which that I you shewen shall.  
Voideth your man, and let him be therout;  
And shet the dore, while we ben about  
Our privetee, that no man us espie,  
While that we werke in this philosophie.

All, as he bade, fulfilled was in dede.  
This ilke servant anon right out yede,  
And his maister shette the dore anon,  
And to hir labour spedily they gon.

This preest at this cursed Chanons bidding,  
Upon the fire anon he set this thing,  
And blew the fire, and besied him ful fast.  
And this Chanon into the crosselet<sup>1</sup> cast

<sup>1</sup> Crucible.

A poulder, n'ot I never wherof it was  
 Ymade, other of chalk, other of glas,  
 Or somewhat elles, was not worth a flie,  
 To blinden with this preest; and bade him his  
 The coles for to couchen all above  
 The crosselet; for in tokening I thes love  
 (Quod this Chanon) thine owen hondes two  
 Shal werken all thing which that here is do.

*Grand mercy*, quod the preest, and was ful glad,  
 And couched<sup>1</sup> the coles as the Chanon bad.  
 And while he besy was, this fendly wretch,  
 This false Chanon (the foule fend him fetch)  
 Out of his bosom toke a bechen cole,  
 In which ful subtilly was made an hole,  
 And therin put was of silver limaile<sup>2</sup>  
 An unce, and stopped was withouten faille  
 The hole with wax, to kepe the limaile in.

And understandeth, that this false gin  
 Was not made ther, but it was made before;  
 And other thinges I shal tell you more  
 Hereafterward, which that he with him brought;  
 Er he came ther, him to begile he thought,  
 And so he did, or that they went atwin:  
 Til he had torned him, coud he not blin.<sup>3</sup>  
 It dulleth me, whan that I of him speke;  
 On his falshede fain wold I me awreke,  
 If I wist how, but he is here and ther,  
 He is so variaunt, he abit no wher.

But taketh hede, sires, now for Goddes love.  
 He toke his cole, of which I spake above,  
 And in his hond he bare it prively,  
 And whiles the preest couched beaily  
 The coles, as I tolde you er this,  
 This Chanon sayde; frend, ye don amis;  
 This is not couched as it ought to be,  
 But sone I shal amenden it, quod he.  
 Now let me meddle therwith but a while,  
 For of you have I pitee by Saint Gile.  
 Ye ben right hot, I see wel how ye swete;  
 Have here a cloth and wipe away the wete.

And whiles that the preest wiped his face,  
 This Chanon toke his cole, with very grace,

<sup>1</sup> Laid.<sup>2</sup> Filling.<sup>3</sup> Cried.

And laied it above on the midward  
Of the crosselet, and blew wel afterward,  
Til that the coles gonnen fast to bren.

Now yeve us drinke, quod this Chanon then,  
As swithe all shal be wel, I undertake.  
Sitte we doun, and let us mery make.  
And whanne that this Chanones bechen cole  
Was brent, all the limaile out of the hole  
Into the crosselet anon fell adoun;  
And so it muste nedes by resoun,  
Sin it above so even couched was;  
But therof wist the preest nothing, alas!  
He demed all the coles ylike good,  
For of the sleight he nothing understood.

And whan this Alkymistre saw his time,  
Riseth up, sire preest, quod he, and stondeth by me;  
And for I wote wel ingot have ye non,  
Goth, walketh forth, and bringeth a chalk ston;  
For I wol make it of the same shap,  
That is an ingot, if I may have hap.  
Bring eke with you a bolle<sup>1</sup> or elles a panne  
Ful of water, and ye shul wel see thanne  
How that our besinesse shal thrive and preve.  
And yet, for ye shul have no misbeleve  
No wrong conceit of me in your absence,  
I ne wol not ben out of your presence,  
But go with you, and come with you again.

The chambre dore, shortly for to sain,  
They opened and shet, and went hir wey,  
And forth with hem they caried the key,  
And camen again withouten any delay.  
What shuld I tarien all the longe day?  
He toke the chalk, and shope it in the wise  
Of an ingot, as I shal you devise;  
I say, he toke out of his owen sleve  
A teine<sup>2</sup> of silver (yvel mote he cheve<sup>3</sup>)  
Which that ne was but a just unce of weight.  
And taketh heed now of his cursed sleight;  
He shop his ingot, in length and in brede  
Of thilke teine, withouten any drede,  
So alily, that the preest it not espide;  
And in his sleve again he gan it hide;

*Bowl.*

<sup>2</sup> A thin plate.

<sup>3</sup> May evil be his.

And from the fire he toke up his matere,  
And in the ingot it put with mery chere:  
And in the water-vessel he it cast,  
Whan that him list, and bad the preest as fast,  
Loke what ther is; put in thin hond and grope;  
Thou shalt ther finden silver as I hope.  
What, divel of helle ' shuld it elles be!  
Shaving of silver, silver is parde.

He put his hond in, and toke up a teine  
Of silver fine, and glad in every veine  
Was this preest, whan he saw that it was so.  
Goddess blessing, and his mothers also,  
And alle Halwes, have ye, sire Chanon,  
Sayde this preest, and I hir malison,  
But, and ye vouchesauf to techen me  
This noble craft and this subtilitee,  
I wol be your in all that ever I may.

Quod the Chanon, yet wol I make assay  
The second time, that ye mow taken hede,  
And ben expert of this, and in your nede  
Another day assay in min absence  
This discipline, and this crafty sciencce.  
Let take another unce, quod he tho,  
Of quiksilver, withouten wordes mo,  
And do therwith as ye have don er this  
With that other, which that now silver is.

The preest him besieth all that ever he can  
To don as this Chanon, this cursed man,  
Commandeth him, and faate blewe the fire,  
For to come to the effect of his desire.  
And this Chanon right in the mene while  
Al redy was this preest eft' to begile,  
And for a countenance in his hond bare  
An holow stikke, (take kepe and beware)  
In the ende of which an unce and no more  
Of silver limaile put was, as before  
Was in his cole, and stopped with wax wel  
For to kepe in his limaile every del.  
And while this preest was in his besinesse,  
This Chanon with his stikke gan him dresse  
To him anon, and his powder cast in,  
As he did erat, (the devil out of his skin

Him torne, I pray to God, for his falshede,  
 For he was ever false in thought and dede)  
 And with his stikke, above the crosselet,  
 That was ordained with that false get,  
 He stirreth the coles, til relenten<sup>1</sup> gan  
 The wax again the fire, as every man,  
 But he a fool be, wote wel it mote nede.  
 And all that in the stikke was out yede,  
 And in the crosselet hastily it fell.

Now, goode sires, what wol ye bet than wel?  
 Whan that this preest was thus begiled again,  
 Supposing nought but trouthe, soth to sain,  
 He was so glad, that I can not expresse  
 In no manere his mirth and his gladnesse,  
 And to the Chanon he profered eftsone  
 Body and good: ye, quod the Chanon, sone,  
 Though poure I be, crafty thou shalt me finde:  
 I warne thee wel, yet is ther more behinde.

Is ther any copper here within? sayd he.  
 Ye, sire, quod the preest, I trow ther be.

Elles go beie us som, and that as swithe.  
 Now, goode sire, go forth thy way and hie the.

He went his way, and with the copper he came,  
 And this Chanon it in his hondes name,  
 And of that copper weyed out an unce.  
 To simple is my tonge to pronounce,  
 As minister of my wit, the doublenesse  
 Of this Chanon, rote of all cursednesse.  
 He semed frendly, to hem that knew him nought,  
 But he was fendly, both in werk and thought.  
 It werieth me to tell of his falsenesse;  
 And natheles yet wol I it expresse,  
 To that entent men may beware therby,  
 And for non other cause trewely

He put this copper into the crosselet,  
 And on the fire as swithe he hath it set,  
 And cast in poudre, and made the preest to blow,  
 And in his werking for to stoupen low,  
 As he did erst, and all n'as but a jape;  
 Right as him list the preest he made his ape.  
 And afterward in the ingot he it cast,  
 And in the panne put it at the last

Of water, and in he put his owen hond;  
 And in his sleve, as ye beforen hond  
 Herde me tell, he had a silver teine;  
 He slyly toke it out, this cursed heine,  
 (Unweting this preest of his false craft)  
 And in the pannes botome he it laft.  
 And in the water rombleth to and fro,  
 And wonder prively toke up also  
 The copper teine, (not knowing thilke preest)  
 And hid it, and him hente by the brest,  
 And to him spake, and thus said in his game;  
 Stoupeth adoun; by God ye be to blame;  
 Helpeth me now, as I did you whilere;  
 Put in your hond, and loketh what is there.

This preest toke up this silver teine anon;  
 And thanne said the Chanon, let us gon  
 With thise three teines which that we han wrought,  
 To som goldsmith, and wete if they ben ought:  
 For by my faith I n'olde for my hood  
 But if they weren silver fine and good,  
 And that as swithe wel proved shal it be

Unto the goldsmith with thise teines three  
 They went anon, and put hem in assay  
 To fire and hammer: might no man say nay,  
 But that they weren as hem ought to be.

This soted preest, who was gladder than he;  
 Was never brid gladder agains the day,  
 Ne nightingale in the seson of May  
 Was never non, that list better to sing,  
 Ne lady lustier in carolling,  
 Or for to speke of love and womanhede,  
 Ne knight in armes don a hardy dede  
 To stonden in grace of his lady dera,  
 Than hadde this preest this craft for to lere;  
 And to the Chanon thus he spake and seid;  
 For the love of God, that for us alle deied,  
 And as I may deserve it unto you,  
 What shal this receit cost? telleth me now.

By our lady, quod this Chanon, it is dera.  
 I warne you wel, that, save I and a frere,  
 In Englelond ther can no man it make.

No force, quod he; now, sire, for Goddes sake,  
 What shall I pay? telleth me, I you pray.

Ywis, quod he, it is ful dera I say.

Sire, at o word, if that you list it have,  
Ye shal pay fourty pound, so God me save;  
And n'ere the frendship that ye did er this  
To me, ye shulden payen more ywis.

This preest the sum of fourty pound anon  
Of nobles let, and toke hem everich on  
To this Chanon, for this ilke receit.  
All his werking n'as but fraud and deceit.

Sire preest, he said, I kepe for to have no loos  
Of my craft, for I wold it were kept cloos;  
And as ye love me, kepeth it secree:  
For if men knewen all my subtiltee,  
By God they wolden have so gret envie  
To me, because of my philosophie,  
I shuld be ded, ther were non other way.

God it forbede, quod the preest, what ye say  
Yet had I lever spenden all the good  
Which that I have, (and elles were I wood)  
Than that ye shuld fallen in swiche meschefe.

For your good will, sire, have ye right good prefe,  
Quod the Chanon, and farewel, *grand mercy*.  
He went his way. and never the preest him sey  
After that day: and whan that this preest shold  
Maken assay, at swiche time as he wold,  
Of this receit, farewel, it n'olde not be  
Lo, thus bejaped and begiled was he;  
Thus maketh he his introduction  
To bringen folk to hir destruction.

Considereth, sires, how that in eche estate  
Betwixen men and gold ther is debat,  
So ferforth that unnethes is ther non.  
This multiplying so blint many on,  
That in good faith I trowe that it be  
The cause gretest of swiche scarsitee.  
Thise philosophres speke so mistily  
In this craft, that men cannot come therby,  
For any wit that men have now adayes.  
They mow wel chateren, as don thise jayes,  
And in hir termes set hir lust and peine,  
But to hir <sup>1</sup> purpos shul they never atteine.  
A man may lightly lerne, if he have ought,  
To multiplie, and bring his good to nought.  
Lo, swiche a lucre is in this lusty game;  
A mannes mirth it wol turne al to grame.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Grief.

And emptien also gret and hevy purses,  
 And maken folk for to purchasen curses  
 Of hem, that han therto hir good ylent.  
 O, ty for shame, they that han be brent,  
 Alas! can they not flee the fires hete?  
 Ye that it use, I rede that ye it lete,  
 Lest ye lese all; for bet than never is late:  
 Never to thriven, were to long a date.  
 Though ye prolle<sup>1</sup> ay, ye shul it never find:  
 Ye ben as bold as is Bayard the blind,<sup>2</sup>  
 That blondereth forth, and peril casteth non;  
 He is as bold to renne agains a ston,  
 As for to go besides in the way:  
 So faren ye that multiplien, I say.  
 If that your eyen cannot seen aright,  
 Loketh that youre mind lacke not his sight,  
 For though ye loken never so brode and stare,  
 Ye shul not win a mite on that chaffue,  
 But wasten all that ye may rape and renne.  
 Withdraw the fire, lest it to faste brenne;  
 Medleth no more with that art, I mene;  
 For if ye don, your thrift is gon ful clene.  
 And right as swithe I wol you tellen here  
 What philosophres sain in this matere.

Lo, thus saith Arnolde of the newe toun,  
 As his Rosarie maketh mentioun,  
 He saith right thus, withouten any lie;  
 Ther may no man Mercurie mortifie,  
 But it be with his brothers knowleching.

Lo, how that he, which firste said this thing,  
 Of philosophres father was Hermes:  
 He saith, how that the dragon douteles  
 Ne dieth not, but if that he be slain  
 With his brother. And this is for to sain,  
 By the dragon Mercury, and non other,  
 He understood, and brimstone by his brother,  
 That out of Sol and Luna were ydrawe.

And therefore, said he, take heed to my sawe.  
 Let no man besie him this art to seche,  
 But if that he the entention and speche  
 Of philosophres understanden can;  
 And if he do, he is a lewed man.

<sup>1</sup> Prowl, hunt about.

<sup>2</sup> I. e., a blind horse.

For this science and this conning (quod he)  
Is of the secree of secrees<sup>1</sup> parde.

Also ther was a disciple of Plato,  
That on a time said his maister to,  
As his book Senior<sup>2</sup> wol bere witnesse,  
And this was his demand in sothfastnesse:  
Telle me the name of thilke privee ston.

And Plato answerd unto him anon;  
Take the ston that Titanos men name.  
Which is that? quod he. Magnetia is the same,  
Saide Plato. Ye, sire, and is it thus?  
This is *ignotum per ignotius*.

What is Magnetia, good sire, I pray?

It is a water that is made, I say,  
Of the elementes foure, quod Plato.

Tell me the rote, good sire, quod he tho,  
Of that water, if that it be your will.

Nay, nay, quod Plato, certain that I n'ill.  
The philosophres were sworne everich on,  
That they ne shuld discover it unto non,  
Ne in no book it write in no manere;  
For unto God it is so lefe and dere,  
That he wol not that it discovered be,  
But wher it liketh to his deitee  
Man for to enspire, and eke for to defende  
Whom that him liketh; lo, this is the ende.

<sup>1</sup> He alludes to a treatise, entitled, *Secreta Secretorum*, which was supposed to contain the sum of Aristotle's instructions to Alexander. See Fabric. Bibl. Gr. v. ii. p. 167. It was very popular in the middle ages. Egidius de Columna, a famous divine and bishop, about the latter end of the XIIIth century, built upon it his book *De Regimine principum*, of which our Oocleve made a free translation in English verse, and addressed it to Henry V., while Prince of Wales. A part of Lydgate's translation of the *Secreta Secretorum* is printed in Ashmole's *Theat. Chem. Brit.* p. 397. He did not translate more than about half of it, being prevented by death. See MS. Harl. 2251, and Tanner, *Bib. Brit.* in v. LYDGATE. The greatest part of the VIIIth Book of Gower's *Conf. Amant.* is taken from this supposed work of Aristotle.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>2</sup> The book alluded to is printed in the *Theatrum Chemicum*, vol. v., p. 19, under this title, "Senioris Zadith fil. Hamuells tabula Chymica." The story which follows of Plato and his disciple is there told (p. 249), with some variations, of Salomon. "Dixit Salomon rex, Recipe lapidem ut dicatur Thitaris—Dixit sapiens, Assigna mihi illum. Dixit, est corpus magnesia—Dixit, quid est magnesia? Respondit, magnesia est gres, composita," &c.—*Tyrwhitt*.

Than this conclude I, sin that God of heven  
Ne wol not that the philosophres neven,  
How that a man shal come unto this ston,  
I rede as for the best to let it gon.  
For who so maketh God his adversary,  
As for to werken any thing in contrary  
Of his will, certes never shal he thrive,  
Though that he multiply terme of his live.  
And ther a point; for ended is my tale.  
God send every good man bote of his bale.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Help for his evil or trouble.

## THE MANCIPLES PROLOGUE

16950-16977.

WERE ye not wher stondeth a litel toun,  
 Which that ycleped is Bob up and down,<sup>1</sup>  
 Under the blee,<sup>2</sup> in Canterbury way?  
 Ther gan our hoste to jape and to play,  
 And sayde; sires, what? Dun is in the mire.<sup>3</sup>  
 Is ther no man for praiere ne for hire,  
 That wol awaken our felaw behind?  
 A thefe him might ful lightly rob and bind.  
 See how he nappeth, see, for cockes bones,  
 As he wold fallen from his hors atones.  
 Is that a coke of London, with meschance?  
 Do him come forth, he knoweth his penance;  
 For he shal tell a tale by my fey,  
 Although it be not worth a botel hey.  
 Awake thou coke, quod he, God yeve thee sorwe,  
 What aileth thee to slepen by the morwe?<sup>4</sup>  
 Hast thou had fleen<sup>5</sup> al night, or art thou dronke?  
 Or hast thou with som quene al night yswonke,  
 So that thou mayst not holden up thin hed?

This coke, that was ful pale and nothing red,  
 Sayd to our hoste; so God my soule blesse,  
 As ther is falle on me swiche hevinesse,  
 N'ot I nat why, that me were lever to slepe,  
 Than the best gallon wine that is in Chepe.

Wel, quod the Manciple, if it may don ese  
 To thee, sire Coke, and to no wight displese,  
 Which that here rideth in this compaignie,  
 And that our hoste wol of his curtesie,

<sup>1</sup> Not marked in ordinary maps.<sup>2</sup> A forest in Kent.<sup>3</sup> There is a proverbial saying: "As dull as Dun in the mire."<sup>4</sup> This must be understood generally for *the day time*; as it was then  
 mernoon. It has been observed in the Discourse, etc., § xiii., that, in  
 his episode of the Coke, no notice is taken of his having told a tale  
 ere—*Tyrantist.*<sup>5</sup> Fleas.

I wol as now excuse thee of thy tale;  
 For in good faith thy visage is ful pale:  
 Thin eyen dasen,<sup>1</sup> sothly as me thinketh,  
 And wel I wot, thy breth ful soure stinketh,  
 That sheweth wel thou art not wel disposed:  
 Of me certain thou shalt not ben yglosed.  
 See how he galpeth,<sup>2</sup> lo, this drunken wight,  
 As though he wold us swallow anon right.  
 Hold close thy mouth, man, by thy father kin:  
 The devil of helle set his foot therin!  
 Thy cursed breth enfecten woll us alle:  
 Fy stinking swine, fy, foul mote thee befalla.  
 A, taketh heed, sires, of this lusty man.  
 Now, swete sire, wol ye just at the fan?<sup>3</sup>  
 Therto, me thinketh, ye be wel yshape.  
 I trow that ye have drunken win of ape,<sup>4</sup>  
 And that is whan men playen with a straw.

And with this speche the coke waxed all wraw,  
 And on the Manciple he gan nod fast  
 For lacke of speche; and doun his hors him cast,  
 Wher as he lay, til that men him up toke.  
 This was a faire chivachee of a coke:  
 Alas that he ne had hold him by his ladell!  
 And er that he agen were in the sadel,  
 Ther was gret shoving bothe to and fro  
 To lift him up, and mochel care and wo,

<sup>1</sup> Dim.<sup>2</sup> Gapeth.<sup>3</sup> I. e., Will you tilt.

<sup>4</sup> The explanation in the Gloss. of this and the preceding passage from Mr. Speght, is too ridiculous to be repeated. *Wine of ape* I understand to mean the same as *vin de singe* in the old *Calendrier des Berges* Sign. l. ii. b. The author is treating of Physiognomy, and in his description of the four temperaments he mentions, among other circumstances, the different effects of wine upon them. The Choleric, says, *a vin de Lyon; cest a dire, quant a bien ben veult l'ameur nequet battre.*—The Sanguine, *a vin de Singe; quant a plus ben tout est p. joyeur.*—In the same manner the Phlegmatic is said to have *vin moult*, and the Melancholic *vin de porceau*.

I find the same four animals applied to illustrate the effects of wine in a little Rabbinical tradition, which I shall transcribe here from Fabric. Cod. Pseudepig. V. T. vol. i. p. 375. *Vineus plantantis Nam Salanum sejunctis memorant, qui, dum Noa vites plantaret, marcaverit ap. illas ovem, leonem, simiam, et suem. Quod principio potus tui homo instar ovis, vinum sumptum efficiat ex homine leonem, largius hausti mulct cum in saltantem simiam, ad ebrietatem infusum transformet illum pellutam et prostratam suem.* See also *Gesta Romanorum*, c. 153, where a story of the same purport is quoted from Josephus, in *libro de eorum naturalium*.—Tyrwhitt.

So unweldy was this sely palled gost:  
And to the Manciple than spake our host.

Because that drinke hath domination  
Upon this man, by my salvation  
I trow he lewedly wol tell his tale.  
For were it win, or old or moisty ale,  
That he hath dronke, he speketh in his nose,  
And sneseth fast, and eke he hath the pose.<sup>1</sup>  
He also hath to don more than ynough  
To kepe him on his capel out of the slough:  
And if he falle from of his capel eftsone,  
Than shul we alle have ynough to done  
In lifting up his hevy dronken cors.  
Tell on thy tale, of him make I no force.

But yet, Manciple, in faith thou art to nice,  
Thus openly to repreve him of his vice:  
Another day he wol paraventure  
Recleimen thee, and bring thee to the lure:  
I mene, he spoken wol of smale thinges,  
As for to pinchen at thy rekeninges,  
That were not honest, if it came to prefe.

Quod the Manciple, that were a gret meschefe:  
So might he lightly bring me in the snare.  
Yet had I lever payen for the mare,  
Which he rit on, than he shuld with me strive.  
I wol not wrathen him, so mote I thrive;  
That that I spake, I sayd it in my bourd.<sup>2</sup>  
And wete ye what? I have here in my gourd  
A draught of win, ye of a ripe grape,  
And right anon ye shul seen a good jape.  
This coke shal drinke therof, if that I may;  
Up peine of my lif he wol not say nay.

And certainly, to tellen as it waa,  
Of this vessell the coke dranke fast, (alas!  
What nedeth it? he dranke ynough beforne)  
And whan he hadde pouped in his horne,  
To the Manciple he toke the gourd again.  
And of that drinke the coke was wonder fain,  
And thonked him in swiche wise as he coude.

Than gan our hoste to laughen wonder loude,  
And sayd; I see wel it is necessary  
Wher that we gon good drinke with us to cary;

<sup>1</sup> Rheum, catarrh.

<sup>2</sup> In jest.

For that wol turnen rancour and discece  
To accord and love, and many a wrong apese.

O Bacchus, Bacchus, blessed be thy name,

That so canst turnen earnest into game;

Worship and thonke be to thy deitee.

Of that matere ye get no more of me.

Tell on thy tale, Manciple, I thee pray.

Wel, sire, quod he, now herkeneth what I say.

### The Manciple's Tale.

WHAN Phebus dwelled here in erth adoun,

As olde bookes maken mentioun,

He was the moste lusty bachelor

Of all this world, and eke the best archer.

He slow Phiton the serpent, as he lay

Sleping agains the sonne upon a day;

And many another noble worthy dede

He with his bow wrought, as men mowen rede.

Playen he coude on every minstralcie,

And singen, that it was a melodie

To heren of his clere vois the soun.

Certes the king of Thebes, Amphionn,

That with his singing walled the citee,

✓ Coud never singen half so wel as he.

Therto he was the semelieste man,

That is or was, sithen the world began;

What nedeth it his feture to deacrive?

For in this world n'is non so faire on live.

He was therewith fulfilled of gentillesse,

Of honour, and of parfite worthiness.

This Phebus, that was flour of bachelorie,

As wel in fredom, as in chivalrie,

For his disport, in signe eke of victorie

Of Phiton, so as telleth us the storie,

Was wont to beren in his hond a bowe.

Now had this Phebus in his hous a crowe,

Which in a cage he fostred many a day,

And taught it speken, as men teche a jay.

Whit was this crowe, as is a snow-whit swan,  
And contrefete the speche of every man  
He coude, whan he shulde tell a tale.  
Therwith in all this world no nightingale  
Ne coude by an hundred thousand del  
Singen so wonder merily and wel.

Now had this Phebus in his hous a wif,  
Which that he loved more than his lif,  
And night and day did ever his diligence  
Hire for to plesse, and don hire reverence:  
Save only, if that I the soth shal sain,  
Jelous he was, and wold have kept hire fain,  
For him were loth yjaped for to be;  
And so is every wight in swiche degree;  
But all for nought, for it availeth nought.  
A good wif, that is clene of werk and thought,  
Shuld not be kept in non await certain:  
And trewely the labour is in vain  
To kepe a shrewe, for it wol not be.  
This hold I for a veray nicetee,  
To spillen<sup>1</sup> labour for to kepen wives;  
Thus writen olde clerkes in hir lives.

But now to purpos, as I first began.  
This worthy Phebus doth all that he can  
To plesen hire, wening thurgh swiche plesance,  
And for his manhood and his governance,  
That no man shulde put him from hire grace:  
But God it wote, ther may no man embrace  
As to destreine a thing, which that nature  
Hath naturelly set in a creature.

Take any brid, and put it in a cage,  
And do all thin entente, and thy corage,  
To foster it tendrely with mete and drinke  
Of alle deintees that thou canst bethinke,  
And kepe it al so clenely as thou may;  
Although the cage of gold be never so gay,  
Yet had this brid, by twenty thousand fold,  
Lever in a forest, that is wilde and cold,  
Gon eten wormes, and swiche wretchednesse.  
For ever this brid will don his besinesse  
To escape out of his cage whan that he may:  
His libertee the brid desireth ay.

<sup>1</sup> Waste.

Let take a cat, and foster hire with milke  
 And tendre flesh, and make hire couche of silke,  
 And let hire see a mous go by the wall,  
 Anon she weiveth milke and flesh, and all,  
 And every deintee that is in that hous,  
 Swiche appetit hath she to ete the mous.  
 Lo, here hath kind hire domination,  
 And appetit flemeth<sup>1</sup> discretion.

A she-wolf hath also a vilains kind;  
 The lewedeeste wolf that she may find,  
 Or lest of reputation, wol she take  
 In time whan hire lust to have a make.<sup>2</sup>

All thise ensamples speke I by thise men  
 That ben untrewe, and nothing by women.  
 For men have ever a likerous appetit  
 On lower thing to parforme hir delit  
 Than on hir wives, be they never so faire,  
 Ne never so trewe, ne so debonaire.  
 Flesh is so newefangle,<sup>3</sup> with meschance,  
 That we ne con in nothing have plesance,  
 That souneth unto vertue any while.

This Phebus, which that thought upon no gile,  
 Disceived was for all his jolitee:  
 For under him another hadde she,  
 A man of litel reputation,  
 Nought worth to Phebus in comparison:  
 The more harme is; it happeth often so;  
 Of which ther cometh mochel harme and wo.

And so befell, whan Phebus was absent,  
 His wif anon hath for hire lemman sent.  
 Hire lemman? certes that is a knavish speche.  
 Foryeve it me, and that I you beseche.

The wise Plato sayth, as ye mow rede,  
 The word must nede accorden with the dede,  
 If men shul tellen proprely a thing,  
 The word must cosin be to the werking.  
 I am a boistous man, right thus say I;  
 Ther is no difference trewely  
 Betwix a wif that is of high degree,  
 (If of hire body dishonest she be)  
 And any poure wenche, other than this,  
 (If it so be they werken both amis)

<sup>1</sup> Banisheth.<sup>2</sup> Mate.<sup>3</sup> Desirous of novelty.

But, for the gentil is in estat above,  
 She shal be cleped his lady and his love;  
 And, for that other is a poure woman,  
 She shal be cleped his wenche and his lemman:  
 And God it wote, min owen dere brother,  
 Men lay as low that on as lith that other.

Right so betwix a titeles tiraunt  
 And an outlawe, or elles a thefe erraunt,  
 The same I say, ther is no difference,  
 (To Alexander told was this sentence)  
 But, for the tyrant is of greter might  
 By force of meinie for to sle down right,  
 And brennen hous and home, and make all plain,  
 Lo, therefore is he cleped a capitain;  
 And, for the outlawe hath but smale meinie,  
 And may not do so gret an harme as he,  
 Ne bring a contree to so gret meschiese,  
 Men clepen him an outlawe or a thefe.

But, for I am a man not textuel,  
 I wol not tell of textes never a del;  
 I wol go to my tale, as I began.

Whan Phebus wif had sent for hire lemman,  
 Anon they wroughten all hir lust volage.  
 This white crowe, that heng ay in the cage,  
 Beheld hir werke, and sayde never a word:  
 And whan that home was come Phebus the lord,  
 This crowe song, cuckow, cuckow, cuckow. [now?

What? brid, quod Phebus, what song singest thou  
 Ne were thou wont so merily to sing,  
 That to my herte it was a rejoysing  
 To here thy vois? alas! what song is this?

By God, quod he, I singe not amis.  
 Phebus, (quod he) for all thy worthinesse,  
 For all thy beautee, and all thy gentillesse,  
 For all thy song, and all thy minstralcie,  
 For all thy waiting, blered is thin eye,  
 With on of litel reputation,  
 Not worth to thee as in comparison  
 The mountance<sup>1</sup> of a gnat, so mote I thrive;  
 For on thy bedde thy wif I saw him swive.

What wol you more? the crowe anon him told,  
 By sade tokenes, and by wordes bold,

How that his wif had don hire lecherie  
Him to gret shame, and to gret vilanie ;  
And told him oft, he sawe it with his eyen.

This Phebus gan awayward for to wrien ;  
Him thought his wotul herte brast atwo.  
His bowe he bent, and set therin a flo ;<sup>1</sup>  
And in his ire he hath his wif yslain :  
This is the effect, ther is no more to sain.  
For sorwe of which he brake his minstralcie,  
Both harpe and lute, giterne, and sautrie ;  
And eke he brake his arwes, and his bowe ;  
And after that thus spake he to the crowe.

Traitour, quod he, with tonge of scorpion,  
Thou haast me brought to my confusion :  
Alas that I was wrought ! why n'ere I dede !

O dere wif, o gemme of lustyhede,  
That were to me so sode, and eke so trewe,  
Now liest thou ded, with face pale of howe,  
Ful gilteles, that durst I swere ywia.

O rakel hond, to do so foule a mis.  
O troubled wit, o ire reccheles,  
That unavised smitest gilteles.  
O wantrust, ful of false suspencion,  
Wher was thy wit and thy discretion ?

O, every man beware of rakelnesse,  
Ne trowe no thing withouten strong witnessse.  
Smite not to sone, er that ye weten why,  
And beth avised wel and sikerly,  
Or ye do any execution

Upon your ire for suspencion.  
Alas ! a thousand folk hath rakel ire  
Fully fardon,<sup>2</sup> and brought hem in the mira.  
Alas ! for sorwe I wol myselven ale.

And to the crowe, o false thefe, said he,  
I wol thee quite anon thy false tale.  
Thou song whilom, like any nightingale,  
Now shalt thou, false thefe, thy song forgon,  
And eke thy white fethers everich on,  
Ne never in all thy lif ne shalt thou speke ;  
Thus shul men on a traitour ben awreke.  
Thou and thin ofspring ever shul be blake,  
Ne never swete noise shul ye make,

<sup>1</sup> An arrow.

<sup>2</sup> Unfamed.

But ever crie ageins tempest and rain,  
In token, that thurgh thee my wif is slain.

And to the crowe he stert, and that anon,  
And pulled his white fethers everich on,  
And made him blak, and raft him all his song  
And eke his speche, and out at dore him flong  
Unto the devil, which I him betake ;  
And for this cause ben alle crows blake.

Lordings, by this ensample, I you pray,  
Beth ware, and taketh kepe what that ye say ;  
Ne telleth never man in all your lif,  
How that another man hath dight his wif ;  
He wol you haten mortally certain.

Dan Salomon, as wise clerkes sain,  
Techeth a man to kepe his tonge wel ;  
But as I sayd, I am not textuel.

But natheles thus taughte me my dame ;  
My sone, thinke on the crowe a Goddes name.  
My sone, kepe wel thy tonge, and kepe thy frend  
A wicked tonge is werse than a fend :

My sone, from a fende men may hem blesse.

My sone, God of his endeles goodnesse  
Walled a tonge with teeth, and lippes eke,  
For man shuld him avisen what he speke.

My sone, ful often for to mochel speche  
Hath many a man ben spilt, as clerkes teche ;  
But for a litel speche avisedly

Is no man shent, to speken generally.

My sone, thy tonge shuldest thou restreine  
At alle time, but whan thou dost thy peine  
To speke of God in honour and prayere.

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wolt lere,  
Is to restreine, and kepen wel thy tonge ;  
Thus leren children, whan that they be yonge.

My sone, of mochel speking evil avised,  
Ther lesse speking had ynough suffised,  
Cometh mochel harme ; thus was me told and taught ;  
In mochel speche sinne wanteth naught.

Wost thou wherof a rakel tonge serveth ?  
Right as a swerd forcutteth and forkerveth  
An arme atwo, my dere sone, right so  
A tonge cutteth frendship all atwo.

A jangler is to God abhominable.

Rede Salomon, so wise and honourable,

Rede David in his Psalmes, rede Senek.  
My sone, speke not, but with thyn hed thou beek,  
Dissimule as thou were defe, if that thou here  
A janglour speke of perilous matere.  
The Fleming sayth, and lerne if that thee lest,  
That litel jangling causeth mochel rest.  
My sone, if thou no wicked word hast said,  
Thee thar not dreden for to be bewraid;  
But he that hath missayd, I dare wel sain,  
He may by no way clepe his word again.<sup>1</sup>  
Thing that is sayd is sayd, and forth it goth,  
Though him repent, or be him never so loth,  
He is his thral, to whom that he hath sayd  
A tale, of which he is now evil apaid.  
My sone, beware, and be non auctour newe  
Of tidings, whether they ben false or trewe;  
Wher so thou come, amonges high or lowe,  
Kepe wel thy tonge, and thinke upon the crowe.

<sup>1</sup> Recall what he has said.

## THE PERSONES PROLOGUE.

17312-17341.

By that the Manciple had his tale ended,  
 The sonne fro the south line was descended  
 So lowe, that it ne was not to my sight  
 Degrees nine and twenty as of hight.<sup>1</sup>  
 Foure of the klok it was tho, as I gesse,  
 For enleven foot, a litel more or lesse,  
 My shadow was at thilke time, as there,  
 Of swiche feet as my lengthe parted were  
 In six feet equal of proportion.  
 Therwith the mones exaltation,  
 In mene Libra, alway gan ascende,  
 As we were entring at the thorpes<sup>2</sup> ende.  
 For which our hoste, as he was wont to gie,  
 As in this cas, our jolly compaignie,  
 Said in this wise; lordings, everich on,  
 Now lacketh us no tales mo than on.  
 Fulfilled is my sentence and my decree;  
 I trowe that we han herd of eche degree.  
 Almost fulfilled is myn ordinance;  
 I pray to God so yeve him right good chance,  
 That telleth us this tale lustily.

Sire preest, quod he, art thou a vicary?<sup>3</sup>  
 Or art thou a Person? say soth by thy fay.  
 Be what thou be, ne breke thou not our play;  
 For every man, save thou, hath told his tale.  
 Unbokel, and shew us what is in thy male.<sup>4</sup>  
 For trewely me thinketh by thy chere,  
 Thou shuldest knitte up wel a gret matere.  
 Tell us a table anon, for cockes bones.<sup>5</sup>

This Person him answered al at ones;

<sup>1</sup> See Tyrwhitt's notes.

<sup>2</sup> Village.

<sup>3</sup> A vicar.

<sup>4</sup> Wallet.

<sup>5</sup> The corruption of a familiar oath, which is more openly expressed  
 in 12639.

Thou getest fable non ytold for me,  
 For Poule, that writeth unto Timothe,  
 Repreveth hem that weiven sothfastnesse,  
 And tellen fables, and swiche wretchednesse,  
 Why shuld I sowen draf out of my fist,  
 Whan I may sowen whete, if that me list ?  
 For which I say, if that you list to here  
 Moralitee, and vertuous matere,  
 And than that ye wol yeve me audience,  
 I wold ful fain at Cristes reverence  
 Don you plesance leful, as I can.  
 But trusteth wel, I am a sotherne man,  
 I cannot geste, rom, ram, ruf, by my letter,  
 And, God wote, rime hold I but litel better.  
 And therefore if you list, I wol not glose,  
 I wol you tell a litel tale in prose,

<sup>1</sup> This is plainly a contemptuous manner of describing *alliterative poetry*, and the Person's prefatory declaration that "he is a Southern man," would lead one to imagine that compositions in that style were, at this time, chiefly confined to the Northern provinces. It was observed long ago by William of Malmesbury, l. iii. *Pontif. Angl.*, that the language of the North of England was so harsh and unpolished, as to be scarce intelligible to a Southern man. From the same causes we may presume, that it was often long before the improvements in the poetical art, which from time to time were made in the South, could find their way into the North; so that there the hobbling alliterative verse might still be in the highest request, even after Chaucer had established the use of the heroic metre in this part of the island. Percy has quoted an alliterative poem by a Cheshire man on the battle of Flodden in 1419, and he has remarked "that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms." Essay on Metre of P. P. This may perhaps have been owing to their being generally inhabitants of the Northern counties, where the old Saxon idiom underwent much fewer and slower alterations than it did in the neighbourhood of the capital.

*To geste here is to relate gestes.* In ver. 13861 he has called it *to telle in geste*. Both passages seem to imply that *Gestes* were chiefly written in alliterative verse, but the latter passage more strongly than this. After the Host has told Chaucer, that he "shall no longer rime," he goes on—

"Let see wher thou canst tellen ought *in geste*,  
 Or tellen *in prose* somewhat at the leste"—

*Geste* there seems to be put for a species of composition which was neither *Rime* nor *Prose*; and what that could be, except *alliterative metre*, I cannot guess. At the same time I must own, that I know no other passage which authorizes the interpretation of *Geste* in this confined sense.—Tyrollett.

To knitte up all this feste, and make an ende  
 And Jesu for his grace wit me sende  
 To shewen you the way in this viage  
 Of thilke parfit glorious pilgrimage,  
 That hight Jerusalem celestial.  
 And if ye vouchesauf, anon I shal  
 Beginne upon my tale, for which I pray  
 Tell your avis, I can no better say.

But natheles this meditation  
 I put it ay under correction  
 Of clerkes, for I am not textuel;  
 I take but the sentence, trusteth me wel.  
 Therefore I make a protestation,  
 That I wol standen to correction

Upon this word we han assented sone:  
 For, as us semed, it was for to don,  
 To enden in som vertuous sentence,  
 And for to yeve him space and audience;  
 And bade our hoste he shulde to him say,  
 That alle we to tell his tale him pray.

Our hoste had the wordes for us alle:  
 Sire preest, quod he, now faire you betalle;  
 Say what you list, and we shul gladly here.  
 And with that word he said in this manere;  
 Telleth, quod he, your meditacioun,  
 But hasteth you, the sonne wol adoun.  
 Beth fructuous, and that in litel space,  
 And to do wel God sende you his grace.

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## The Persones Tale.

Our swete Lord God of heven, that no man wol perish, but  
 wol that we comen all to the knowleching of him, and to  
 the blisful lif that is pardurable,<sup>1</sup> amonesteth us by the  
 prophet Jeremie, that sayth in this wise: Stondeth upon  
 the wayes, and seeth and axeth of the olde pathes; that is  
 to say, of olde sentences; which is the good way: and  
 walketh in that way, and ye shul finde refreshing for your  
 soules. Many ben the wayes spirituel that leden folk to

<sup>1</sup> Lasting.

our Lord Jesu Crist, and to the regne of glory: of which wayes, ther is a ful noble way, and wel covenable,<sup>1</sup> which may not faille to man ne to woman, that thurgh sinne hath misgon fro the right way of Jerusalem celestial, and this way is cleped penance: of which man shuld gladly herken and enqueren with all his herte, to wete, what is penance, and whennes it is cleped penance, and how many maneres ben of actions or werkings of penance, and how many spices<sup>2</sup> ther ben of penance, and which thinges apperteinen and behoven to penance, and which thinges distroublen penance.

Seint Ambrose sayth, That penance is the plaining<sup>3</sup> of man for the gilt that he hath don, and no more to do any thing for which him ought to plaine. And som doctour sayth: Penance is the waymenting<sup>4</sup> of man that sorweth for his sinne, and peineth himself, for he hath misdoun. Penance, with certain circumstances, is veray repentance of man, that holdeth himself in sorwe and other peine for his giltyes. and for he shal be veray<sup>5</sup> penitent, he shal first bewailen the sinnes that he hath don, and stedfastly purposen in his herte to have shrift of mouth, and to don satisfaction, and never to don thing, for which him ought more to bewaile or complaine, and to continue in good werkes: or elles his repentance may not availe. For as Seint Isidor sayth; he is a japer and a gabber, and not veray repentant, that eftsones<sup>6</sup> doth thing, for which him oweth to repent. Weping, and not for to stint to do sinne, may not availe. But natheles, men shuld hope, that at every time that man falleth, be it never so oft, that he may arise thurgh penance, if he have grace: but certain, it is gret doute. For as saith Seint Gregorie; unnethes<sup>7</sup> ariseth he out of sinne, that is charged with the charge of evil usage. And therefore repentant folk, that stint for to sinne, and forlete<sup>8</sup> sinne or that<sup>9</sup> sinne forlete hem, holy chirche holdeth hem siker<sup>10</sup> of hir salvation. And he that sinneth, and veraily repenteth him in his last day, holy chirche yet hopeth his salvation, by the grete mercy of our Lord Jesu Crist, for his repentance: but take ye the siker and certain way.

And now sith I have declared you, what thing is penance,

<sup>1</sup> Suitable.

<sup>2</sup> Lamentation.

<sup>3</sup> Presently.

<sup>4</sup> Before that.

<sup>5</sup> Lamenting.

<sup>6</sup> With difficulty.

<sup>7</sup> Sure.

<sup>8</sup> Species.

<sup>9</sup> Truly.

<sup>10</sup> Give over.

now ye shul understond, that ther ben three actions of penance. The first is, that a man be baptised after that he hath sinned. Seint Augustine sayth; but he be penitent for his old sinful lif, he may not beginne the newe clene lif: for certes, if he be baptised without penitence of his old gilt, he receiveth the marke of baptisme, but not the grace, ne the remission of his sinnes, til he have veray repentance. Another defaute is, that men don dedly sinne after that they have received baptisme. The thridde defaute is, that men fall in venial sinnes after hir baptisme, fro day to day. Therof sayth Seint Augustine, that penance of good and humble folk is the penance of every day.

The spices of penance ben three. That on of hem is solempne, another is commune, and the thridde privee. Thilke penance, that is solempne, is in two maneres; as to be put out of holy chirche in lenton,<sup>1</sup> for slaughter of children, and swiche maner thing. Another is whan a man hath sinned openly, of which sinne the fame is openly spoken in the contree: and than holy chirche by jugement distreyneth<sup>2</sup> him for to do open penance. Commun penance is, that preestes enjoinen men in certain cas: as for to go paraventure naked on pilgrimage, or bare foot. Privee penance is thilke, that men don all day for privee sinnes, of which we shrive us prively, and receive privee penance.

Now shalt thou understond what is behoveful and necessary to every parfit penance: and this stont on<sup>3</sup> three thinges; contrition of herte, confession of mouth, and satisfaction. For which sayth Seint John Chrisostome: penance distreineth a man to accept benignely every peine, that him is enjoined, with contrition of herte, and shrift of mouth, with satisfaction, and werking of all maner humilitee. And this is fruitful penance ayenst tho three thinges, in which we wrathen our Lord Jesu Crist: this is to say, by delit<sup>4</sup> in thinking, by rechelesnesse in speking, and by wicked sinful werking. And ayenst these wicked giltes is penance, that may be likened unto a tree.

The rote of this tree is contrition, that hideth him in the herte of him that is veray repentant, right as the rote

<sup>1</sup> Lent.

<sup>2</sup> Constraineth.

<sup>3</sup> Consists in.

<sup>4</sup> In vers. 7457, this is used for *delight*. Here, think, it must mean "offence," from the Latin *delictum*.

off the tree hideth him in the erthe. Of this rote of contrition springeth a stalke, that bereth branches and leues of confession, and fruit of satisfaction. Of which Crist sayth in his gospell; doth ye digne fruit of penitence; for by this fruit now men understonde and knowe this tree, and not by the rote that is hid in the herte of man, as by the branches, so the leues of confession. And therefore our Lord Jesu Crist saith thus; by the fruit of hem shal ye knowe hem. Of this rote also springeth a seed of grace, which seed is moder of alkenesse,<sup>1</sup> and this seed is ewe and hote. The grace of this seed springeth of God, though remembrance on the day of dome, and on the paines of helle. Of this matere saith Salomon, that in the drede of God man forletteth his sinne. The hote of this seed is the love of God, and the desiring of the joye perdurable. This hote draweth the herte of man to God, and doth<sup>2</sup> him hate his sinne. For sothly, ther is nothing that savoureth so sote<sup>3</sup> to a child, as the milke of his norice, no nothing is to him more abhominable than that milke, when it is medled with other mete. Right so the sinful man that loveth his sinne, him seemeth, that it is to him most swete of any thing; but fro that time that he loveth sadly our Lord Jesu Crist, and desireth the lif perdurable, ther is to him nothing more abhominable. For sothly the lawe of God is the love of God. For which David the prophet sayth; I have loved thy lawe, and hated wickednesse: he that loveth God, kepeth his lawe and his word. This tree saw the prophet Daniel in spirit, upon the vision of Nabuchodonosor, when he counselled him to do penance. Penance is the tree of lif, to hem that it receiven: and he that holdeth him in veray penance, is blisful, after the contene of Salomon.

In this penance or contrition man shal understond four thinges; that is to say, what is contrition; and which be the causes that moven a man to contrition; and how he shuld be contrite; and what contrition availeth to the soule. Than is it thus, that contrition is the veray sorwe that a man receiveth in his herte for his sinnes, with ad purpos to shriven him, and to do penance, and never more to don sinne. And this sorwe shal be in this maner, as sayth Seint Bernard; it shal ben hevvy and grevous, and ful sharpe and poinant in herte; first, for a man hath agilt<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sakey, wilkeness.

<sup>2</sup> Sweet.

<sup>3</sup> Makeith.

<sup>4</sup> Chancel against.

his Lord and his creatour; and more sharpe and poinant, for he hath agilted his father celestial; and yet more sharpe and poinant, for he hath wrathed and agilted him that boughte him, that with his precious blod hath delivered us fro the bondes of sinne, and fro the crueltee of the devil, and fro the peines of helle.

The causes that ought to meve a man to contrition ben sixe. First, a man shal remembre him of his sinnes. But loke that that remembrance ne be to him no delit,<sup>1</sup> by no way, but grete shame and sorwe for his sinnes. For Job sayth, sinful men don werkes worthy of confession. And therfore sayth Ezechiel; I wol remembre me all the yeres of my lif, in the bitternesse of my herte. And God sayth in the Apocalipse; remembre you fro whens that ye ben fall, for before the time that ye sinned, ye weren children of God, and limmes of the regne of God; but for your sinne ye ben waxen thral and foule; membres of the fende; hate of angels; sclaunder of holy chirche, and fode of the false serpent; perpetuel matere of the fire of helle; and yet more foule and abhominable, for ye trespassen so oft times, as doth the hound that torneth again to ete his owen spewing; and yet fouler, for your long continuing in sinne, and your sinful usage, for which ye be roten in your sinnes, as a beest in his donge. Swiche manere thoughtes make a man to have shame of his sinne, and no delit; as God saith, by the Prophet Ezechiel; ye shul remembre you of your wayes, and they shul displese you. Sothly, sinnes ben the waies that lede folk to hell.

The second cause that ought to make a man to have disdeigne of sinne is this, that, as saith Seint Peter, who so doth sinne, is thral to sinne, and sinne putteth a man in gret thraldom. And therfore sayth the Prophet Ezechiel; I went sorweful, and had disdeigne of myself. Certes, wel ought a man have disdeigne of sinne, and withdrawe him fro that thraldom and vilany. And lo, what sayth Seneke in this mater. He saith thus; though I wist, that neither God ne man shuld never know it, yet wold I have disdeigne for to do sinne. And the same Seneke also sayth: I am borne to greter thinges, than to be thral to my body, or for to make of my body a thral. Ne a fouler thral may no man, ne woman, make of his body, than for to yeve his body to sinne. Al<sup>2</sup> were it the foulest chorle, or the

<sup>1</sup> Delight.<sup>2</sup> Albeit.

foolest woman that liveth, and lest of value, yet is he than more soule, and more in servitude. Ever fro the higher degree that man fallth, the more is he thral, and more to God and to the world vile and abhominable. O good God, wel ought a man have disdaigne of sinne, with that thurgh sinne, ther he was free, he is made bond. And therefore sayth Seint Augustine: if thou hast disdaigne of thy servant, if he offend or sinne, have thou then disdaigne, that thou thy self shuldest do sinne. Take reward of this own value, that thou ne be to soule to thyself. Alas! wel oughten they than have disdaigne to be servants and thralls to sinne, and sore to be ashamed of hemself, that God of his endless goodnesse hath sette in high estat, or yove hem witte, strength of body, beaute,<sup>1</sup> beastes, or prosperitee, and bought hem fro the deth with his herte blood, that they so unkindly agains his gentilleme, quiten him so viamely, to slaughtur of hir owen soules. O good God! ye women that ben of gret beastes, remembreth you on the proverbe of Salomon, that likeneth a faire woman, that is a fool of hire body, to a ring of gold that is worne in the groins<sup>2</sup> of a sowe: for right as a sowe wroteth<sup>3</sup> in every ordure, so wroteth she hire beaute in stinking ordure of sinne.

The thridde cause, that ought to move a man to contrition, is drede of the day of dome, and of the horrible paines of helle. For as Seint Jerome sayth: at every time that me remembreth of the day of dome, I quake: for when I ete or drinke, or do what so<sup>4</sup> I do, ever semeth me that the trompe sowneth in min eres: riseth ye up that ben ded, and cometh to the jugement. O good God! moche ought a man to drede swiche a jugement, ther as we shal be alle, as Seint Poule sayth, before the stroit jugement of our Lord Jesu Crist; wheras he shal make a general congregation, wheras no man may be absent; for certes ther availleth non excouse<sup>5</sup> ne non excusation, and not only, that our defautes shal be juged, but eke that all our werkis shal openly be known. And, as sayth Seint Bernard, ther ne shal no pleting<sup>6</sup> availle, ne no sleight:<sup>7</sup> we shal yete rekening of everich idle word. Ther shal we have a jugis that may not be deceived ne corrupt; and why? for certes, all our thoughtis ben discovered, as to him: ne for prayer, ne for mede, he wil not be corrupt. And therefore saith

<sup>1</sup> Health.<sup>2</sup> Whetres.<sup>3</sup> Fleeting.<sup>4</sup> Sooth.<sup>5</sup> A legal excuse for non-attendance.<sup>7</sup> With, countenance.<sup>6</sup> Walloweth.

Salomon: the wrath of God ne wol not spare no wight, for prayer ne for yest.<sup>1</sup> And therfore at the day of dome ther is non hope to escape. Wherfore, as sayth Seint Anselme, ful gret anguish shal the sinful folk have at that time; ther shal be the sterne and wroth juge sitting above, and under him the horrible pitte of helle open, to destroy him that wolde not baknowen<sup>2</sup> his sinnes, which sinnes shulden openly be shewed before God and before every creatu<sup>r</sup>e. and on the left side, mo Divels than any herte may thinke, for to harie<sup>3</sup> and drawe the sinful soules to the pitte of helle. and within the hertes of folk shal be the biting consciences, and without forth shal be the world all brenning. Whither than shal the wretched soule flee to hide him? Certes he may not hide him, he must come forth and shewe him. For certes, as saith Seint Jerome, the erth shal cast him out of it, and the sea, and also the aire, that shal be ful of thonder clappes and lightnings. Now sothly, who so wil remembre him of these thinges, I gesse that his sinnes shal not torne him to dalt, but to grette sorwe, for drede of the peine of helle. And therfore saith Job to God suffer, Lord, that I may a while bewaile and bewepe, or I go without retorning to the derke londe, ycovered with the darkenesse of deth; to the londe of misse and of derkenesse, wheras<sup>4</sup> is the shadowe of deth. wheras is non ordre ne ordinance, but grisly drede that ever shal last. Lo, here may ye see, that Job prayed respite a while, to bewepe and waile his trespass: for sothely on day of respite is better than all the tresour of this world. And for as moche as a man may acquite himself before God by penitence in this world, and not by trowour, therfore shuld he pray to God to yeve him respite a while, to bewepen and bewailen his trespass. for certes, all the sorwe that a man might make fro the beginning of the world, n'is but a litel thing, at regard of the sorwe of helle. The cause why that Job clepeth helle the londe of derkenesse; understondeth,<sup>5</sup> that he clepeth it londe or erth, for it is stable and never shal faile, and derke, for he that is in helle hath default of light naturel, for certes the derke light, that shal come out of the fire that ever shal brenne, shal torne hem all to peine that be in helle, for it sheweth hem the horrible Divels that hem turmenten. Covered with the derkenesse of deth, that is to say, that he that is in helle, shal have do-

<sup>1</sup> Gift.<sup>2</sup> Acknowledge.<sup>3</sup> Hurry.<sup>4</sup> Before.<sup>5</sup> Where.<sup>6</sup> Misadventure, or perhaps it is the second person pl. - understand ye?

faute of the sight of God; for certes the sight of God is the lif perdurable. The derknesse of deth, ben the sinnes that the wretched man hath don, which that distroublen him to see the face of God, right as a derke cloud betwene us and the sonne. It is londe of misese,<sup>1</sup> because that ther ben three maner of defautes ayenst three thinges that folk of this world han in this present lif; that is to say, honoures, delites, and riches. Ayenst honour have they in helle shame and confusion: for wel ye wote, that men clepen honour the reverence that man doth to man; but in helle is non honour ne reverence; for certes no more reverence shal be don ther to a king, than to a knave. For which God sayth by the Prophet Jeremie; the folk, that me despisen, shal be in despite. Honour is also cleped gret lordeship. Ther shal no wight serven other, but of harme and turment. Honour is also cleped gret dignitee and highnesse; but in helle shal they be alle furtroden of divels. As God saith; the horrible Divels shal gon and comen upon the hedes of dampned folk: and this is, for as moche as the higher that they were in this present lif, the more shul they be abated and defouled in helle. Ayenst the riches of this world shul they have misese of poverte, and this poverte shal be in foure thinges: in defaute of tresour; of which David sayth; the riche folk that embraceden and oneden<sup>2</sup> all hir herte to tresour of this world, shul slepe in the sleping of deth, and nothing ne shul they find in hir hondes of all hir tresour. And moreover, the misese of helle shal be in defaute of mete and drink. For God sayth thus by Moyses: they shul be wasted with hunger, and the briddes<sup>3</sup> of helle shul devoure hem with bitter deth, and the gall of the dragon shal ben hir drinke, and the venime of the dragon hir morsels. And further over hir misese shal be in defaute of clothing, for they shul be naked in body, as of clothing, save the fire in which they brenne, and other filthes; and naked shul they be in soule, of all maner vertues, which that is the clothing of the soule. Wher ben than the gay robes, and soft shetes, and the fyn shertes? Lo, what sayth God of heven by the Prophet Esaie, that under hem shul be strewed mothes, and hir covertures shul ben of wormes of helle. And further over hir misese shal be in defaute of frendes, for he is not poure that hath good frendes: but ther is no frend; for neither God na no good creature shal be frend

<sup>1</sup> Uneasiness.<sup>2</sup> United.<sup>3</sup> Birds.

to hem, and everich of hem shal hate other with dedly hate. The sonnes and the doughters shal rebel ayenst father and mother, and kinred ayenst kinred, and chiden, and despisen eche other, both day and night, as God sayth by the Prophet Micheas. And the loving children, that whilom loveden so fleshly, everich of hem wold eten other if they might. For how shuld they love togeder in the peines of helle, whan they hated eche other in the prosperitee of this lif? For truste wel, hir fleshly love was dedly hate. As saith the Prophet David: who so that loveth wickednesse, he hateth his owen soule, and who so hateth his owen soule, certes he may love non other wight in no manere: and therfore in helle is no solace ne no frendship, but ever the more kinredes that ben in helle, the more cursing, the more chiding, and the more dedly hate ther is among hem. And further over ther they shul have defaute of all maner delites, for certes delites ben after the appetites of the five wittes; as sight, hering, smelling, savouring, and touching. But in helle hir sight shal be ful of derkenesse and of smoke, and hir eyen ful of teres; and hir hering ful of waimenting and grinting of teeth, as sayth Jesu Crist: hir nosethirles shul be ful of stinking; and, as saith Esay the Prophet, hir savouring shal be ful of bitter galle; and touching of all hir body, shal be covered with fire that never shal quenche, and with wormes that never shal die, as God sayth by the mouth of Esay. And for as moche as they shul not wene that they mow dien for peine, and by deth flee fro peine, that mow they understonde in the word of Job, that sayth; Ther is the shadow of deth. Certes a shadowe hath likenesse of the thing of which it is shadowed, but shadowe is not the same thing of which it is shadowed: right so fareth the peine of helle; it is like deth, for the horrible anguish; and why? for it peineth hem ever as though they shuld die anon; but certes they shul not dien. For as saith Seint Gregory; To wretched caitifes shal be deth withouten deth, and ende withouten ende, and defaute withouten failing; for hir deth shal alway live, and hir ende shal ever more beginne, and hir defaute shal never faile. And therfore sayth Seint John the Evangelist; They shul folow deth, and they shul not finde him, and they shul desire to die, and deth shal flee from hem. And eke Job saith, that in helle is non ordre of rule. And al be it so, that God hath create all thing in *right ordre*, and nothing withouten ordre, but

all thinges ben ordred and numbred, yet natheles they that ben do ymoed ben nothing in ordre, ne holden non ordre. For the erth shal bere hem no fruite; (for, as the Prophet David sayeth, God shal destroy the fruite of the erth, as fire burn) ne water shal yve hem no moisture, ne the air ne refreshing, ne the fire ne light. For as myth Saint Basil; The burning of the fire of this world shal God yve in heles to hem that ben dampned, but the light and the cleanness shal be yve in heven to his children; right as the good men yeveth flesh to his children, and bones to his hounden. And for they shal have non hope to escape, myth Job at last, that ther shal harrow and gristy drede dwellen withouten ende. Harrow is alway drede of heres that is to come, and this drede shal alway dwell in the hertes of hem that ben dampned. And therefore han they lorne<sup>1</sup> all hir hope for seven causes. First, for God that is hir juge shal be withouten mercie to hem; and they may not plesse him; ne non of his halwes; ne they may yve nothing for hir ransom; ne they have no vois to speke to him; ne they may not see fro paine; ne they have no goodnesse in hem that they may shew to deliver hem fro paine. And therefore myth Salomon; The wicked man dieth, and whan he is ded, he shal have non hope to escape fro paine. Who so than wold wel understonde these paines, and bethinke him wel that he hath deserved these paines for his sinnes, certes he shulde have more talent to sighen and to wepe, than for to singe and playe. For as myth Salomon; Who so that had the science to know the paines that ben established and ordained for sinne, he wold forsaake sinne. That science, saith Saint Austin, maketh a man to waimenten<sup>2</sup> in his herte.

The fourthe point, that oughte make a man have contrition, is the sorweful remembrance of the good dedes that he hath lefte<sup>3</sup> to don here in erthe, and also the good that he hath lorne. Sothly the good werkes that he hath left, either they be the good werkes that he wrought er he fell into dedly sinne, or elles the good werkes that he wrought while he lay in sinne. Sothly the good werkes that he did before that he fell in dedly sinne, ben all mortified, astoned<sup>4</sup> and dilled by the eft sinning; the other werkes that he wrought while he lay in sinne, they ben utterly ded, as is the lif pardurable in heven. Than thiike good werkes that

<sup>1</sup> Lost.<sup>2</sup> Grieved.<sup>3</sup> Lament.<sup>4</sup> Confounded.

ben mortified by eft sinning, which he did while he was in charitee, moun never quicken ayen without veray<sup>1</sup> penitence. And therof sayth God by the mouth of Ezechiel; if the rightful man retorne again fro his rightwisnesse and do wickednesse, shal he liven? nay; for all the good werkes that he hath wrought, shul never be in remembrance, for he shal die in his sinne. And upon thilke chapitre sayth Seint Gregorie thus; that we shal understonde this principally, that when we don dedly sinne, it is for nought than to remembre or drawe into memorie the good werkes that we have wrought befor: for certes in the working of dedly sinne, ther is no trust in no good werk that we have don befor; that is to say, as for to have therby the lif perdurable in heven. But natheles, the good werkes quicken again and comen again, and helpe and availe to have the lif perdurable in heven, whan we have contrition: but sothly the good werkes that men don while they ben in dedly sinne, for as moche as they were don in dedly sinne, they may never quicken: for certes, thing that never had lif, may never quicken: and natheles, al be it so that they availen not to have the lif perdurable, yet availen they to abreggen<sup>2</sup> the peine of helle, or elles to get temporal riches, or elles that God wol the rather enlumine or light the herte of the sinful man to have repentance; and eke they availen for to usen a man to do good werkes, that the fende have the lesse power of his soule. And thus the curteis Lord Jesu Crist ne woll that no good werk that men don be loste, for in somewhat it shal availe. But for as moche as the good werkes that men don while they ben in good lif, ben all amortised<sup>3</sup> by sinne folowing, and eke sith all the good werkes that men don while they ben in dedly sinne, ben utterly ded, as for to have the lif perdurable, wel may that man, that no good werk ne doth, sing thilke newe Frenshe song, *J'ay tout perdu mon temps, et mon labour*. For certes sinne bereveth a man both goodnesse of nature, and eke the goodnesse of grace. For sothly the grace of the holy gost fareth like fire that may not ben idle; for fire faileth anon as it forletteth his working, and right so grace faileth anon as it forletteth his working. Than lesseth the sinful man the goodnesse of glorie, that only is hight to good men that labouren and werken wel. Wel may he be sory than, that oweth all his lif to God, as

<sup>1</sup> True.<sup>2</sup> Shorten.<sup>3</sup> Deadened.

long as he hath lived, and also as long as he shal live, that no goodnesse ne hath to paie with his dette to God, to whom he oweth all his lif for trust wel he shal yere accomptes, as sayth Seint Bernard, of all the goodes that han ben yeven him in this present lif, and how he hath hem dispended, in so moche that ther shal not perishe an here of his hed, ne a moment of an houre ne shal not perishe of his time, that he ne shal yeve therof a rekening.

The fifthe thing, that ought to move a man to contrition, is remembrance of the passion that our Lord Jesu Crist suffered for our sinnes. For as sayth Seint Bernard, While that I live, I shal have remembrance of the travailes that our Lord Jesu Crist suffered in preching, his werinesse in traveling, his temptations whan he fasted, his long wakinges whan he prayed, his teres whan he wept for pitee of good peple: the wo and the shame, and the filthe that men sayden to him: of the foule spitting that men spitten in his face, of the buffettes that men yave him: of the foule mouthes<sup>1</sup> and of the foule repreves that men saiden to him: of the nayles with which he was nailed to the crosse; and of all the remenant<sup>2</sup> of his passion, that he suffred for mannes sinne, and nothing for his gilte. And here ye shul understand that in mannes sinne is every maner order, or ordinance, toured up so<sup>3</sup> down. For it is soth, that God and reson, and sensualitee, and the body of man, ben ordained, that everich of these foure thinges shuld have lordship over that other. as thus; God shuld have lordship over reson, and reson over sensualitee, and sensualitee over the body of man. But sothly whan man sinneth, all this ordre, or ordinance, is turned up so down; and therefore than, for as moche as reson of man ne wol not be subget ne obeisant to God, that is his lord by right, therefore leseth it the lordship that it shuld have over sensualitee, and eke over the body of man. and why? for sensualitee rebelleth than ayenst reson: and by that way leseth reson the lordship over sensualitee, and over the body. For right as reson is rebel to God, right so is sensualitee rebel to reson, and the body also. And certes this disordinance, and this rebellion, our Lord Jesu Crist abought upon his precious body ful dere: and herkeneth in whiche wise. For as moche as reson is rebel to God, therefore is man worthy to have sorwe, and to be ded. This

<sup>1</sup> Supply, "that men made at him."

<sup>2</sup> Remenant.

<sup>3</sup> Upside down.

suffred our Lord Jesu Crist for man, after that he had be betraied of his disciple, and distreined and bounde, so that his blood brast out at every nail of his hondes, as saith Seint Augustin. And ferthermore, for as moche as reson of man wol not daunt sensualitee whan it may, therefore is man worthy to have shame: and this suffered our Lord Jesu Crist for man, whan they spitten in his visage. And fertherover,<sup>1</sup> for as moche as the caitif body of man is rebel both to reson and to sensualitee, therefore it is worthy the deth: and this suffered our Lord Jesu Crist upon the crosse, wheras ther was no part of his body free, without grete peine and bitter passion. And all this suffered our Lord Jesu Crist that never forfaiet; and thus sayd he: To mochel am I peined, for thinges that I never deserved: and to moche defouled for shendship<sup>2</sup> that man is worthy to have. And therefore may the sinful man wel say, as sayth Seint Bernard: Accursed be the bitternesse of my sinne, for whiche ther must be suffered so moche bitternesse. For certes, after the divers discordance of our wickednesse was the passion of Jesu Crist ordeined in divers thinges; as thus. Certes sinful mannes soule is betraied of the divel, by coveitise of temporel prosperitee; and scorned by disceite, whan he cheseth fleshly delites; and yet it is turmented by impatience of adversitee, and bespet by servage and subjection of sinne; and at the last it is slain finally. For this discordance of sinful man, was Jesu Crist first betraied; and after that was he bounde, that came for to unbinde us of sinne and of peine. Than was he bescorned, that only shuld have ben honoured in alle thinges and of alle thinges. Than was his visage, that ought to be desired to be seen of all mankind (in which visage angels desiren to loke) vilainsly bespet. Than was he scourged that nothing had trespassed; and finally, than was he crucified and slain. Than were accomplished the wordes of Esaie: He was wounded for our misdeds, and defouled for our felonies. Now sith that Jesu Crist toke on himself the peine of all our wickednesses, moche ought sinful man to wepe and to bewaile, that for his sinnes Goides sone of heven shuld all this peine endure.

The sixte thing, that shuld move a man to contrition, is the hope of three thinges, that is to say, foryevenesse of sinne, and the yeft of grace for to do wel, and the glorie of

<sup>1</sup> Moreover.

<sup>2</sup> Destruction.

heven, with whiche God shal guerdon man for his dedes. And for as moche as Jesu Crist yeveth us yestes of his largenesse, and of his sovaine bountee, thfore is he cleped, *Jesu Nazarenus Rex Judeorum*. Je is for to say, saviour or salvation, on whom men shal hope to have foryevenesse of sinnes, which that is propre salvation of sinnes. And therefore sayd the Angel Joseph, Thou shalt clepe his name Jesu, that shal save his peple of hir sinnes. And hereof saith Seint Peter Ther is non other name under heven, that is yeven to man, by which a man may be saved, but only Jesu Nazarenus is as moche for to say, as flourishing, in which a man shal hope, that he, that yeveth him remission of sinnes, shal yeve him also grace wel for to do: for in flour is hope of fruit in time coming, and in foryevenesse of sinnes hope of grace wel to do. I was at the dore thin herte, sayth Jesu, and cleped for to enter. His dore openeth to me, shal have foryevenesse of his sinnes, and wol enter into him by my grace, and soupe with him the good werkes that he shal don, which werkes ben the food of God, and he shal soupe with me by the gret joy that I shal yeve him. Thus shal man hope, that for werkes of penance God shal yeve him his regne, as behight<sup>1</sup> him in the Gospel.

Now shal man understande, in which maner shal be contrition. I say, that it shal be universal and total; that is to say, a man shal be veray repentant for all his sinne that he hath don in delite of his thought, for delite perilous. For ther ben two maner of consentinges; the one of hem is cleped consenting of affection, whan a man is moved to do sinne, and than deliteth him longe for thinke on that sinne, and his reson apperceiveth it wel, that it is sinne ayenst the lawe of God, and yet his reson refraineth not his foule delite or talent, though he see it apertly,<sup>2</sup> that it is ayenst the reverence of God; althow his reson consent not to do that sinne indede, yet sayn the doctours, that swiche delite that dwelleth longe is perilous, al be it never so lite. And also a man shal sorow, namely for all that ever he hath desired ayenst the lawe of God, with parfite consenting of his reson, therof is no doute, that it is dedly sinne in consenting; certes ther is no dedly sinne, but that it is first in man.

<sup>1</sup> Promised.<sup>2</sup> Openly.

thought, and after that in his delite, and so forth into consenting, and into dede. Wherfore I say, that many men ne repent hem never of swiche thoughtes and delites, ne never shriven hem of it, but only of the dede of gret sinnes outward: wherfore I say, that swiche wicked delites ben subtil begilers of hem that shul be dampned. Moreover man ought to sorwen for his wicked wordes, as wel as for his wicked dedes: for certes repentance of a singuler sinne, and not repentant of all his other sinnes; or elles repenting him of all his other sinnes, and not of a singuler sinne, may not availe. For certes God Almighty is all good; and therefore, either he foryeveth all, or elles right nought. And therefore sayth Seint Augustin: I wote certainly, that God is enemy to every sinner: and how than? he that observeth on sinne, shal he have foryevenesse of the remenant of his other sinnes? Nay. And furthermore contrition shuld be wonder sorweful and anguishous: and therefore yeveth him God plainly his mercie: and therefore whan my soule was anguishous, and sorweful within me, than had I remembrance of God, that my praier might come to him. Furthermore contrition muste be continuel, and that man have stedfast purpose to shrive him, and to amend him of his lif. For sothly, while contrition lasteth, man may ever hope to have foryevenesse. And of this cometh hate of sinne, that destroyeth sinne bothe in himself, and eke in other folk at his power. For which sayth David; they that love God, hate wickednesse: for to love God, is for to love that he loveth, and hate that he hateth.

The last thing that men shull understand in contrition is this, wherof availeth contrition. I say, that contrition sometime delivereth man fro sinne: of which David saith; I say, (quod David) I purposed fermely to shrive me, and thou Lord reledest my sinne. And right so as contrition availeth not without sad purpos of shrift and satisfaction, right so litel worth is shrift or satisfaction withouten contrition. And moreover contrition destroyeth the prison of helle, and maketh weke and feble all the strengthes of the Devils, and restoreth the yestes of the holy gost, and of all good vertues, and it clenseth the soule of sinne, and delivereth it fro the peine of helle, and fro the compaignie of the devil, and fro the servage of sinne, and restoreth it to all goodes spirituel, and to the compaignie and communion of holy chircha. And furthermore it maketh him, that

if he ne had putte on mannes soule, a  
alle synge.

*Explicit prima pars penitentia; et in*

The second part of penitence is con-  
signe of contrition. Now shul ye unde-  
fession; and whether it ought nedes to  
which thinges ben covenable to veray

First shalt thou understande, that  
shewing of synnes to the preest; this is  
must confesse him of all the conditio  
his sinne, as ferforth as he can: all  
nothing excused, ne hid, ne forwrapp  
him of his good werkes. Also it is  
stande whennes that synnes springen, an  
and which they ben.

Of springing of synnes saith Seint  
that right as by on man sin entred fi  
and thurgh sinne deth, right so deth ei  
that synnen; and this man was Ada  
entred into this world, whan he brake  
of God. And therefore he that first wa  
ne shuld have died, became swiche on  
die, whether he wold or no; and all t  
world, that in thilke maner synnen, d  
the estat of innocence, whan Adam an  
in paradise, and no thing ne hadden s  
nece, how that the sacrament that we

serpent sayd to the woman: nay, nay, ye shul not dien of deth; for soth God wote, that what day that ye ete therof your eyen shul open, and ye shul be as goddes, knowing good and harme. The woman saw that the tree was good to feding, and faire to the eyen, and delectable to the sight; she toke of the fruit of the tree and did ete, and yave to hire husbond, and he ete; and anon the eyen of hem both opened: and whan they knewe that they were naked, they sowed of a fig-tree leves in maner of breches, to hiden hir members. Here mow ye seen, that dedly sinne hath first suggestion of the fende, as sheweth here by the adder; and afterward the delit of the flesh, as sheweth here by Eve; and after that the consenting of reson, as sheweth by Adam. For trust wel, though so it were, that the fende tempted Eve, that is to say, the flesh, and the flesh had delit in the beautee of the fruit defended, yet certes til that reson, that is to say, Adam, consented to the eting of the fruit, yet stode he in the state of innocence. Of thilke Adam toke we thilke sinne original; from him fleshly discended be we all, and engendred of vile and corrupt mater: and whan the soule is put in our bodies, right anon is contract original sinne; and that, that was erst but only peine of concupiscence, is afterward both peine and sinne: and therefore we ben all yborne sones of wrath, and of dampnation perdurable, if ne were Baptisme that we receive, which benimeth us<sup>1</sup> the culpe. but forsoth the peine dwelleth with us as to temptation, which peine hight concupiscence. This concupiscence, whan it is wrongfully disposed or ordeined in man, it maketh him coveit, by coveitise of flesh, fleshly sinne by sight of his eyen, as to erthly thinges, and also coveitise of highnesse by pride of herte.

Now as to speke of the first coveitise, that is concupiscence, after the lawe of our membres, that were lawfully ymaked, and by rightful jugement of God, I say, for as moche as a man is not obeisant to God, that is his Lord, therefore is his herte to him disobeisant thurgh concupiscence, which is called nourishing of sinne, and occasion of sinne. Therefore, all the while that a man hath within him the peine of concupiscence, it is impossible, but he be tempted sometime, and moved in his flesh to sinne. And this thing may not faile, as long as he liveth. It may wel

<sup>1</sup> Taketh away from us.

so contrarious and so contrary, that it is  
as he wold. The same Seint Poule, t  
in water and in lond; in water by  
gret peril, and in gret peine; in lond  
thurst, cold and clothles, and ones at  
yet sayd he, alas! I caitif man, who  
the prison of my caitif body? And  
long time had dwelled in desert, wh  
pagnie but of wilde bestes; wherof  
herbes, and water to his drinke, ne  
erth, wherfore his flesh was black  
hete, and nie destroyed for cold; t  
brenning of lecherie boiled in all h  
wot wel sikerly<sup>1</sup> that they be decei  
not tempted in hir bodies. Witne  
said, that every wight is tempted in  
that is to say, that eche of us hath  
be tempted of the norishing of sinne  
And therfore sayth Seint John the  
that we ben without sinne, we deceiv  
not in us.

Now shul ye understonde, in wha  
and encreseth in man. The first thin  
sinne, of which I spake before, that  
after that cometh suggestion of the d  
divels belous,<sup>2</sup> with which he blowe  
concupiscence: and after that a r  
whether he wol do or no that thing t  
And than if a man withstond and w

I wol chace and pursue man by wicked suggestion, and I wol hent<sup>1</sup> him by meving and stirring of sinne, and I wol depart my pris, or my prey, by deliberation, and my lust shal be accomplished in delit; I wol draw my swerd in consenting: (for certes, right as a swerd departeth a thing in two peces, right so consenting departeth God fro man) and than wol I sle him with my hond in dede of sinne. Thus sayth the fend; for certes, than is a man al ded in soule; and thus is sinne accomplished, by temptation, by delit, and by consenting: and than is the sinne actuel.

Forsoth sinne is in two maners, either it is venial, or dedly sinne. Sothly, whan a man loveth any creature more than Jesu Crist our creatour, than it is dedly sinne: and venial sinne it is, if a man love Jesu Crist lesse than him ought. Forsoth the dede of this venial sinne is ful perilous, for it amenuseth<sup>2</sup> the love that man shuld have to God, more and more. And therefore if a man charge himself with many swiche venial sinnes, certes, but if so be that he sometime discharge him of hem by shrift, they may wel lightly amenuse in him all the love that he hath to Jesu Crist: and in this wise skippeth<sup>3</sup> venial sinne into dedly sinne. For certes, the more that a man chargeth his soule with venial sinnes, the more he is enclined to fall into dedly sinne. And therefore let us not be negligent to discharge us of venial sinnes. For the proverbe sayth, that many smal maken a gret. And herken this ensample: A gret wawe of the see cometh sometime with so gret a violence, that it drencheth the ship: and the same harme do sometime the smal dropes of water, that enteren thurgh a litel crevis in the thurrok,<sup>4</sup> and in the botom of the ship, if men ben so negligent, that they discharge hem not by time. And therefore although ther be difference betwix thise two causes of drenching, algates<sup>5</sup> the ship is dreint. Right so fareth it sometime of dedly sinne, and of anoious<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Seize upon.

<sup>2</sup> Lessens.

<sup>3</sup> Leapeth, passeth quickly,

<sup>4</sup> This seems to have signified any sort of *keeled* vessel, and from thence what we call *the hold* of a ship. The following explanation of it from an old book, entitled, "*Oure Ladyes Mirroure*," (Lond. 1530. fol. 57. b.) will fully justify Chaucer's use of it in both places, in the first literally, and in the second metaphorically. "Ye shall understande that there ys a place in the bottome of a shyppe, wherein ys gathered all the fylthe that cometh into the shyppe—and it is called in some copie of thys londe a *thorrocke*."—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>5</sup> Either way.

<sup>6</sup> Hurtful.

venial sinnes, whan they multiplie in man so gretly, that thilke worldly thinges that he loveth, thurgh which he sinneth venially, is as gret in his herte as the love of God, or more: and therfore the love of every thing that is not beset in God, ne don principally for Goddes sake, although that a man love it lesse than God, yet is it venial saine; and dedly sinne is, whan the love of any thing weigheth in the herte of man, as moche as the love of God, or more. Dedly sinne, as sayth Seint Augustine, is, whan a man tourneth his herte fro God, whiche that is veray souverain bountee, that may not chaunge, and yeveth his herte to thing that may chaunge and flitte: and certes, that is every thing save God of heven. For soth is, that if a man yeve his love, which that he oweth to God with all his herte, unto a creature, certes, as moche of his love as he yeveth to the same creature, so moche he bereveth fro God, and therfore doth he sinne: for he, that is dettour to God, ne yeldeth not to God all his dette, that is to sayn, all the love of his herte.

Now sith man understandeth generally, which is venial sinne, than is it covenable to tell specially of sinnes, whiche that many a man peraventure demeth hem no sinnes, and shriveth him not of the same, and yet natheles they be sinnes sotlyly, as thise clerkes writen; this is to say, at every tyme that man eteth and drinketh more than sufficeth to the sustenance of his body, in certain he doth sinne; eke whan he speketh more than it nedeth, he doth sinne; eke whan he herkeneth not benignely the complaint of the poure; eke whan he is in hele<sup>1</sup> of body, and wol not fast whan other folk fast, without cause resonable; eke whan he slepeth more than nedeth, or whan he cometh by that encheson<sup>2</sup> to late to chirche, or to other werkes of charitee; eke whan he useth his wif withouten souverain desire of engendrure, to the honour of God, or for the entent to yeld his wif his dette of his body; eke whan he wol not visite the sike, or the prisoner, if he may; eke if he love wif or child, or other worldly thing, more than reson requireth; eke if he flater or blandise more than him ought for any necessitee; eke if he amenuse<sup>3</sup> or withdrawe the almesse of the poure; eke if he appaile<sup>4</sup> his mete more deliciously than nede is, or ete it to hastily by likerousnesse; eke if he talke vanitees in the clurche, or at Goddes service, or that

<sup>1</sup> Health.<sup>2</sup> Lessen.<sup>3</sup> Occasion.<sup>4</sup> Set out.

he be a talar<sup>1</sup> of idle wordes of foly or vilanie, for he shal yeld accomptes of it at the day of dome; eke whan he be-  
highteth or assureth to don thinges that he may not per-  
fourme; eke whan that he by lightnesse of foly missayeth<sup>2</sup>  
or scorneth his neighbour; eke whan he hath any wicked  
suspecion of thing, ther he no wote of it no sothfastnesse;<sup>3</sup>  
thise thinges and mo withouten nombre be sinnes, as sayth  
Seint Augustine. Now shul ye understonde, that al be it  
so that non erthly man may eschewe al venial sinnes, yet  
may he refraine him, by the brenning love that he hath to  
our Lord Jesu Crist, and by prayer and confession, and  
other good werkes, so that it shal but litel grieve. For as  
sayth Seint Augustine; if a man love God in swiche maner,  
that all that ever he doth is in the love of God, or for the  
love of God veraily, for he brenneth in the love of God,  
loke how moche that o droppe of water, which falleth into  
a fourneis ful of fire, anoieth or greveth the brenning of  
the fire, in like maner anoieth or greveth a venial sinne  
unto that man, whiche is stedfast and parfite in the love of  
our Saviour Jesu Crist. Furthermore, men may also re-  
freine and put away venial sinne, by receiving worthily the  
precious body of Jesu Crist; by receiuing eke of holy  
water; by almes dede; by general confession of *Confiteor*  
at Masse, and at prime,<sup>4</sup> and at complin,<sup>5</sup> and by blessing  
of Bishoppes and Preestes, and by other good werkes.

*De septem peccatis mortalibus.*

Now it is behovely to tellen whiche ben dedly sinnes,  
that is to say, chiefetaines of sinnes; for as moche as all  
they ren in o leas,<sup>6</sup> but in divers maners. Now ben they  
sleped chiefetaines, for as moche as they be chiefe, and  
of hem springen all other sinnes. The rote of thise sinnes  
han is pride, the general rote of all harmes. For of this  
rote springen certain branches: as ire, envie, accidie<sup>7</sup> or  
douthe, avarice or covetise, (to comun understanding)  
glotonie, and lecherie: and eche of thise chief sinnes hath  
his branches and his twigges, as shal be declared in his  
chapitres folowing.

<sup>1</sup> Teller, speaker.

<sup>2</sup> Certain truth.

<sup>3</sup> Even-song.

<sup>4</sup> Blundereth, speaketh evil of.

<sup>5</sup> Early matins.

<sup>6</sup> One leas.

<sup>7</sup> Negligence.

*De superbia.*

And though so be, that no man knoweth utterly the nombre of the twigges, and of the harmes that comen of pride, yet wol I shew a partie of hem, as ye shul understand. Ther is inobedience, avaunting, ipocrisie, despit, arrogance, impudence, swelling of herte, insolence, elation, impatience, strif, contumacie, presumption, irreverence, pertinacie, vaine glorie, and many other twigges that I cannot declare. Inobedient is he that disobeyeth for despit to the commandements of God, and to his soveraines, and to his gostly fader. Avauntour, is he that bosteth of the harmes or of the bountee that he hath don. Ipocrite, is he that hideth to shew him swiche as he is, and sheweth him to seme swiche as he is not. Despitous, is he that hath disdain of his neighebour, that is to sayn, of his even Cristen,<sup>1</sup> or hath despit to do that him ought to do. Arrogant, is he that thinketh that he hath those bountees in him, that he hath not, or weneth that he shulde have hem by his deserving, or elles that demeth that he be that he is not. Impudent, is he that for his pride hath no shame of his sinnes. Swelling of herte, is whan man rejoyceth him of harme that he hath don. Insolent, is he that despiseth in his jugement all other folk, as in regarde of his value, of his conning,<sup>2</sup> of his speking, and of his bering. Elation, is whan he ne may neither suffre to have maister ne felawe. Impatient, is he that wol not be taught, ne undernome<sup>3</sup> of his vice, and by strif werrieth truth wetingly,<sup>4</sup> and defendeth his foly. Contumax, is he that thurgh his indignation is ayenst every auctoritee or power of hem that ben his soveraines. Presumption, is whan a man undertaketh an emprise that him ought not to do, or elles that he may not do, and this is called surquidrie.<sup>5</sup> Irreverence, is whan man doth not honour ther as him ought to do, and waiteth to be revered. Pertinacie, is whan man defendeth his foly, and trusteth to moche in his owen wit. Vaine-glorie, is for to have pompe, and delit in his temporel highnesse, and glorie him in his worldly estate. Jangling, is whan men speketh to moche before folk, and clappeth as a mille, and taketh no kepe<sup>6</sup> what he sayth.

<sup>1</sup> Fellow-Christian.<sup>2</sup> Reminded.<sup>3</sup> Presumption, overweening conceit.<sup>4</sup> Knowledge.<sup>5</sup> Knowingly.<sup>6</sup> Care.

And yet ther is a prives spice of pride, that waiteth first to be salewed,<sup>1</sup> or he wol salew, all be he lesse worthy than that other is; and eke he waiteth<sup>2</sup> to sit, or to go above him in the way, or kisse the pax, or ben encensed, or gon to offering before his neighbour, and swiche semblable thinges, ayenst his duetee<sup>3</sup> peraventure, but that he hath his herte and his entente, in swiche a proude desire, to be magnified and honoured befor the peple.

Now ben ther two maner of prides; that on of hem is within the herte of a man, and that other is without. Of swiche sothly thise foresayd thinges, and mo than I have sayd, appertainen to pride, that is within the herte of man; and ther be other spices of pride that ben withouten: but natheles, that on of thise spices of pride is signe of that other, right as the gay levesell<sup>4</sup> at the Taverne is signe of the win that is in the celler. And this is in many thinges: as in speche and contenance, and outragious array of clothing: for certes, if ther had ben no sinne in clothing, Crist wold not so sone have noted and spoken of the clothing of thilke rich man in the gospel. And, as Seint Gregory sayth, that precious clothing is culpable for the derthe<sup>5</sup> of it, and for his softnesse, and for his strangenesse and disguising, and for the superfluitee, or for the inordinate scantnesse of it, alas! may not a man see as in our daies, the sinneful costlewe array of clothing, and namely in to moche superfluitee, or elles in to disordinate scantnesse?

As to the firste sinne in superfluitee of clothing, whiche that maketh it so dere, to the harme of the peple, not only the coste of the enbrouding, the disguising, endenting, or barring, ounding,<sup>6</sup> paling,<sup>7</sup> winding, or bending, and semblable<sup>8</sup> wast of cloth in vanitee; but ther is also the costlewe furring in hir gounes, so moche pounsoning of

<sup>1</sup> Saluted.

<sup>2</sup> Seeketh.

<sup>3</sup> Due.

<sup>4</sup> Levesell. See the n. on ver. 4059, though I am by no means satisfied with the explanation there given of this word. The interpretation of it in the *Prompt. Parv.* will not help us much. "Levelcel befor a wyndowe or other place. *Umbraculum.*" My conjecture with respect to the origin of the proverb, *Good wine needs no bush*, is certainly wrong. That refers to a very old practice of hanging up a bush, or bough, where wine is to be sold. The Italians have the same proverb, *Al buono vino non bisogna frasca.*—*Tyrchill.*

<sup>5</sup> Dearness, cost.

<sup>6</sup> Waving, as in our watered silks.

<sup>7</sup> Imitating pales. It is hopeless to expect to arrive at the precise meaning of all these terms, unless we could find specimens of the garments to which they refer.

<sup>8</sup> Such like.

chesel<sup>1</sup> to maken holes, so moche dagging of sheres,<sup>2</sup> with the superfluitee in length of the foresaide gounes, trailing in the dong and in the myre, on hors and eke on foot, as wel of man as of woman, that all thilke trailing is veraily (as in effect) wasted, consumed, thredbare, and rotten with dong,<sup>3</sup> rather than it is yeven to the poure, to gret damage of the foresayd poure folk, and that in sondry wise - this is to sayn, the more that cloth is wasted, the more must it coat to the poure peple for the scarcenesse; and furthermore, if so be that they wolden yeve swiche pounsoned and dagged clothing to the poure peple, it is not convenient to were for hir estate, ne sufficient to bete<sup>4</sup> hir necessitee, to kepe hem fro the distemperance of the firmament. Upon that other side, to speke of the horrible disordinat scantnesse of clothing, as ben thise cutted sloppes or hauselincs,<sup>5</sup> that thurgh hir shortenesse cover not the shameful membres of man, to wicked entente; alas! som of hem shewen the bosse<sup>6</sup> and the shape of the horrible swollen membres, that semen like to the ma'adie of Hernia, in the wrapping of hir hosen, and eke the buttokkes of hem behinde, that faren as it were the hinder part of a she ape in the ful of the mone. And moreover the wretched swollen membres that they shew thurgh disguising, in departing<sup>7</sup> of hir hosen in white and rede, semeth that half hir shameful privee membres were flaine. And if so be that they departe hir hosen in other colours, as is white and blewe, or white and blake, or blake and rede, and so forth; than semeth it, as by variance of colour, that the half part of hir privee membres ben corrupt by the fire of Seint Anthonie, or by cancre, or other swiche mischance. Of the hinder part of hir buttokkes it is ful horrible for to see, for certes in that partie of hir body ther as they purgen hir stinking ordure, that foule partie shewe they to the peple proudly in despite of honestee, whiche honestee that Jesu Crist and his frendes observed to shewe in hir lif. Now as to the outrageous array of women, God wote, that though the visages of som of hem semen ful chaate

<sup>1</sup> Punching or stamping with a chisel.

<sup>2</sup> Slitting or clipping with scissors.

<sup>3</sup> If we remember the description of Aldgate and Whitechapel in the writings of Stowe, we can well imagine what "London mud" was at the still earlier period when Chaucer wrote.

<sup>4</sup> Help.

<sup>5</sup> Some kind of breeches.

<sup>6</sup> Protuberance.

<sup>7</sup> Barring in stripes of white and red.

and debonaire, yet notifien they, in hir array of attire, likerousnesse and pride. I say not that honestee in clothing of man or woman is uncovenable, but certes the superfluitee or disordinat scarcitee of clothing is reprevable. Also the sinne of ornament, or of apparaile, is in thinges that apperteine to riding, as in to many delicat hors, that ben holden for delit, that ben so faire, fatte, and costlewe; and also in many a vicious knave, that is susteined because of hem; in curious harneis, as in saddles, cropers, peitreles,<sup>1</sup> and bridles, covered with precious cloth and rich, barred and plated of gold and silver. For which God sayth by Zacharie the Prophet, I wol confounde the riders of swiche hors. These folke taken litel regard of the riding of Goddes sone of heven, and of his harneis, whan he rode upon the asse, and had non other harneis but the poure clothes of his disciples, ne we rede not that ever he rode on any other beste. I speke this for the sinne of superfluitee, and not for honestee, whan reson it requireth. And moreover, certes pride is gretly notified in holding of gret meinie,<sup>2</sup> whan they ben of litel profite or of right no profite, and namely whan that meinie is felonous and damageous to the peple by hardinesse of high lordeship, or by way of office; for certes, swiche lordes sell than hir lordeship to the Devil of helle, whan they susteine the wickednesse of hir meinie. Or elles, whan thise folk of low degrec, as they that holden hostelries, susteinen thefte<sup>3</sup> of hir hostellers, and that is in many maner of deceites: thilke maner of folk ben the flies that folowen the hony, or elles the houndes that folowen the caraine. Swiche foresayde folk stranglen spirituelli hir lordeshipes; for which thus saith David the Prophet; wicked deth mot come unto thilke lordeshipes, and God yeve that they mot descend into helle, all down; for in hir houses is iniquitee and shrewednesse,<sup>4</sup> and not God of heven. And certes, but if they don amendement, right as God yave his benison to Laban by the service of Jacob, and to Pharao by the service of Joseph, right so God wol yeve his malison to swiche lordeshipes as susteine the wickednesse of hir servants, but they come to amendement. Pride of the table appereth eke ful oft; for certes riche men be cleped to festes, and poure folk be put away and rebuked; and also in excesse

<sup>1</sup> Poltreis, breast-plates.

<sup>2</sup> Permit, wink at the pilferings.

<sup>3</sup> A great company of servants.

<sup>4</sup> Accursedness.

of divers metes and drinkes, and namely swiche maner bake metes and dishe metes brenning of wilde fire, and painted and castelled with paper, and semblable wast, so that it is abusion to thynke. And eke in to gret preciousnesse of vessell, and curiositee of minstralcie, by which a man is stirred more to the delites of luxurie, if so be that he sette his herte the lesse upon oure Lord Jesu Crist, it is a sinne; and certainly the delites might ben so gret in this cas, that a man might lightly fall by hem into dedly sinne. The spices that sourden of<sup>1</sup> pride, sothly whan they sourden of malice imagined, avised, and forecaste, or elles of usage, ben dedly sinnes, it is no doute. And whan they sourden by freeltee unavised sodenly, and sodenly withdraw again, al be they grevous sinnes, I gesse that they be not dedly. Now might men aske, wherof that pride sourdeth and springeth. I say that somtime it springeth of the goodes of nature, somtime of the goodes of fortune, and somtime of the goodes of grace. Certes the goodes of nature stonden only in the goodes of the body, or of the soule. Certes, the goodes of the body ben hele of body, strength, delivernesse,<sup>2</sup> beautee, gentrie, franchise;<sup>3</sup> the goodes of nature of the soule ben good wit, sharpe understanding, subtil engine, vertue naturel, good memorie: goodes of fortune ben riches, high degrees of lordshipe, and preisinges of the peple: goodes of grace ben science, power to suffre spirituel travaile, benignitee, vertuous contemplation, withstanding of temptation, and semblable thinges: of which foresayd goodes, certes it is a gret folie, a man to priden him in any of hem all. Now as for to speke of goodes of nature, God wote that somtime we have hem in nature as moche to our damage as to our profite. As for to speke of hele of body, trewely it passeth ful lightly, and also it is ful ofte encheson<sup>4</sup> of aikenesse of the soule: for God wote, the flesh is a gret enemy to the soule: and therfore the more that the body is hele, the more be we in peril to falle. Eke for to priden him in his strength of body, it is a grete folie: for certes the flesh coveiteth ayenst the spirite: and ever the more strong that the flesh is, the sorer may the soule be: and over all, this strength of body, and worldly hardinesse, causeth ful oft to many man peril and mischance. Also to have pride

<sup>1</sup> Arise from.<sup>2</sup> Bravery.<sup>3</sup> Agility.<sup>4</sup> Occasion.

of gentrie is right gret folie : for oft time the gentrie of the body benimeth<sup>1</sup> the gentrie of the soule : and also we ben all of o fader and of o moder : and all we ben of o nature rotten and corrupt, both riche and poure. Forsoth o maner gentrie is for to preise, that appareilleth mannes corage with vertues and moralitees, and maketh him Cristes child ; for trusteth wel, that over what<sup>2</sup> man that sinne hath maistrie, he is a veray cherl to sinne.

Now ben ther general signes of gentilnesse ; as eschewing of vice and ribaudrie, and servage of sinne, in word, and in werk and contenance, and using vertue, as courtesie, and clenenesse, and to be liberal ; that is to say, large by mesure ; for thilke that passeth mesure, is folie and sinne. Another is to remember him of bountee, that he of other folk hath received. Another is to be benigne to his subgettes ; wherfore saith Seneke ; ther is nothing more covenable to a man of high estate, than debonairtee and pitee : and therfore thise flies that men clepen bees, whan they make hir king, they chesen on that hath no pricke, wherwith he may sting. Another is, man to have a noble herte and a diligent, to atteine to high vertuous thinges. Now certes, a man to priden him in the goodes of grace, is eke an outrageous folie : for thilke yestes of grace that shuld have tourned him to goodnesse, and to medicine, tourneth him to venime and confusion, as sayth Seint Gregorie. Certes also, who so prideth him in the goodnesse of fortune, he is a gret fool : for sometime is a man a gret lord by the morwe, that is a caitife and a wretch or<sup>3</sup> it be night : and sometime the richesse of a man is cause of his deth : and sometime the delites of a man ben cause of grevous maladie, thurgh which he dieth. Certes, the commendation of the peple is ful false and brotel<sup>4</sup> for to trust ; this day they preise, to-morwe they blame. God wote, desire to have commendation of the peple hath caused deth to many a besy man.

*Remedium Superbia.*

Now sith that so is, that ye have understond what is pride, and which be the spices of it, and how mennes pride sourdeth<sup>5</sup> and springeth ; now ye shul understond which is the remedie ayenst it. Humilitee or mekenesse is the remedy ayenst pride ; that is a vertue, thurgh which a man

<sup>1</sup> Taketh away.

<sup>2</sup> Whatsoever.

<sup>3</sup> Before.

<sup>4</sup> Brittle.

<sup>5</sup> Ariseth.

hath veray knowlege of himself, and holdeth of himself no deintee, ne no pris, as in regard of his desertes, considering ever his freeltee. Now ben ther three maner of humilitees; as humilitee in herte, and another in the mouth, and the thridde in werkes. The humilitee in herte is in foure maners; that on is, whan a man holdeth himself as nought worth before God of heven: the second is, whan he despiseth non other man. the thridde is, whan he ne recketh nat though men holde him nought worth: and the fourth is, whan he is not sory of his humiliation. Also the humilitee of mouth is in foure thinges; in attemperat speche; in humilitee of speche; and whan he confesseth with his owen mouth, that he is swiche as he thinketh that he is in his herte: another is, whan he preiseth the bountee<sup>1</sup> of another man and nothing therof amenuseth.<sup>2</sup> Humilitee eke in werkes is in foure maners. The first is, whan he putteth other men before him; the second is, to chese the lowest place of all; the thridde is, gladly to assent to good conseil; the fourth is, to stond gladly to the award of his souveraine, or of him that is higher in degree: certain this is a gret werk of humilitee.

### *De Invidia.*

After pride wol I speke of the foule sinne of Envie, which that is, after the word of the philosopher,<sup>3</sup> sorwe of other mennes prosperitee; and after the word of Seint Augustine, it is sorwe of other mennes wele, and joye of other mennes harme. This foule sinne is platly ayenst the holy gost. Al be it so, that every sinne is ayenst the holy gost, yet natheles, for as moche as bountee apperteineth proprely to the holy gost, and envie cometh proprely of malice, therefore it is proprely ayenst the bountee of the holy Gost. Now hath malice two spices, that is to say, hardinesse of herte in wickednesse, or elles the flesh of man is so blind, that he considereth not that he is in sinne, or recketh not that he is in sinne; which is the hardinesse of the divel. That other spice of envie is, whan that a man werrieth trouth, whan he wot that it is trouth, and also whan he werrieth the grace of God that God hath yeve to his neighbour: and all this is by envie. Certes than is envie the werst sinne that is; for sothly all other sinnes be

<sup>1</sup> Goodness.

<sup>2</sup> Detracts from.

<sup>3</sup> Aristotle.

somtime only ayenst on spécial vertue: but certes envie is ayenst al maner vertues and alle goodnesse; for it is sory of all bountee of his neighbour: and in this maner it is divers from all other sinnes; for wel unnethe<sup>1</sup> is ther any sinne that it ne hath som delit in himself, save only envie, that ever hath in himself anguish and sorwe. The spices of envie ben these. Ther is first sorwe of other mennes goodnesse and of hir prosperitee; and prosperitee ought to be kindly mater of joye; than is envie a sinne ayenst kinde. The seconde spice of envie is joye of other mennes harme; and that is proprely like to the divel, that ever rejoyseth him of mannes harme. Of these two spices cometh backbiting; and this sinne of backbiting or detracting hath certain spices, as thus: som man preiseth his neighbour by a wicked entente, for he maketh alway a wicked knotte at the laste ende: alway he maketh a *but* at the last ende, that is digne of more blame, than is worth all the preising. The second spice is, that if a man be good, or doth or sayth a thing to good entente, the backbiter wol turne all that goodnesse up so doun to his shrewde entente. The thridde is to amenuse the bountee of his neighbour. The fourthe spice of backbiting is this, that if men speke goodnesse of a man, than wol the backbiter say; Parfay swiche a man is yet better than he; in dispreising of him that men preise. The fifth spice is this, for to consent gladly to herken the harme that men speke of other folk. This sinne is ful gret, and ay encreseth after the wicked entent of the backbiter. After backbiting cometh grutching or murmurance, and somtime it springeth of impatience ayenst God, and somtime ayenst man. Ayenst God it is whan a man grutcheth ayenst the peine of helle, or ayenst poverté, or losse of catel, or ayenst rain or tempest, or elles grutcheth that shrewes<sup>2</sup> have prosperitee, or elles that good men have adversitee: and all these thinges shuld men suffre patiently, for they comen by the rightful judgement and ordinance of God. Somtime cometh grutching of avarice, as Judas grutched ayenst the Magdeleine, whan she anointed the hed of our Lord Jesu Crist with hire precious oynement. This maner murmuring is swiche as whan man grutcheth of goodnesse that himself doth, or that other folk don of hir owen catel.<sup>3</sup> Somtime cometh

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, scarcely is there.

<sup>2</sup> Ill-natured, ill-tempered people.

<sup>3</sup> Out of their own means.

murmur of pride, as whan Simon the Pharisee grutchel ayenst the Magdeleine, whan she approached to Jesu Crist and wept at his feet for hire sunnes, and somtime it sourdeth of envie, whan men discover a mannes harme that was privee, or bereth him on hond<sup>1</sup> thing that is false. Murmur also is oft among servants, that grutchen whan hir souveraines bidden hem do leful<sup>2</sup> thinges; and for so moche as they dare not openly withsay the commaundement of hir souveraines, yet wol they say harme and grutche and murmure prively for veray despit; which wordes they call the divels *Pater noster*, though so be that the divel had never *Pater noster*, but that lewed folke yeven it swiche a name. Somtime it cometh of ire or privee hate, that norisheth rancour in the herte, as afterward I shal declare. Than cometh eke bitternesse of herte, thurgh which bitternesse every good dede of his neighbour semeth to him bitter and unsavory. Than cometh discord that unbindeth all maner of frendship. Than cometh scorning of his neighbour, al do he never so wel. Than cometh accusing, as whan a men seketh occasion to annoyen his neighbour, which is like the craft of the divel, that waiteth both day and night to accusen us all. Than cometh malignitee, thurgh which a man annoieth his neighbour prively if he may, and if he may not, algate his wicked will shal not let, as for to brenne his hous prively, or enpoison him, or sle his bestes, and semblable thinges.

*Remedium Invidiæ.*

Now wol I speke of the remedie ayenst this foule sinne of envie. Firste is the love of God principally, and loving of his neighbour as himself: for sothly that on ne may not be without that other. And trust wel, that in the name of thy neighbour thou shalt understande the name of thy brother; for certes all we have on fader fleshly, and on moder; that is to say, Adam and Eve; and also on fader spirituel, that is to say, God of heven. Thy neighbour art thou bounde for to love, and will him all goodnesse, and therefore sayth God; Love thy neighbour as thyself; that is to say, to salvation both of lif and soule. And moreover thou shalt love him in word, and in benigne amonesting<sup>3</sup> and chastising, and comfort him in his annoyes, and praye

<sup>1</sup> Decelveth him with.

<sup>2</sup> Lawful.

<sup>3</sup> Admonishing.

for him with all thy herte. And in dede thou shalt love him in swiche wise that thou shalt do to him in charitee, as thou woldest that it were don to thin owen person: and therefore thou ne shalt do him no damage in wicked word, ne harme in his body, ne in his catel, ne in his soule by entising of wicked ensample. Thou shalt not desire his wif, ne non of his thinges. Understonde eke that in the name of neighbour is comprehended his enemy: certes man shal love his enemy for the comandment of God, and sothly thy frend thou shalt love in God. I say thin enemy shalt thou love for Goddes sake, by his commandement: for if it were reson that man shulde hate his enemy, forsoth God n'olde not receive us to his love that ben his enemies. Ayenst three maner of wronges, that his enemy doth to him, he shal do three things, as thus: ayenst hate and rancour of herte, he shal love him in herte: ayenst chiding and wicked wordes, he shal pray for his enemy: ayenst the wicked dede of his enemy he shal do him bountee. For Crist sayth: Love your enemies, and prayeth for hem that speke you harme, and for hem that chasen and pursuen you: and do bountee to hem that haten you. Lo, thus comandeth us our Lord Jesu Crist to do to our enemies: forsoth nature driveth us to love our frendes, and parfay our enemies have more nede of love than our frendes, and they that more nede have, certes to hem shal men do goodnesse. And certes in thilke dede have we remembrance of the love of Jesu Crist that died for his enemies: and in as moche as thilke love is more grevous to performe, so moche is more gret the merite, and therefore the loving of our enemy hath confounded the venime of the divel. For right as the divel is confounded by humilitee, right so is he wounded to the deth by the love of our enemy: certes than is love the medicine that casteth out the venime of envie fro mannes herte.

### *De Ira.*

After envy wol I declare of the sinne of Ire: for sothly who so hath envy upon his neighbour, anon communly wol finde him mater of wrath in word or in dede ayenst him to whom he hath envie. And as wel cometh Ire of pride as of envie, for sothly he that is proude or envious is lightly<sup>1</sup> wroth.

<sup>1</sup> Easily.

This sinne of Ire, after the discribing<sup>1</sup> of Seint Augustin, is wicked will to be avenged by word or by dede. Ire, after the Philosophre, is the fervent blode of man yquickened in his herte, thurgh which he wold harme to him that he hateth: for certes the herte of man by enchaufing and moving of his blood waxeth so troubled, that it is out of all maner jugement of reson. But ye shul understonde that Ire is in two maners, that on of hem is good, and that other is wicked. The good ire is by jalousie of goodnesse, thurgh the which man is wroth with wickednesse, and again wickednesse. And therfore saith the wise man, that ire is better than play. This ire is with debonairete, and it is wrothe without bitternesse: not wrothe ayenst the man, but wrothe with the misdede of the man: as saith the Prophet David; *Irascimini, et nolite peccare*. Now understond that wicked ire is in two maners, that is to say, soden ire or hasty ire without avisement and consenting of reson; the mening and the sence of this is, that the reson of a man ne consenteth not to that soden ire, and than it is venial. Another ire is that is ful wicked, that cometh of felonie of herte, avised and cast before, with wicked will to do vengeance, and therto his reson consenteth: and sothly this is dedly sinne. This ire is so displeasnt to God, that it troubleth his hous, and chaseth the holy Gost out of mannes soule, and wasteth and destroyeth that likeness of God, that is to say, the vertue that is in mannes soule, and putteth in him the likeness of the devil, and benimeth the man fro God that is his rightful Lord. This ire is a ful gret plesance to the devil, for it is the devils forneis that he enchaufeth with the fire of helle. For certes right so as fire is more mighty to destroie erthly thinges, than any other element, right so ire is mighty to destroie all spirituel thinges. Loke how that fire of smal gledes,<sup>2</sup> that ben almost ded under ashen, wol quicken ayen<sup>3</sup> whan they ben touched with brimstone, right so ire wol evermore quicken ayen, whan it is touched with pride that is covered in mannes herte. For certes fire ne may not come out of no thing, but if it were first in the same thing naturelly: as fire is drawne out of flintes with stele. And right so as pride is many times mater of ire, right so is rancour notice and keper of ire. Ther is a maner tree, as sayth Seint Isidore, that whan men make a fire of the saide tree, and

<sup>1</sup> Definition.<sup>2</sup> Burning embers.<sup>3</sup> Again.

cover the coles of it with ashen, sothly the fire therof wol last all a yere or more: and right so fareth it of rancour, whan it is ones conceived in the herte of som men, certes it wol lasten peraventure from on Easterne day until another Easterne day, or more. But certes the same man is ful fer from the mercie of God all thilke while.

In this foresaid devils forneis ther forgen three shrewes; pride, that ay bloweth and encreseth the fire by chiding and wicked wordes: than stondeth envie, and holdeth the hot yren upon the herte of man, with a pair of longe tonges of longe rancour: and than stondeth the sinne of contumelie or strif and cheste,<sup>1</sup> and battereth and forgeth by vilains reprevinges.<sup>2</sup> Certes this cursed sinne annoyeth both to the man himself, and eke his neighbour. For sothly almost all the harme or damage that ony man doth to his neighbour cometh of wrath: for certes, outrageous wrathe doth all that ever the foule fende willeth or commandeth him; for he ne spareth neyther for our Lord Jesu Crist, ne his swete moder; and in his outrageous anger and ire, alas! alas! ful many on at that time, feleth in his herte ful wickedly, both of Crist, and also of all his halwes. Is not this a cursed vice? Yes certes. Alas! it benimmeth<sup>3</sup> fro man his witte and his reson, and all his debonaire lit spirituel, that shuld kepe his soule. Certes it benimmeth also Goddes due lordship (and that is mannes soule) and the love of his neighbours: it striveth also all day ayenst trouth; it reveth<sup>4</sup> him the quiet of his herte, and subverteth his soule.

Of ire comen thise stinking engendrures; first, hate, that is olde wrath: discord, thurgh which a man forsaketh his olde frend that he hath loved ful long: and than cometh werre, and every maner of wrong that a man doth to his neighbour in body or in catel.<sup>5</sup> Of this cursed sinne of ire cometh eke manslaughter. And understondeth wel that homicide (that is, manslaughter) is in divers wise. Som maner of homicide is spirituel, and som is bodily. Spirituel manslaughter is in six thinges. First, by hate, as sayth St. John: He that hateth his brother, is an homicide. Homicide is also by backbiting; of which backbitours sayth Salomon, that they have two swerdes, with which they slay hir neighbours: for sothly as wicked it is to benime of him his good name as his lif. Homicide is also in yeving

<sup>1</sup> Debate.<sup>2</sup> Retorts, recriminations.<sup>3</sup> Taketh away.<sup>4</sup> Bereaveth.<sup>5</sup> Gorda.

of wicked conseil by fraude, as for to yeve conseil to aȝen wrongful customes and talages; of which sayth Salomon: A lion roring, and a bere hungrie, ben like to cruel lordes in withholding or abregging of the hire or of the wages of servantes, or elles in usurie, or in withdrawing of the almesse of poure folk. For which the wise man sayth: Fedeth him that almost dieth for hunger; for sothly but if thou fede him thou sleest him. And all thise ben dedly sinnes. Bodily manslaughter is whan thou sleest him with thy tonge in other maner, as whan thou commandest to sle a man, or elles yevest conseil to sle a man. Manslaughter in dede is in foure maners. That on is by lawe, right as a justice dampneth him that is culpable to the deth: but let the justice beware that he do it rightfully, and that he do it not for delit to spill blood, but for keping of rightwisenesse. Another homicide is don for necessitee, as whan a man sleeth another in his defence, and that he ne may non other wise escapen fro his owen deth: but certain, and<sup>2</sup> he may escape withouten slaughter of his adversarie, he doth sinne, and he shal bere penance as for dedly sinne. Also if a man by cas or aventure shete<sup>3</sup> an arowe or cast a stone, with which he sleeth a man, he is an homicide. And if a woman by negligence overlyeth hire child in hire slepe, it is homicide and dedly sinne. Also whan a man disturbleth conception of a childe, and maketh a woman barein by drinkes of venomous herbes, thurgh which she may not conceive, or sleeth hire child by drinkes, or elles putteth certain material thing in hire secret place to sle hire child, or elles doth unkinde sinne, by which man, or woman, shedeth his nature in place ther as a childe may not be conceived: or elles if a woman hath conceived, and hurteth hireself, and by that mishappe the childe is slaine, yet is it homicide. What say we eke of women that murderen hire children for drede of worldly shame? Certes, it is an horrible homicide. Eke if a man approche to a woman by desir of lecherie, thurgh which the childe is perished; or elles smiteth a woman wetingly, thurgh which she leseth hire child; all thise ben homicides, and horrible dedly sinnes. Yet comen ther of ire many mo sinnes, as wel in worde, as in thought and in dede; as he that arretteth upon<sup>4</sup> God, or blameth God of the thing of which he is himself gilty; or despiseth God

<sup>1</sup> Unless.<sup>2</sup> If.<sup>3</sup> Shoot.<sup>4</sup> Imputeth to.

and all his halwes, as don thise cursed hasardours<sup>1</sup> in divers contrees. This cursed sinne don they, whan they felen in hir herte ful wickedly of God and of his halwes: also whan they treten unreverently the sacrament of the auter, thilke sinne is so gret, that unneth it may be relesed, but that the mercy of God passeth all his werkcs, it is so gret, and he so benigne. Than cometh also of ire attray anger, whan a man is sharply amonested<sup>2</sup> in his shrift to leve his sinne, than wol he be angry, and answer hokerly<sup>3</sup> and angerly, to defend or excusen his sinne by unstedfastnesse of his fleshe; or elles he did it for to hold compaignie with his felawes; or elles he sayeth the fend enticed him; or elles he did it for his youthe; or elles his complexion is so corageous that he may not forbere; or elles it is his destinee, he sayth, unto a certain age; or elles he sayth it cometh him of gentilnesse of his auncestres, and semblable thinges. All thise maner of folke so wrappen hem in hir sinnes, that they ne wol not deliver himself; for sothly, no wight that excuseth himself wilfully of his sinne, may not be delivered of his sinne, til that he mekely beknoweth<sup>4</sup> his sinne. After this than cometh swering, that is expresse ayenst the commandement of God: and that befalleth often of anger and of ire. God sayth; Thou shalt not take the name of thy Lord God in idel.<sup>5</sup> Also our Lord Jesu Crist sayth by the word of Seint Mathew: Ne shal ye not swere in all manere, neyther by heven, for it is Goddes trone: ne by erthe, for it is the benche of his feet: ne by Jerusalem, for it is the citee of a gret King: ne by thin hed, for thou ne mayst not make an here white ne black: but he sayth, be your word, ye, ye, nay, nay; and what that is more, it is of evil. Thus sayth Crist. For Cristes sake swere not so sinnefully, in dismembring of Crist, by soule, herte, bones, and body: for certes it semeth, that ye thinken that the cursed Jewes dismembred him not ynough, but ye dismembre him more. And if so be that the lawe compell you to swere, than reuleth you<sup>6</sup> after the lawe of God in your swering, as sayth Jeremie; Thou shalt kepe three conditions; thou shalt swere in trouth, in dome,<sup>7</sup> and in rightwisenesse. This is to say, thou shalt swere soth; for every lesing<sup>8</sup> is ayenst Crist; for Crist is veray trouth: and thinke wel this, that every gret swerer, not

<sup>1</sup> Gamesters.<sup>3</sup> Frowardly.<sup>6</sup> Be ye guided.<sup>4</sup> Acknowledgeth.<sup>7</sup> Judgment.<sup>2</sup> Admonished.<sup>5</sup> Vain, idly.<sup>8</sup> Lying.

worship of God, and to the aiding an  
even? Cristen. And therefore every  
Goddess name in idel, or falsely swereth  
elles taketh on him the name of Crist, to  
man, and liveth agenst Cristes living a  
they take Goddes name in idel. Lok  
Seint Peter; *Actuum* iv. *Non est aliud*  
Ther is non other name (sayth Seint)  
yeven to men, in which they may be sa  
but the name of Jesu Crist. Take kepe  
is the name of Jesu Crist, as sayth S  
*lipenses* ii. *In nomine Jesu*, &c. that i  
every knee of heavenly creature, or erthl  
bowen; for it is so high and so worship  
fend in helle shuld tremble for to her  
seemeth it, that men that swere so hor  
name, that they despise it more boldely  
Jewes, or elles the divel, that tremble  
his name.

Now certes, sith that swering (but if  
is so highly defended, moche worse is f  
and eke neeleles.

What say we eke of hem that delite  
and hold it a genterie or manly dede to  
And what of hem that of veray usage n  
gret othes, al be the cause not worth  
this is horrible sinne. Swering sodenly  
is also a gret sinne. But let us go n  
swearing of adinuation and adinuation

flight or by noise of briddes or of bestes, or by sorte of geomancie, by dremes, by chirking<sup>1</sup> of dores, or craking of houses, by gnawing or rattes, and swiche maner wretchednesse? Certes, all thise thinges ben defended<sup>2</sup> by God and holy chirche, for which they ben accursed, till they come to amendement, that on swiche filth set hir beleve. Charmes for woundes, or for maladies of men or of bestes, if they take any effect, it may be peraventure that God suffreth it, for folk shuld yeve the more feith and reverence to his name.

Now wol I speak of lesinges,<sup>3</sup> which generally is false signifiante of word, in entent to deceive his even<sup>4</sup> Cristen. Some lesing is, of which ther cometh non advantage to no wight; and som lesing turneth to the profite and ese of a man, and to the dammage of another man. Another lesing is, for to saven his lif or his catel. Another lesing cometh of delit for to lie, in which delit, they wol forge a long tale, and point it with all circumstances, wher all the ground of the tale is false. Some lesing cometh, for he wol sustein his word:<sup>5</sup> and som lesing cometh of recchelesnesse withouten avisement, and semblable thinges.

Let us now touche the vice of flaterie, which ne cometh not gladly, but for drede, or for covetise. Flaterie is generally wrongful preising. Flaterers ben the devils nourices, that nourish his children with milke of losengerie. Forsoth Salomon sayth, That flaterie is werse than detraction: for sometime detraction maketh an hautein<sup>6</sup> man be the more humble, for he dredeth detraction, but certes flaterie maketh a man to enhaunce his herte and his contenance. Flaterers ben the devils enchauntours, for they maken a man to wenen<sup>7</sup> himself be like that he is not like. They be like to Judas, that betrayed God; and thise flaterers betrayen man to selle him to his enemy, that is the devil. Flaterers ben the devils chappelcines, that ever singen *Placebo*. I reken flaterie in the vices of ire: for oft time if a man be wroth with another, than wol he flater som wight, to susteine him in his quarrel.

Speke we now of swiche cursing as cometh of irous<sup>8</sup> herte. Malison generally may be said every maner power of harme: swiche cursing bereveth man the regne of God,

<sup>1</sup> Creaking.

<sup>4</sup> Fellow.

<sup>6</sup> Haughty.

<sup>2</sup> Forbidden.

<sup>5</sup> *I.e.*, corroborate a falsehood already uttered.

<sup>7</sup> Think.

<sup>3</sup> Lying.

<sup>8</sup> Wrathful.

as sayth Saint Poule. And oft tyme swiche cursing wrongfully retorneth again to him that curseth, as a bird retorneth again to his owne nest. And over all thing men ought eachew to curse his children, and to yewe to the devil his engendrure, as far forth as in hem is; certes it is a grette peril and a grette sinne.

Let us than speke of chiding and reproving, which ben ful grette woundes in mannes herte, for they unwee the stames of frendship in mannes herte: for certes, unneche may a man be plainly accorded with him, that he both openly reviled, reproveth, and disclaundred:<sup>1</sup> this is a full grisly sinne, as Crist sayth in the Gospel. And take ye kepe now, that he that reproveth his neighbour, either he reproveth him by som harme of peine, that he both upon his bodie, as, Misel,<sup>2</sup> croked harlot; or by som sinne that he doth. Now if he reprove him by harme of peine, than turneth the reprove to Jesu Crist: for peine is sent by the rightwys sonde<sup>3</sup> of God, and by his sufferance, be it meselrie, or maim, or maladie: and if he reprove him uncharitably of sinne, as, thou bolour,<sup>4</sup> thou dronkelewe harlot, and so forth: than apperteineth that to the rejoicing of the devil, which ever hath joye that men don sinne. And certes, chiding may not come but out of a vilains herte, for after the haboundance of the herte speketh the mouth ful oft. And ye shul understoode, that loke by any way, whan ony man chastiseth another, that he beware fro chiding or reproving: for trowely, but he beware, he may ful lightly quicken the fire of anger and of wrath, which he shuld quench: and paraventure sloth him, that he might chastise with benignitee. For, as sayth Salomon, the amiable tonge is the tree of lif; that is to say, of lif spiritual. And sothly, a dissolute tonge sloth the spirit of him that reproveth, and also of him which is reproveth. Lo, what sayth Saint Augustine: Ther is nothing so like the devils child, as he which oft chideth. A servant of God behoveth not to chide. And though that chiding be a vilains thing betwix all maner folk, yet it is certes most uncovenable betwene a man and his wif, for ther is never rest. And therefore sayth Salomon; An hous that is uncovered in rayn and dropping, and a chiding wif, ben like. A man, which is in a day

<sup>1</sup> Underdred.

<sup>2</sup> Smelling, i.e., with.

<sup>3</sup> Then leper!

<sup>4</sup> Whoremonger.

ping hous in many places, though he eschew the dropping in o place, it droppeth on him in another place: so fareth it by a chiding wif; if she chide him not in o place, she wol chide him in another: and therefore, better is a morsel of bred with joye, than an hous filled ful of delices with chiding, sayth Salomon. And Seint Poule sayth; O ye women, beth ye subgettes to your husbonds, as you behoveth in God; and ye men loveth your wives.

Afterward speke we of scorning, which is a wicked sinne, and namely, whan he scorneth a man for his good werkes: for certes, swiche scorner faren like the foule tode, that may not endure to smell the swete savour of the vine, whan it flourisheth. Thise scorner ben parting felawes<sup>1</sup> with the devil, for they have joye whan the devil winneth, and sorwe if he leseth. They ben adversaries to Jesu Crist, for they hate that he loveth; that is to say, salvation of soule.

Speke we now of wicked conseil, for he that wicked conseil yeveth is a traitour, for he deceiveth him that trusteth in him. But natheles, yet is wicked conseil first ayenst himself: for, as sayth the wise man, every false living hath this propertee in himself, that he that wol annoy another man, he annoyeth first himself. And men shul understand, that man shal not take his conseil of false folk, ne of angry folk, or grevous folk, ne of folk that loven specially hir owen profit, ne of to moche worldly folk, namely, in conseiling of maunes soule.

Now cometh the sinne of hem that maken discord among folk, which is a sinne that Crist hateth utterly; and no wonder is; for he died for to make concord. And more shame don they to Crist, than did they that him crucified: for God loveth better, that frendship be amonges folk, than he did his owen body, which that he yave for unitee. Therefore ben they likened to the devil, that ever is about to make discord.

Now cometh the sinne of Double tonge, swiche as speke faire before folk, and wickedly behind: or elles they make semblaunt as though they spake of good entention, or elles in game and play, and yet they spoken of wicked entente.

Now cometh bewreying<sup>2</sup> of conseil, thurgh which a man is defamed: certes unnethe may he restore the damage. Now cometh manace, that is an open folie: for he that oft

<sup>1</sup> Partners.<sup>2</sup> Betraying.

manaceth, he threteth more than he may performe fol oft time. Now comen idel wordes, that be without profite of him that speketh the wordes, and eke of him that herkeneth the wordes: or elles idel wordes ben tho that ben nedeles, or without entente of naturel profit. And al be it that idel wordes be somtime venial sinne, yet shuld men doute hem, for we shul yve rekening of hem before God. Now cometh jangling, that may not come withouten sinne: and as sayth Salomon, it is a signe of apert folie. And therfore a philosophre sayd, whan a man axed him how that he shuld plesse the peple, he answered; Do many good werkes, and speke few jangelinges. After this cometh the sinne of japeres, that ben the devils apes, for they make tolk to laugh at hir japerie, as folk don at the gaudes<sup>1</sup> of an ape: swiche japes defendeth Seint Poula. Loke how that vertuous wordes and holy comforten hem that travaillen in the service of Crist, right so comforten the vilains words, and the knakkes of japeres, hem that travaillen in the service of the devil. Thise ben the sinnes of the tonge, that comen of ire, and other sinnes many mo.

### *Remedium Ire.*

The remedie ayenst Ire, is a vertue that cleped is mansuetude, that is Debonairtee: and eke another vertue, that men clepen patience or sufferaunce.

Debonairtee withdraweth and refreineth the stirrings and mevings of mannes corage in his herte, in swich maner, that they ne skip not out by anger ne ire. Sufferaunce suffereth swetely all the annoyance and the wrong that is don to man outward. Seint Jerome sayth this of debonairtee, That it doth no harme to no wight, ne sayth: ne for no harme that men do ne say, he ne chafeth not ayenst reson. This vertue somtime cometh of nature; for, as sayth the philosophre, a man is a quick thing, by nature debonaire, and trefable to goodnesse: but whan debonairtee is enformed of grace, than it is the more worth.

Patience is another remedy ayenst ire, and is a vertue that suffereth swetely every mannes goodnesse, and is not wroth for non harme that is don to him. The philosophre sayth, that patience is the vertue that suffreth debonairly

al the outrage of adversitee, and every wicked word. This vertue maketh a man like to God, and maketh him Goddes owen childe: as sayth Crist. This vertue discomfiteth thin enemies. And therefore sayth the wise man; if thou wolt vauquish thin enemy, see thou be patient. And thou shalt understand, that a man suffereth foure maner of grevances in outward thinges, ayenst the which foure he must have foure maner of patiences.

The first grevance is of wicked wordes. Tilke grevance suffred Jesu Crist, without grutching, ful patiently, whan the Jewes despised him and reprevd him ful oft. Suffer thou therefore patiently, for the wise man saith: if thou strive with a foole, though the foole be wroth, or though he laugh, algate<sup>1</sup> thou shalt have no reste. That other grevance outward is to have damage of thy catel. Therayenst suffred Crist ful patiently, whan he was despoiled of al that hrehad in this lif, and that n'as but his clothes.

The thridde grevance is a man to have harme in his body. That suffred Crist ful patiently in all his passion. The fourthe grevance is in outrageous labour in werkes: wherefore I say, that folk that make hir servants to travaile to grevously, or out of time, as in holy dayes, sothly they do gret sinne. Hereayenst suffred Crist ful patiently, and taught us patience, whan he bare upon his blessed sholders the crosse, upon which he shuld suffer despitous deth. Here may men lerne to be patient; for certes, not only cristen men be patient for love of Jesu Crist, and for guerdon of the blisful lif that is perdurable, but certes the old Payenes, that never were cristened, commended and useden the vertue of patience.

A philosophre upon a time, that wold have beten his disciple for his gret trespas, for which he was gretly meved, and brought a yerde<sup>2</sup> to bete the childe, and whan this child sawe the yerde, he sayd to his maister: what thinke ye to do? I wol bete thee, sayd the maister, for thy correction. Forsoth, sayd the childe, ye ought first correct yourself, that have lost all your patience for the offence of a child. Forsooth, sayd the maister all weping, thou sayest soth: have thou the yerde, my dere sone, and correct me for min impatience. Of patience cometh obedience, thurgh which a man is obedient to Crist, and to all hem to which he ought to be obedient in Crist. And

<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless.<sup>2</sup> Staff.

understand wel, that obedi  
man doth gladly and hastily  
that he shuld do. Obediet  
hastily the doctrine of God,  
him ought to be obeisant in

*De 4*

After the sinne of wrath,  
of accidie, or slouth: for eny  
and ire troubleth a man, &  
thoughtful,<sup>2</sup> and wrawe.<sup>3</sup> It  
in herte, which bitterness  
nimeth him the love of all  
angulish of a trouble herte.  
It is annoye of goodnesse:  
this is a damnable sinne, for  
in as moche as it benimeth  
to Crist with alle diligence,  
doth non swiche diligence,  
and with wrawnesse,<sup>4</sup> stal  
idelnesse and unlust.<sup>6</sup> For  
cursed be he that doth th  
Than is accidie enemye to ev  
the estate of man is in th  
estate of innocence, as was t  
he felle into sinne, in which  
as in heryng and adoring o  
estate of sinful men: in wh  
labour in praying to God, f  
and that he wold graunt h  
Another estate is the estate  
holden to werkes of penite  
thinges is accidie enemye a  
besinesse at all. Now certe  
eke a ful gret enemye to the  
hath no purveaunce ayens  
forslentheth,<sup>6</sup> forsluggeth, a  
porel by rechelesnesse.

<sup>1</sup> Negligence arising from

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.*, thoughtful in a bad

<sup>3</sup> Peevish.

<sup>4</sup> Without good will.

The fourth thing is that accidie is like hem that ben in the peine of helle, because of hir slouthe and of hir hevinnesse: for they that be damned, ben so bound, that they may neyther do wel ne think wel. Of accidie cometh first, that a man is annoied and accombred to do any goodnesse, and that maketh that God hath abhomination of swiche accidie, as sayth Seint John.

Now cometh slouthe, that wol not suffre no hardnesse ne no penance: for sothly, slouthe is so tendre and so delicat, as sayth Salomon, that he wol suffre non hardnesse ne penance, and therefore he shendeth<sup>1</sup> all that he doth. Ayenst this roten sinne of accidie and slouthe shuld men exercise himself, and use himself to do good werkes, and manly and vertuously cachen corage wel to do, thinking that our Lord Jesu Crist quiteth every good deed, be it never so lite. Usage of labour is a gret thing: for it maketh, as sayth Seint Bernard, the labourer to have strong armes and hard sinewes: and slouthe maketh hem feble and tendre. Than cometh drede for to beginne to werke any good werkes: for certes, he that enclineth to sinne, him thinketh it is to gret an emprise for to undertake the werkes of goodnesse, and casteth in his herte that the circumstances of goodnesse ben so grevous and so chargeant for to suffre, that he dare not undertake to do werkes of goodnesse, as sayth Seint Gregorie.

Now cometh wanhope, that is. despeir of the mercy of God, that cometh sometime of to moche outrageous sorwe, and sometime of to moche drede, imagining that he hath do so moche sinne, that it wolde not availe him, though he wolde repent him, and forsake sinne: thurgh which despeire or drede, he abandoneth all his herte to every maner sinne, as sayth Seint Augustine. Which dampnable sinne, if it continue unto his end, it is cleped the sinne of the holy gost. This horrible sinne is so perilous, that he that is despeired, ther n'is no felonie, ne no sinne, that he douteth for to do, as shewed wel by Judas. Certes, aboven all sinnes than is this sinne most displesant and most adversarie to Crist. Sothly, he that despeireth him, is like to the coward champion recreant, that flieth withouten nede. Alas! alas! nedeles is he recreant, and nedeles despeired. Certes, the mercy of God is ever rely to the penitent person, and is above all his werkes. Alas!

cannot a man bethinke him on the Gospel of Seint Luke, chap. xv., wheras Crist sayeth, that as wel shal ther be joye in heven upon a sinful man that doth penitence, as upon ninety and nine rightful men that nedden no penitence? Loke further, in the same Gospel, the joye and the feste of the good man that had lost his sone, whan his sone was retourned with repentance to his father. Can they not remembre hem also, (as sayth Seint Luke, chap. xxiii.) how that the thefe that was honged beside Jesu Crist, sayd, Lord, remembre on me, whan thou comest in thy regne? Forsoth, said Crist, I say to thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradis. Certes, ther is non so horrible sinne of man, that ne may in his lif be destroyed by penitence, thurgh vertue of the passion and of the deth of Crist. Alas! what nedeth man than to be despaired, with that his mercy is so redy and large? Axe and have. Than cometh sompnolence, that is, sluggy slumbring, which maketh a man hevy, and dull in body and in soule, and this sinne cometh of slouthe. and certes, the time that by way of reson man shuld not slepe, is by the morwe, but if ther were cause reasonable. For sothly in the morwe tide is most covenable<sup>1</sup> to a man to say his prayers, and for to think on God, and to honour God, and to yeve almes to the poure that comen first in the name of Jesu Crist. Lo, what sayth Salomon? Who so wol by the morwe awake to seke me, he shal find me. Than cometh negligence or recchelesnesse that recketh of nothing. And though that ignorance be mother of all harmes, certes, negligence is the norice. Negligence ne doth no force, whan he shal do a thing, whether he do it wel or badly.

The remedie of thise two sinnes is, as sayth the wise man, that he that dredeth God, spareth not to do that him ought to do; and he that loveth God, he wol do diligence to plesse God by his werkes, and abandon himself, with all his might, wel for to do. Than cometh idelnesse, that is the yate<sup>2</sup> of all harmes. An idel man is like to a place that hath no walles; theras deviles may enter on every side, or shoot at him at discoverte<sup>3</sup> by temptation on every side. This idelnesse is the thurrok<sup>4</sup> of all wicked and vilains thoughtes, and of all jangeles, trifles, and all ordure. Certes heven is yoven to hem that will labour, and act to

<sup>1</sup> Fitting.<sup>2</sup> Uncovered.<sup>3</sup> Gate.<sup>4</sup> Hole.

idel folk. Also David sayth, they ne be not in the labour of men, ne they shul not ben whipped with men, that is to say, in purgatorie. Certes than semeth it they shul ben tormented with the devil in helle, but if they do penance.

Than cometh the sinne that men clepen *Tarditas*, as whan a man is latered,<sup>1</sup> or taryed or he wol tourne to God: and certes, that is a gret folie. He is like him that falleth in the dicke, and wol not arise. And this vice cometh of false hope, that thinketh that he shal live long, but that hope failleth ful oft.

Than cometh *Lachesse*,<sup>2</sup> that is, he that whan he beginneth any good werk, anon he wol forlete it and stint, as don they that have any wight to governe, and ne take of him no more kepe, anon as they find any contrary or any annoy. Thise ben the newe shepherdes, that let hir shepe wetingly go renne to the wolf, that is in the breres, and do no force of hir owen governance. Of this cometh poverte and destruction, both of spirituel and temporel thinges. Than cometh a maner coldnesse, that freseth all the herte of man. Than cometh undevotion, thurgh which a man is so blont, as sayth Seint Bernard, and hath swiche langour in his soule, that he may neyther rede ne sing in holy chirche, ne here ne thinke of no devotion, ne travaile with his hondes in no good werk, that it n'is to him unsavory and all apalled. Than wexeth he sluggish and slombry, and sone wol he be wroth, and sone is enclined to hate and to envie. Than cometh the sinne of worldly sorwe swiche as is cleped *Tristitia*, that sleth a man, as sayth Seint Poule. For certes swiche sorwe werketh to the deth of the soule and of the body also, for therof cometh, that a man is annoied of his owen lif. Wherefore swiche sorwe shorteth the lif of many a man, or that his time is come by way of kinde.<sup>3</sup>

### *Remedium Accidia.*

Ayenst this horrible sinne of accidie, and the braunches of the same, ther is a vertue that is called *fortitudo* or strength, that is, an affection, thurgh which a man despiseth noyous<sup>4</sup> thinges. This vertue is so mighty and so vigorous, that it dare withstond mightily, and wrastle ayenst

<sup>1</sup> Delayed.

<sup>2</sup> Nature.

<sup>3</sup> Slackness.

<sup>4</sup> Noisome, vexations.

the ~~ammutes~~ of the devil, and wisely kepe himself fro perils that ben wicked; for it enhaungeth and enforceth the souk right as accidie abateth and maketh it felde: for this *fortitudo* may endure with long sufferance the travailles that ben covenable.

This vertue hath many spices; the first is cleped magnanimitee, that is to say, gret corage. For certes the behoveth gret corage ayenst accidie, lest that it swallow the soule by the sime of sorwe, or destroy it with was hope. Certes, this vertue maketh folk to undertake hard and grevous thinges by hir owen will, wisely and reasonably. And for as moche as the devil fighteth ayenst man more by queintise<sup>1</sup> and sleight than by strength, therefore shal man withstond him by wit, by reason, and by discretio. Than ben ther the vertues of feith, and hope in God as in his seintes, to acheven and accomplice the good werke in the which he purposeth firmly to continue. That cometh seuretee or sikernessee;<sup>2</sup> and that is whan a man douteth no travaile in time coming of the good werke that he hath begonne. Than cometh magnificence, that is to say, whan a man doth and performeth gret werkes of goodnesse, that he hath begonne, and that is the end why the men shuld do good werkes. For in the accomplishing good werkes lieth the gret guerdon. Than is ther constance, that is stablessee of corage, and this shuld be herte by stedfast feith, and in mouth, and in bering, chere, and in dede. Eke ther ben mo special remed, ayenst accidie, in divers werkes, and in consideration the penes of helle and of the joyes of heven, and in trust the grace of the holy gost, that will yeve him might performe his good entent.

### *De Avaritia.*

After accidie wol I speke of avarice, and of covetise. Of which sinne Seint Poule sayth: The rote of all harmes-covetise. For sothly, whan the herte of man is cōfounded in itself and troubled, and that the soule hath the comfort of God, than seeketh he an idel solas<sup>3</sup> of worldly thinges.

Avarice, after the description of Seint Augustine, is likerounessee in herte to have erthly thinges. Som what

<sup>1</sup> Stealthiness, craft.

<sup>2</sup> Certainty.

<sup>3</sup> Solace.

folk sayn, that avarice is for to purchase many erthly thinges, and nothing to yeve to hem that han nede. And understond wel, that avarice standeth not only in land ne catel,<sup>1</sup> but som time in science and in glorie. and in every maner outrageous thing is avarice. And the difference betwene avarice and coveitise is this: coveitise is for to coveit swiche thinges as thou hast not; and avarice is to withholde and kepe swiche thinges as thou hast, without rightful nede. Sothly, this avarice is a sinne that is ful dampnable, for all holy writ curseth it, and speketh ayenst it, for it doth wrong to Jesu Crist; for it bereveth him the love that men to him owen, and tourneth it backward ayenst all reson, and maketh that the avaricious man hath more hope in his catel than in Jesu Crist, and doth more observance in keping of his tresour, than he doth in the service of Jesu Crist. And therfore sayth Seint Poul, That an avaricious man is the thraldome of idolatrie.

What difference is ther betwix an idolastre, and an avaricious man? But that an idolastre peradventure ne hath not but o maumet<sup>2</sup> or two, and the avaricious man hath many: for certes, every florein in his coffre is his maumet. And certes, the sinne of maumetrie is the first that God defended<sup>3</sup> in the ten commandments, as bereth witnesse, *Exod. Cap. xx.* Thou shalt have no false goddes before me, ne thou shalt make to thee no graven thing. Thus is an avaricious man, that loveth his tresour before God, an idolastre. And thurgh this cursed sinne of avarice and coveitise cometh thise hard lordships, thurgh which men ben distreined by tallages, customes, and cariages, more than hir dutee or reson is: and eke take they of hir bondmen amercementes,<sup>4</sup> which might more resonably be called extortions than amercementes. Of which amercementes, or raunsoming of bondmen, som lordes stewardes say, that it is rightful, for as moche as a cherl hath no temporel thing, that it ne is his lordes, as they say. But certes, thise lordshipes don wrong, that bereven hir bondmen thinges that they never yave hem. *Augustinus de Civitate Dei, Libro ix.* Soth is, that the condition of thraldom, and the first cause of thraldom was for siune. *Genesis v.*

Thus may ye see, that the gilt deserved thraldom, but not nature. Wherefore thise lordes ne shuld not to moche

<sup>1</sup> Goods.

<sup>2</sup> Forbade.

<sup>3</sup> Idol.

<sup>4</sup> Fines.

glorifie hem in hir lordshipes, sith that they by natural condition ben not lordes of hir thralles, but that thraldom came first by the deserte of sinne. And farther more, ther as the lawe sayth, that temporel goodes of bonifolke ben the goodes of hir lord: ye, that is for to understand, the goodes of the emperour, to defend hem in hir right, but not to robbe hem ne to reve<sup>1</sup> hem. Therefore sayth Seneca: The prudent shuld live benignely with the thral.<sup>2</sup> Tho that thou clepest thy thralles, ben Goddes peple: for humble folk ben Cristes frendes; they ben contubernial with the Lord thy king.

Thinke also, that of swiche seed as cherles springen, of swiche seed springen lordes: as wel may the cherl be saved as the Lord. The same deth that taketh the cherl, swiche deth taketh the Lord. Wherefore I rede,<sup>3</sup> do right so with thy cherl as thou woldest that thy Lord did with thee, if thou were in his plight. Every sinful man is a cherl to sinne. I rede thee, thou Lord, that thou reule thee in swiche wise, that thy cherles rather love thee than drede thee. I wote wel, that ther is degree above degree, as reson is, and skill is,<sup>4</sup> that men do hir devoir, ther as it is due: but certes, extortion, and despit of your underlinges, is dampnable.

And furthermore understond wel, that thise conquerours or tyrantes maken ful oft thralles of hem, that ben borne of as royal blood as ben they that hem conqueren. This name of Thraldom was never erst couthe,<sup>5</sup> til that Noe sayd, that his sone Cham shuld be thral to his brethren for his sinne. What say we than of hem that pille<sup>6</sup> and don extortions to holy Chirche? Certes, the sward that men yeven first to a knight whan he is newe dubbed, signifieth, that he shuld defend holy Chirche, and not robbe it ne pille it: and who so doth is traitour to Crist. As saith Seint Augustine, Tho ben the devils wolves, that strangelen the shepe of Jesu Crist, and don worse than wolves: for sothly, whan the wolf hath full his wombe, he stinteth to strangle shepe: but sothly, the pillours<sup>7</sup> and destroyers of holy Chirches goodes ne do not so, for they ne stint never to pille. Now as I have sayd, sith so is, that sinne was first cause of thraldom, than is it thus, that at the time that

<sup>1</sup> Take away.

<sup>2</sup> Advise, say.

<sup>3</sup> Known.

<sup>4</sup> Pillage.

<sup>5</sup> Slave, servant.

<sup>6</sup> It is meet.

<sup>7</sup> Pillagers.

all this world was in sinne, than was all this world in thralldom, and in subjection: but certes, sith the time of grace came, God ordeined, that som folk shuld be more high in estate and in degree, and som folk more lowe, and that everich shuld be served in his estate and his degree. And therefore in som contrees ther as they ben thralles, whan they have tourned hem to the feith, they make hir thralles free out of thralldom: and therefore certes the Lord oweth to his man, that the man oweth to the Lord. The Pope clepeth himself servant of the servants of God. But for as moche as the estate of holy Chirche ne might not have ben, ne the comun profite might not have be kept, ne pees ne rest in erthe, but if God had ordeined, that som men have higher degree, and som men lower; therefore was soveraintee ordeined to kepe, and mainteine, and defend hire underlinges or hire subjectes in reson, as ferforth as it lieth in hire power, and not to destroy hem ne confound. Wherefore I say, that thilke lordes that ben like wolves, that devoure the possessions or the catel of poure folk wrongfully, withouten mercy or mesure, they shul receive by the same mesure that they have mesured to poure folk the mercy of Jesu. Crist, but they it amende. Now cometh deceit betwix marchant and marchant. And thou shalt understond, that marchandise is in two maners, that on is bodily, and that other is gostly: that on is honest and leful,<sup>1</sup> and that other is dishonest and unleful. The bodily marchandise, that is leful and honest, is this: that ther as God hath ordeined, that a regne or a contree is suffisant to himself, than it is honest and leful, that of the haboundaunce of this contree men helpe another contree that is neddy: and therefore ther must be marchants to bring fro on contree to another hir marchandise. That other marchandise, that men haunten with fraude, and trecherie, and deceit, with lesinges<sup>2</sup> and false othes, is right cursed and dampnable. Spirituel marchandise is proprely simonie, that is, ententif<sup>3</sup> desire to buy thing spirituel, that is, thing which apperteineth to the seintuarie<sup>4</sup> of God, and to the cure of the soule. This desire, if so be that a man do his diligence to performe it, al be it that his desire ne take non effect, yet it is to him a dedly sinne: and if he be ordered, he is irregular. Certes simonie is cleped of Simon Magus, that

<sup>1</sup> Lawful.<sup>2</sup> Intentional.<sup>3</sup> Lies.<sup>4</sup> Sanctuary, holiness.

wold have bought for temporal catel the yofte that God had yeven by the holy gost to Seint Peter, and to the Apostles: and therfore understode ye, that both he that selleth and he that byeth thinges spiritual ben called Simoniakes, be it by catel, be it by procuring, or by fleschly praiser of his frendes, fleschly frendes, or spiritual frendes, fleschly in two maners, as by kinrede or other frendes: sothly, if they pray for him that is not worthy and able, it is simonie, if he take the benefice; and if he be worthy and able, ther is none. That other maner is, when man, or woman, prayeth for folk to avanoun hem only for wicked fleschly affection which they have unto the persons, and that is soules simonie. But certes, in service, for which men yeven thinges spiritual unto hir servants, it must be understode, that the service must be honest, or elles not, and also, that it be without bargaining, and that the person be able. For (as sayth Seint Damaacen) all the synnes of the world, at regard of this sinne, ben as thing of nought, for it is the grettest sinne that may be after the sinne of Lucifer and of Anticrist. for by this sinne (God forlorneth<sup>1</sup> the chirche and the soules which he bought with his precious blood, by hem that yeven chirches to hem that ben not dignes, for they put in thowes, that stolen the soules of Jesu Crist, and destroye his patrimonie. By swiche undigne prelates and curates, han lewed men lewes reverence of the sacramentes of holy chirche: and swiche yevere<sup>2</sup> of chirches put the children of Crist out, and put into chirches the divels owen sons. they sellen the soules that lambes shuld kepe to the volf which strangleth hem: and therfore shall they never have part of the pasture of lambes, that is, in the blisse of heven. Now cometh hasardrie<sup>3</sup> with his apertenauntes,<sup>4</sup> as tables and rasles, of which cometh deceit, false othes, chidinge, and all raving, blaspheming, and reneying of God, hate of his neyghbours, wast of goodes, mispending of time, and somtyme manslaughter. Certes, hasardours ne mow not be without grette sinne. Of avarice comen eke lewinges, that false witnesse, and false othes: and ye shul understode that these be gret synnes, and expresse ayenst the oourmandementa of God, as I have sayd. False witnesse is it in word, and in dede: in word, as for to berove thy neyghbours good name by thy false witnesse, or berove him

<sup>1</sup> Entirely vanishes.

<sup>2</sup> Warden.

<sup>3</sup> Such given.

<sup>4</sup> Appurtenances.

catel or his heritage by thy false witnessing, whan thou for ire, or for mede, or for envie, berest false witesse, or accusest him, or excusest thyself falsely. Ware ye quest-mongers<sup>1</sup> and notaries: certes, for false witnessing, was Susanna in ful gret sorwe and peine, and many another mo. The sinne of theft is also expresse ayenst Goddes hest, and that in two maners, temporel, and spirituel: the temporel theft is, as for to take thy neighbours catel ayenst his will, be it by force or by sleight; be it in meting or mesure; by steling; by false enditements upon him; and in borrowing of thy neighbours catel, in entent never to pay it ayen, and semblable thinges. Spirituel theft is sacrilege, that is to say, hurting of holy thinges, or of thinges sacred to Crist, in two maners; by reson of the holy place, as chirches or chirches hawes;<sup>2</sup> (for every vilains sinne, that men don in swiche places, may be called sacrilege, or every violence in semblable places) also they that withdrawe falsely the rentes and rightes that longen<sup>3</sup> to holy chirche; and plainly and generally, sacrilege is to reve<sup>4</sup> holy thing fro holy place, or unholy thing out of holy place, or holy thing out of unholy place.

*Remedium Avaritiæ.*

Now shul ye understond, that releving<sup>5</sup> of avarice is misericorde and pitee largely taken. And men might axe, why that misericorde and pitee are releving of avarice; certes, the avaricious man sheweth no pitee ne misericorde to the nedeful man. For he deliteth him in the keping of his tresour, and not in the rescouing ne releving of his even<sup>6</sup> Cristen. And therefore speke I first of misericorde. Than is misericorde (as sayth the Philosophre) a vertue, by which the corage of man is stirred by the misese<sup>7</sup> of him that is mised. Upon which misericorde foloweth pitee, in performing and fulfilling of charitable werkes of mercie, helping and comforting him that is mised. And certes, this meveth a man to misericorde of Jesu Crist, that he yave himself for our offence, and suffred deth for misericorde, and foryaf us our original sinnes, and therby relested us fro the peine of hell, and amenused<sup>8</sup> the peines of purgatory by penitence, and yeveth us grace wel to do, and at

<sup>1</sup> Packers of juries or inquests.

<sup>3</sup> Belong.

<sup>6</sup> Fellow.

<sup>4</sup> Take.

<sup>7</sup> Uneasiness.

<sup>2</sup> Churchyards.

<sup>5</sup> Relieving.

<sup>8</sup> Took away.

last the blisse of heven. The spices of misericorde ben for to lene,<sup>1</sup> and eke for to yeve, and for to forgyve and releas, and for to have pitee in herte, and compassion of the mischefe of his even Cristen, and also to chastise ther as neede is. Another maner of remedy ayenst avarice, is resonable largesse: but sothly, here behoveth the consideration of the grace of Jesu Crist, and of the temporel goode, and also of the goodes perdurable that Jesu Crist yave to us, and to have remembrance of the deth which he shal receive, he wote not whan: and eke that he shal forgoon all that he hath, save only that which he hath dispended in good werkes.

But for as moche as som folk ben unmesurable, men oughten for to avoid and eschue fool-largesse,<sup>2</sup> the which men clepen waste. Certes, he that is fool-large, he yeveth not his catel, but he leseth his catel. Sothly, what thing that he yeveth for vaine-glory, as to ministrals, and to folk that bere his renome in the world, he hath do sinne therof, and non almesse: certes, he leseth foule his good, that ne seketh with the yeste<sup>3</sup> of his good nothing but sinne. He is like to an hors that seketh rather to drink drovy<sup>4</sup> or troubled water, than for to drink water of the clere well. And for as moche as they yeven ther as<sup>5</sup> they shuld nat yeven, to hem apperteineth thilke malison, that Crist shal yeve at the day of dome to hem that shul be dampned.

### *De Gula.*

After avarice cometh glotonie, which is expresse ayenst the commandement of God. Glotonie is unmesurable appetit to ete or to drinke: or elles to do in ought to the unmesurable appetit and disordeined coveitise to ete or drinke. This sinne corrupted all this world, as is wel shewed in the sinne of Adam and of Eve. Loke also what sayth Seint Poule of glotonie. Many (sayth he) gon, of which I have ofte said to you, and now I say it weping, that they ben the enemies of the crosse of Crist, of which the end is deth, and of which hir wombe<sup>6</sup> is hir God and hir glorie; in confusion of hem that so serven erthly thinges. He that is usant<sup>7</sup> to this sinne of glotonie, he ne may no sinne withstond, he must be in servage of all vices,

<sup>1</sup> Lend.

<sup>2</sup> Gift.

<sup>3</sup> Belly.

<sup>4</sup> Dirty.

<sup>5</sup> Foolish liberality.

<sup>6</sup> Give where.

<sup>7</sup> Accustomed, given.

for it is the devils horde, ther he hideth him and resteth. This sinne hath many spices. The first is dronkennesse, that is the horrible sepulture of mannes reson: and therefore whan a man is dronke, he hath lost his reson: and this is dedly sinne. But sothly, whan that a man is not wont<sup>1</sup> to strong drinckes, and peraventure ne knoweth not the strength of the drinke, or hath feblennesse in his hed, or hath travailled, thurgh which he drinketh the more, al be he sodenly caught with drinke, it is no dedly sinne, but venial. The second spice of glotonie is, that the spirit of a man wexeth all trouble for dronkennesse, and bereveth a man the discretion of his wit. The thridde spice of glotonie is, whan a man devoureth his mete, and hath not rightful maner of eting. The fourthe is, whan thurgh the gret abundance of his mete, the humours in his body ben distempered. The fifthe is, foryetfulnesse by to moche drinking, for which somtime a man forgeteth by the morwe, what he did over eve.

In other maner ben distinct the spices of glotonie, after Seint Gregorie. The first is, for to ete before time. The second is, whan a man geteth him to delicat mete or drinke. The thridde is, whan men taken to moche over mesure. The fourth is curiositee,<sup>2</sup> with gret entent to maken and appareille his mete. The fifth is, for to ete gredily. Thise ben the five fingers of the devils hond, by which he draweth folk to the sinne.

*Remedium Gulæ.*

Ayenst glotonie the remedie is abstinence, as sayth Galien:<sup>3</sup> but that I holde not meritorie, if he do it only for the hele of his body. Seint Augustine wol that abstinence be don for vertue, and with patience. Abstinence (sayth he) is litel worth, but if a man have good will therto, and but it be enforced by patience and charitce, and that men don it for Goddes sake, and in hope to have the blisse in heven.

The felawes of abstinence ben attemperance, that holdeth the mene in alle thinges; also shame, that escheweth all dishonestee; suffisance, that seketh no riche metes ne drinckes, ne doth no force of non outrageous appareilling of mete; mesure also, that restreineth by reson the unmesur-

<sup>1</sup> Accustomed.

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.*, over delicacy, a taste for rarities and dainty decoration of the table.

<sup>3</sup> Galen.

this appetit of eting: sobernesse also, that restraineth outrage of drinke; sparing also, that restraineth the desire, to sit long at mete, wherfore some folk standen of even will when they ete, because they wol ete at laker.

*De Luchuria.*

After glotonie cometh lecherie, for thise two sinnes are nigh cosins, that oft time they wol not depart. I wrote this sinne is ful displeant to God, for he said him De no lecherie. And therefore he putteth gret peine ay this sinne. For in the old lawe, if a woman thrall<sup>1</sup> taken in this sinne, she shuld be beten with staves to deoth: and if she were a gentilwoman, she shuld be with stones: and if she were a bishoppes daughter, shuld be brent by Goddes commandement. Moreover the sinne of lecherie God dreint all the world, and that he brent five citees with thonder and lightning, make hem down into hell.

Now let us speke than of the said stinking sinne lecherie, that men clepen avoutrie,<sup>2</sup> that is of wedded that is to say, if that on of hem be wedded, or elles t Seint John sayth, That avouterers shul ben in helle sticke brening of fire and of brimstoue, in fire for lecherie, in brimstone for the stencche of hir ordure. Of the breking of this sacrament is an horrible thing: it made of God himself in Paradis, and confermed by Crist, as witnesmeth Seint Mathew in the Gospel: a shal let fader and moder, and take him to his wif, they shal be two in on flesh. This sacrament betoke the knitting together of Crist and holy chirche. And only that God forbade avoutrie in dede, but also he commanded, that thou shuldest not covet thy neighbo wif. In this heste (sayth Seint Augustine) is fornicale maner covetise to do lecherie. Lo, what sayth Seint Mathew in the Gospel, That who so seeth a woman covetise of his lust, he hath don lecherie with hire in herte. Here may ye see, that not only the dede of sin is forbidden, but eke the desire to don that sin. This cursed sinne annoyeth grevously hem that it ha and first to the soule, for he obligeth it to sinne ay peine of deoth, which is perdurable; and to the

<sup>1</sup> Slave.

<sup>2</sup> Adultery.

annoyeth it greuously also, for it drieth him and wasteth, and shent<sup>1</sup> him, and of his blood he maketh sacrifice to the fend of helle: it wasteth eke his catel and his substance. And certes, if it be a foule thing a man to waste his catel on women, yet is it a fouler thing, whan that for swiche ordure women dispenden upon men hir catel and hir substance. This sinne, as sayth the Prophet, bereveth man and woman hir good fame and all hir honour, and it is ful plesant to the devil: for therby winneth he the moste partie of this wretched world. And right as a marchant deliteth him most in that chaffare<sup>2</sup> which he hath most advantage and profite of, right so deliteth the fend in this ordure.

This is that other hond of the devil, with five fingers, to cacche the peple to his vilanie. The first fingre is the foole loking of the foole woman and of the foole man, that sleth right as the Basilicok<sup>3</sup> sleth folk by venime of his sight: for the coveitise of the eyen foloweth the coveitise of the herte. The second fingre is the vilains touching in wicked maner. And therefore sayth Salomon, that who so toucheth and handleth a woman, he fareth as the man that handleth the scorpion, which stingeth and sodenly sleth thurgh his enveniming; or as who so that toucheth warme pitch it shendeth his fingers. The thridde is foule wordes, which fareth like fire, which right anon brenneth the herte. The fourth finger is kissing: and trewely he were a gret foole that wold kisse the mouthe of a brenning oven or of a fourneis; and more fooles ben they that kissen in vilainie, for that mouth is the mouth of helle; and namely thise olde dotarde holours, which wol kisse, and flicker, and besie himself, though they may nought do. Certes they ben like to houndes: for an hound whan he cometh by the roser, or by other bushes, though so be that he may not pisse, yet wol he heve up his leg and make a contenance to pisse. And for that many man weneth that he may not sinne for no likerousnesse that he doth with his wif, trewely that opinion is false: God wote a man may slee himself with his owen knif, and make himself dronken of his owen tonne. Certes he it wif, be it childe, or any worldly thing, that he loveth before God, it is his maunet,<sup>4</sup> and he is an idolastre. A man shuld love his wif

<sup>1</sup> Ruineth.  
<sup>2</sup> Basilisk.

<sup>3</sup> Merchandize.  
<sup>4</sup> Idol.

by discretion, patiently and attemprely, and than is she as though it were his suster. The fifth fingre of the diuys hand, is the stinking dede of lecherie. Trewely the five fingers of glotonie the fend putteth in the wombe of a man. and with his five fingers of lecherie he gripeth him by the reines, for to throwe him into the fourneis of helle, ther as they shul have the fire and the wormes that ever shul lasten, and weping and wayling, and sharpe hunger and thirst, and grislinesse of diuys, whiche shul all-to-trede hem withouten respite and withouten ende. Of lecherie, as I sayd, sourden and springen divers spices: as fornication, that is betwene man and woman which ben not married, and is dedly sinne, and ayenst nature. All that is enemy and destruction to nature, is ayenst nature. Parfay the reson of a man eke telleth him wel that it is dedly sinne; for as moche as God forbod lecherie. And Seint Poule yeveth hem the regne, that n'is dewe to no wight but to hem that don dedely sinne. Another sinne of lecherie is, to bereven a maid of hire maidenhed, for he that so doth, certes he casteth a mayden out of the highest degree that is in this present lif, and bereveth hire thilke precious fruit that the book clepeth the hundreth fruit. I ne can say it non otherwise in English, but in Latine it hight *Centesimus fructus*. Certes he that so doth, is the cause of many damages and vilanies, mo than any man can reken: right as he sometime is cause of all dammages that bestes do in the feld, that breketh the hedge of the closure, thurgh which he destroyeth that may not be restored: for certes no more may maidenhed be restored, than an arme, that is smitten fro the body, may returne aven<sup>1</sup> and waxe: she may have mercy, this wote I wel, if that she have will to do penitence, but never shal it be but that she is corrupte. And all be it so that I have spoke somewhat of avoutrie, it is good to shewe the periles that longen to avoutrie, for to eschewe that foule sinne. Avoutrie, in Latine, is for to saye, approching of another mannes bedde, thurgh whiche tho, that sometime were on<sup>2</sup> fleshe, abandone hir bodies to other persons. Of this sinne, as sayth the wise man, folow many harmes: firste breking of feith; and certes feith is the key of Cristendom, and whan that key is broken and lorne, sothly Cristendom is lorne, and stont<sup>3</sup> vaine and without fruit.

<sup>1</sup> Again.<sup>2</sup> One.<sup>3</sup> Standeth.

This sinne also is theft, for theft generally is to reve<sup>1</sup> a wight his thinges ayenst his will. Certes, this is the foulest theft that may be, whan that a woman steleth hire body from hire husbond, and yeveth it to hire holour to defoule it: and steleth hire soule fro Crist, and yeveth it to the devil: this is a fouler thefte than for to breke a chirche and stele away the chalice, for thise avouterers breken the temple of God spirituelly, and stelen the vessell of grace; that is the body and the soule: for which Criste shal destroy hem, as sayth Seint Poule. Sothly of this theft douted gretly Joseph, whan that his Lordes wif prayed him of vilainie, whan he sayde: Lo, my Lady, how my Lord hath take to me under my warde<sup>2</sup> all that he hath in this world, ne nothing is out of my power, but only ye that ben his wif: and how shuld I than do this wickednesse, and sinne so horribly ayenst God, and ayenst my Lord? God it forbede. Alas! all to litel is swiche trouth now yfounde. The thridde harme is the filth, thurgh which they breke the commandement of God, and defoule the auter of matrimonies, that is Crist. For certes, in so moche as the sacrament of mariage is so noble and so digne, so moche is it the greter sinne for to breke it: for God made mariage in Paradis in the estate of innocencie, to multiplie mankinde to the service of God, and therfore is the breking therof the more grevous, of which breking come false heires oft time, that wrongfully occupien folkes heritages: and therfore wol Crist put hem out of the regne of heven, that is heritage to good folk. Of this breking cometh eke oft time, that folk unware wedde or sinne with hir owen kinrede: and namely thise harlottes, that haunten bordelles of thise foule women, that may be likened to a commune gong,<sup>3</sup> wheras men purge hir ordure. What say we also of putours,<sup>4</sup> that live by the horrible sinne of puterie, and constreine women to yelde hem a certain rent of hir bodily puterie, ye, somtime his owen wif or his childe, as don thise baudes? certes, thise ben cursed sinnes. Understond also, that avoutrie is set in the ten commandements betwene theft and manslaughter, for it is the grettest theft that may be, for it is theft of body and of soule, and it is like to homicide, for it kerveth<sup>5</sup> atwo and breketh atwo

<sup>1</sup> Deprive of.<sup>3</sup> A jakes.<sup>2</sup> Placed under my care.<sup>4</sup> Whoremongers.<sup>5</sup> Cutteth.

hem that first were made on flesh. And therefore by  
 the old love of God they should be chaste, but rather-  
 less, by the love of Jhesu Crist, that is the love of  
 piety, when he sayd to the woman that was found in  
 adultery, and should have be chaste with stones, after the will  
 of the Jewes, as was his love; Go, sayd Jhesu Crist, and  
 have no more will to do sinne; sothly, the vengeance of  
 adultery is awarded to the paine of helles, but if so be that  
 it be diminished by penitence. Yet ben ther no signs  
 of this cursed sinne, as when that on of hem is religious,  
 or elles both, or of folk that ben entred into ordre, as sub-  
 stitutes, deken, or preest, or hospitallers: and ever the higher  
 that he is in ordre, the greater is the sinne. The thinges  
 that greatly aggrave<sup>1</sup> his sinne, is the breaking of his sweor of  
 chastitee, when they received the ordre: and moreover  
 soth is, that holy ordre is cheefe of all the treasures of God,  
 and is a special signe and marke of chastitee, to shew that  
 they ben joined to chastitee, which is the mooste precious  
 life that is: and thise ordered<sup>2</sup> folk ben specially tited to  
 God, and of the special meins of God: for which, when  
 they don dedly sinne, they ben the special traitours of  
 God and of his peple, for they live by the peple to pray  
 for the peple, and whiles they ben swiche traitours his  
 prayeres availe not to the peple. Preestes ben as angels  
 as by the mysterie of hir dignitee: but forsooth Seint Paul  
 saith, That Sathanaas transformeth him in an angel of  
 light. Sothly, the preest that haunteth dedly sinne, he  
 may be likened to an angel of derkenesse, transformed  
 into an angel of light: he seemeth an angel of light, but in  
 soth he is an angel of derkenesse. Swiche preestes be the  
 sones of Hely, as is shewed in the booke of Kinges, that they  
 were the sones of Belial, that is, the devel. Belial is to say,  
 withouten jure, and so faren they; hem thinketh that they  
 be free, and have no jure, no more than hath a free bell  
 that taketh which cow that him liketh in the toun. So  
 faren they by women; for right as on free bell is ynough for all  
 a toun, right so is a wicked preest corruption ynough for all  
 a parish, or for all a countree: thise preestes, as saveth the  
 booke, ne cannot minister the mysterie of preesthood to the  
 peple, ne they knowe not God, ne they hold hem ac-  
 counted,<sup>3</sup> as saith the booke, of sodden flesh that was to be  
 offred, but they take by force the flesh that is raw. Certes

<sup>1</sup> Increased.<sup>2</sup> In whom, ordained.<sup>3</sup> Reckoned.

right so thise shrewes ne hold hem not apaied of rosted flesh and sodden, with which the peple feden hem in gret reverence, but they wol have raw flesh as folkes wives and hir doughters: and certes, thise women that consenten to hir harlotrie, don gret wrong to Crist and to holy Chirche, and to all Halowes, and to all Soules, for they bereven all thise hem that shuld worship Crist and holy Chirche, and pray for Cristen soules: and therefore han swiche preestes, and hir lemmans also that consenten to hir lecherie, the malison of the court Cristen, til they come to amendement. The thridde spice of avoutrie is somtime betwix a man and his wif, and that is, whan they take no regard in hir assembling but only to hir fleshly delit, as saith Seint Jerome, and ne reckon of nothing but that they ben assembled because they ben maried; all is good ynough, as thinketh to hem. But in swiche folk hath the diuel power, as said the angel Raphael to Tobie, for in hir assembling, they putten Jesu Crist out of hir herte, and yeven himself to all ordure. The fourth spice is of hem that assemble with hir kinrede, or with hem that ben of on affinitee, or elles with hem with which hir fathers or hir kinred have deled in the sinne of lecherie: this sinne maketh hem like to houndes, that taken no kepe of kinrede. And certes, parentele<sup>1</sup> is in two maners: eyther gostly or fleshly: gostly, is for to delen with hir godsibbes:<sup>2</sup> for right so as he that engendreth a child, is his fleshly father, right so is his godfather his father spirituel: for which a woman may in no lesse sinne assemble with hire godsib, than with hir owen fleshly broder. The fift he spice is that abhominable sinne, of which abhominable sinne no man unneth ought to speke ne write, natheles it is openly rehersed in holy writ. This cursednesse dou men and women in diverse entent and in diverse maner: but though that holy writ speke of horrible sinne, certes holy writ may not be defouled, no more than the sonne that shineth on the myxene.<sup>3</sup> Another sinne apperteineth to lecherie, that cometh in sleping, and this sinne cometh often to hem that ben maidens, and eke to hem that ben corrupt; and this sinne men call pollution, that cometh of foure maners; somtime it cometh of languishing of the body, for the humours hen to ranke and haboundant in the body of

<sup>1</sup> Parentage.<sup>2</sup> Gossip, i.e., godfather or mother.<sup>3</sup> Dunhill.

man; sometime of infirmity  
retentiu, as phisike maketh  
mete and drinke; and som  
ben enclosed in mannes  
which may not be without  
kepe hem wisely, or elles n

*Remedy*

Now cometh the remed  
generally chastitee and c  
disordinate meuyngs that  
ouer the greter merite shal  
the wicked enchanting or s  
in two maners that is to  
chastitee in widowhood. N  
matrimony is leful assem  
receiven by vertue of this  
whiche they may not be de  
say, while that they live l  
is a ful gret sacrament;  
in paradis, and wold himse  
to halowe mariage he w  
toured water into wine,  
that he wrought in erthe l  
effect of mariage clenseth  
holy chirche of good ligna  
riage, and chaungeth dedly  
hem that ben wedded, and  
that ben ywedded, as wel  
mariage that was establi  
whan naturel lawe was in  
it was ordeined, that o man  
o woman but o man, as s  
resons.

First, for mariage is figure  
and another is, for a man is  
ordinance it shuld be so;) f  
on, than shuld she have m  
an horrible thing before G  
not plesse many folk at ones  
poss ne rest among hem, for

1 Separated.

owen right. And furthermore, no man shuld knowe his owen engendrure, ne who shuld have his heritage, and the woman shuld be the lesse beloved for the time that she were conjunct to many men.

Now cometh how that a man shuld bere him with his wif, and namely in two thinges, that is to say, in suffraunce and in reverence, and this shewed Crist whan he firste made woman. For he ne made hire of the hed of Adam, for she shuld not claime to gret lordshippe; for ther as the woman hath the maistrie, she maketh to moche disarray: ther nede non ensamples of this, the experience that we have day by day ought ynough suffice. Also certes, God ne made not woman of the foot of Adam, for she shuld not be holden to lowe, for she cannot patiently suffer: but God made woman of the rib of Adam, for woman shuld be felaw unto man. Man shuld bere him to his wif in feith, in trouth, and in love; as sayth Seint Poule, that a man shuld love his wif, as Crist loved holy chirche, that loved it so wel that he died for it: so shuld a man for his wif, if it were nede.

Now how that a woman shuld be subget to hire husbond, that telleth Seint Peter; first in obedience. And. eke as sayth the decree, a woman that is a wif, as long as she is a wif, she hath non auctoritee to swere ne bere witnesse, without leve of hire husbonde, that is hire lord; algate he shuld be so by reson. She shuld also serve him in all honestee, and ben attempre of hire array. I wete wel that they shuld set hir entent to plesse hir husbonds, but not by queintise of hir array. Seint Jerom sayth: wives that ben appareilled in silke and precious purple, ne mow not cloth hem in Jesu Crist. Seint Gregorie sayth also: that no wight seketh precious array, but only for vain glorie to be honoured the more of the peple. It is a gret folie, a woman to have a faire array outward, and hireself to be foule inward. A wif shuld also be mesurable in loking, in bering, and in laughing, and discrete in all hire wordes and hire dedes, and above all worldly thinges, she shulde love hire husbonde with all hire herte, and to him be trewe of hire body: so shuld every husbond eke be trewe to his wif: for sith that all the body is the husbondes, so shuld hire herte be also, or elles ther is betwix hem two, as in that, no parfit mariage. Than shul men understond, that for three thinges a man and his wif fleshly may assemble. *The first is, for the entent of engendrure of children, to the*

service of God, for certes t  
monie. Another cause is,  
the dettes of hir bodies: to  
his owen bodie. The thrid  
vilanie. The fourth is so  
first, it is meritorie: the sec  
she hath merite of chastite  
the dette of hire body, ye  
and the lust of hire herte.  
sinne; trowely, scarsely ma  
sinne, for the corruption i  
fourth maner is for to unde  
amorous love, and for nor  
to accomplish hir brenning  
sothly it is dedly sinne: an  
peine hem more to do, than

The second maner of cha  
and eschue the embracing  
bracing of Jesu Crist. Thi  
and have forgon hir husbo  
don lecherie, and ben rele  
that a wif coud kepe hire i  
bond, so that she yave no  
agilted, it were to hire a  
women, that observen chas  
wel as in body, and in thoi  
and in contenance, abstin  
speking, and in dede, and  
bonste<sup>1</sup> of the blessed M  
churche of good odour. Ti  
virginitee, and it behoveth  
clene of body, than is she t  
is the lif of angels she is  
she is as thise martirs in  
tonge may not telle, ne her  
Lord Jesu Crist, and virgi

Another remedie against  
swiche thinges, as yeven c  
eting, and drinking for  
strongly, the best remedie i  
long in gret quiet is also a

Another remedie ayens

woman eschewe the compaignie of hem, by which he douteth to be tempted: for all be it so that the dede be withstonden, yet is ther gret temptation. Sothly a white wall, although it ne brenne not fully with sticking of a caudle, yet is the wall black of the leyte. Ful oft time I rede, that no man trust in his owen perfection, but he be stronger than Sampson, or holier than David, or wiser than Salomon.

Now after that I have declared you as I can of the seven dedly sinnes, and som of hir braunches, and the remedies, sothly, if I coude, I wold tell you the ten commandements, but so high doctrine I lete to divines.<sup>1</sup> Natheles, I hope to God they ben touched in this tretise everich of hem alle.

Now for as moche as the second part of penitence stont in confession of mouth, as I began in the first chapitre, I say Seint Augustine saith: Sinne is every word and every dede, and all that men coveiten ayenst the law of Jesu Crist; and this is for to sinne, in herte, in mouth, and in dede, by the five wittes, which ben sight, hering, smelling, tasting or savouring, and feling. Now is it good to understand the circumstances, that agregen<sup>2</sup> moche every sinne. Thou shalt consider what thou art that dost the sinne, whether thou be male or female, yonge or olde, gentil or thrall, free or servant, hole or sike, wedded or single, ordered or unordered, wise or foole, clerk or seculer; if she be of thy kinred, bodily or gostly, or non; if any of thy kinred have sinned with hire or no, and many mo thinges.

Another circumstaunce is this, whether it be don in fornication, or in advoutrie, or no, in maner of homicide or non, a horrible gret sinne or smal, and how long thou hast continued in sinne. The thridde circumstance is the place,

<sup>1</sup> See before, vs. 17366-71. "The exposition of this—I betake to the maisters of Theologie." The secular clergy, in the time of Chaucer, being generally very ignorant, it would not have been in character, I suppose, to represent the Person as a deep divine, though a very pious, worthy Priest. The Frere, whose brethren had the largest share of the learning which was then in fashion, is made to speak with great contempt of the Parochial Pastors, ver. 7520.

"This every *learned* Vicar and Person  
Can say, &c."

And yet in the Person's Character, ver. 402, we are told, that—

"He was also a *learned* man, a clerk."

It may be doubted therefore, whether in these passages Chaucer may not speak for himself, forgetting or neglecting the character of the real speaker.—*Tyrwhitt*.

<sup>2</sup> *increase*.

ther thou hast don sinne, whether in other mennes be  
or in thin owen, in feld, in chirche, or in churcheles  
chirche dediche<sup>1</sup> te, or non. For if the chirche be hab  
and man or woman spille<sup>2</sup> his kinde within that pla  
way of sinne or by wicked temptation, the chirche  
interdite<sup>3</sup> til it were reconciled by the Bishop, and  
was a prest that did swiche vilanie, the terme of a  
lif he shuld no more sing Masse: and if he did, he  
do dedly sinne, at every time that he so song. The  
fourth circumstance is, by whiche mediators,  
messengers, or for enticement, or for consentment, to  
compagnie with felawship; for many a wretche, for to  
felawship, wol go to the diuel of helle. Whertore  
that eggen<sup>4</sup> or consenten to the sinne, ben partners of  
sinne, and of the dampnation of the sinner. The fift  
circumstance is, how many times that he hath sinned, i  
in his minde, and how oft he hath fallen. For he th  
fallth in sinne, he despiseth the mercy of God, an  
eriseth his sinne, and is unkind to Crist, and he w  
the more feble to withstand sinne, and sinneth the  
lightly, and the later ariseth, and is more slow to  
him, and namely<sup>5</sup> to him that hath ben his confessor.  
For which that folk, when they fall ayen to hir old  
either they forleten hir old confessour al utterly, or  
they departen<sup>6</sup> hir shrift in divers places; but swiche  
departed shrift deserveth no mercie of God to  
sinnes. The sixte circumstance is, why that a man sin  
as by what temptation; and if himself procure  
temptation, or by exciting of other folk; or if he sinne  
a woman by force or by hire owen assent, or if the w  
maugre hire hed have ben enforced or non, this sh  
tell, and wheder it were for covetise or povertie, or  
were by hire procuring or non, and swiche other til  
The seventh circumstance is, in what maner he hat  
his sinne, or how that she hath suffered that folk hat  
to hire. And the same shal the man tell plainly, w  
the circumstances, and wheder he hath sinned with  
herel women or non, or don his sinne in body or  
non in fasting times or non, or before his shrift, or at  
later shrift, and hath peraventure broken thereby  
maner enjoined, by whos helpe or whos conseil, by s

<sup>1</sup> Rite.<sup>2</sup> More especially.<sup>3</sup> Interdicted.<sup>4</sup> Free on, excus.<sup>5</sup> Privily.

or crafte, all must be told. All thise thinges, after that they ben gret or smale, engreggen<sup>1</sup> the conscience of man or woman. And eke the preest that is thy juge, may the better be avised of his jugement in yeving of penance, and that shal be after thy contrition. For understood wel, that after the time that a man hath defouled his baptisme by sinne, if he wol come to salvation, ther is non other way but by penance, and shrifte, and satisfaction; and namely by tho two, if ther be a confessour to whom he may shrive him, and that he first be veray contrite and repentant, and the thriddle if he have lif to performe it.

Than shal a man loke and consider, that if he wol make a trewe and a profitable confession, ther must be foure conditions. First it must be in sorowful bitternesse of herte, as sayth the King Ezechiel to God; I wol remember all the yeres of my lif in the bitternesse of my herte. This condition of bitternesse hath five signes; The first is, that confession must be shamefast, not for to coveren ne hide his sinne, but for he hath agilted his God and defouled his soule. And hereof sayth Seint Augustin: the herte travaileth for shame of his sinne, and for he hath gret shamfastnesse he is digne to have gret mercie of God. Swiche was the confession of the Publican, that wold not heve up his eyen to heven for he had offended God of heven: for which shamefastnesse he had anon the mercy of God. And therefore saith Seint Augustine: That swiche shamefast folk ben next foryevenesse and mercy. Another signe, is humilitee in confession: of whiche sayth Seint Peter; Humbleth you under the might of God: the hond of God is mighty in confession, for therby God foryeveth thee thy sinnes, for he alone hath the power. And this humilitee shal be in herte, and in signe outwarde: for right as he hath humilitee to God in his herte, right so shuld he humble his body outward to the preest, that sitteth in Goides place. For which in no maner, sith that Crist is souveraine, and the preest mene and mediatour betwix Crist and the sinner, and the sinner is last by way of reson, than shuld not the sinner sitte as high as his confessour, but knele before him or at his feet, but if maladie distrouble it: for he shal not take kepe who sitteth ther, but in whos place he sitteth. A man that hath trespassed to a Lord, and cometh for to axe mercie and maken his

<sup>1</sup> Aggravata.

accorde, and setteth him down anon by the Lord, man wolde holde him outrageous, and not worthy so soon for to have remission ne mercy. The thridde signe is, that the shrift should be ful of teres, if men mowen wepe, and if they mowe not wepe with hir bodily eyen, than let hem wepe in hir herte. Swiche was the confession of Seint Peter, for after that he had forsake Jesu Crist, he went out and wept ful bitterly. The fourth signe is, that he ne lete not for shame to shrive him and shewe his confession. Swiche was the confession of Magdeleine, that ne spared, for no shame of hem that weren at the feste, to go to our Lord Jesu Crist and beknowe to him hire sinnes. The filthe signe is, that a man or a woman be obeisant to receive the penance that hem is enjoined. For certes Jesu Crist for the gilt of man was obedient to the deth.

The second condition of veray confession is, that it be hastily don: for certes, if a man hadde a dedly wound, ever the lenger that he taried to warishe<sup>1</sup> himself, the more wold it corrupt and haste him to his deth, and also the wound wold be the werse for to hele. And right so fareth sinne, that longe time is in a man unshewed.<sup>2</sup> Certes a man ought hastily to shewe his sinnes for many causes; as for drede of deth, that cometh oft sodenly, and is in no certain what time it shal be, ne in what place; and eke the drenching of o sinne draweth in another: and also the lenger that he tarieth, the ferther is he fro Crist. And if he abide to his last day, scarcely may he shrive him or remembre him of his sinnes, or repent him for the grevous maladie of his deth. And for as moche as he ne hath in his lif herkened Jesu Crist, whan he hath spoken unto him, he shal crie unto our Lord at his last day, and scarcely wol he herken him. And understonde that this condition muste have foure thinges. First that the shrift be purveyed<sup>3</sup> afore, and avised, for wicked hast doth not profite; and that a man con shrive him of his sinnes, be it of pride, or envie, and so forth, with the spices and circumstances; and that he have comprehended in his minde the nombre and the gretnesse of his sinnes, and how longe he hath lien in sinne, and eke that he be contrite for his sinnes, and be in stedfast purpose (by the grace of God) never este<sup>4</sup> to fall into sinne; and also that he drede<sup>5</sup> and countrewaite<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Heal.<sup>4</sup> After.<sup>2</sup> Unconfessed.<sup>6</sup> Doubt.<sup>3</sup> Foreseen.<sup>5</sup> Contrivert.

himself, that he flee the occasions of sinne, to whiche he is inclined. Also thou shalt shrive thee of all thy sinnes to o man, and not parcelmele<sup>1</sup> to o man, and parcelmele to another; that is to understonde, in entent to depart<sup>2</sup> thy confession for shame or drede, for it is but strangling of thy soule. For certes, Jesu Crist is entierly all good, in him is not imperfection, and therefore either he foryeve<sup>3</sup>th all parfitly, or elles never a dele. I say not that if thou be assigned to thy penitencer for certain sinne, that thou art bonde to shewe him all the remenant of thy sinnes, of whiche thou hast ben shriven of thy curat, but if it like thee of thyn humilitee; this is no departing of shrift. Ne I say not, ther as I speke of division of confession, that if thou have licence to shrive thee to a discrete and an honest preest, and wher thee liketh, and by the licence of thy curat, that thou ne mayest wel shrive thee to him of all thy sinnes: but lete no blot be behind: lete no sinne be untoldo as fer as thou hast remembrance. And whan thou shalt be shriven of thy curat, tell him eke all the sinnes that thou hast don sith thou were laste shriven. This is no wicked entente of division of shrift.

Also the veray shrift axeth certain conditions. First that thou shrive thee by thy free will, not constreined, ne for shame of folk, ne for maladie, or swiche other thinges: for it is reson, that he that trespasseth by his free will, that by his free will he confesse his trespas; and that non other man telle his sinne but himself: ne he shal not nay, ne deny his sinne, ne wrath him ayenst the preest for amonesting him to lete his sinne. The second condition is, that thy shrift be lawful, that is to say, that thou that shrivest thee, and eke the preest that hereth thy confession, be veraily in the feith of holy chirche, and that a man ne be not despeired of the mercie of Jesu Crist, as Cain and Judas were. And eke a man muste accuse himself of his owen trespas and not another: but he shal blame and wite himselfe of his owen malice and of his sinne, and non other: but natheles, if that another man be encheson or enticer of his sinne, or the estate of the person be swiche by which his sinne is agregged, or elles that he may not plainly shrive him but he tell the pcrson with whiche he hath sinned, than may he tell, so that his entent ne be not to backbite the person, but only to declare his confession.

<sup>1</sup> *Parcelmele*.<sup>2</sup> *Divide*.

Thou ne shalt not also make no lesinges in thy  
 fession for humilitee. peraventure, to say that thou  
 committed and don swiche sinnes, of which that thou  
 were never gilti. For Seint Augustine sayth; if  
 thou, because of thin humilitee, makest a lesing on thy  
 though thou were not in sinne before, yet arte thou  
 in sinne thurgh thy lesing. Thou must also shew  
 sinne by thy propre mouth, but thou be dombe, and no  
 no letter: for thou that hast don the sinne, thou  
 have the shame of the confession. Thou shalt not  
 peint thy confession, with faire and subtil wordes, to  
 the more thy sinne: for than begilest thou thyself, and  
 the preest: thou must tell it plainly, be it never so  
 no so horrible. Thou shalt eke shrive thee to a preest  
 is discrete to conseilte thee: and eke thou shalt not sh  
 thee for vaine glorie, ne for ypoerisie, ne for no cause,  
 only for the doute of Jesu Crist, and the hele of thy s  
 Thou shalt not eke renue to the preest al so clenly, to  
 him lightly thy sinne, as who telleth a jape or a tale,  
 avisedly and with good devotion: and generally sh  
 thee ofte: if thou ofte fall, ofte arise by confession.  
 though thou shrive thee ofte than ones of sinne w  
 thou hast be shriven of, it is more merite: and, as  
 Seint Augustine, thou shalt have the more lightly r  
 and grace of God, both of sinne and of paine.  
 certes ones a yere at the lest way it is lawtul to  
 houseled, for sothely ones a yere all thinges in the  
 renovenen.<sup>1</sup>

*Explicit secunda pars Penitentia: et sequitur tertia*

Now have I told you of veray confession, that is  
 seconde part of penitence: The thridde part is satisfac  
 and that stont most generally in almesse dole and in b  
 paine. Now ben ther three maner of almesse: first  
 of herte, wher a man offeth himself to God; another  
 have pitee of the debaite of his neighbour, and the th  
 is, in yeryng of good conseil, gostly and bodily, wher  
 have nede, and namely in sustenance of mannes need.  
 take kepe that a man hath nede of these thinges gen  
 he hath nede of food, of clothing, and of herbarow: he  
 nede of charitable counselling and visiting in prison and

<sup>1</sup> Are renewed.

<sup>2</sup> Lodging.

maladie, and sepulture of his ded body. And if thou maiest not visite the nedeful in prison in thy person, visite hem with thy message and thy yestes. Thise ben generally the almesses and werkes of charitee, of hem that have temporel riches, or discretion in conseilling. Of these werkes shalt thou heren at the day of dome.

This almesse shuldest thou do of thy propre thinges, and hastily,<sup>1</sup> and prively if thou mayest: but natheles, if thou mayest not do it prively, thou shalt not forbere to do almesse, though men see it, so that it be not don for thanke of the world, but only to have thanke of Jesu Crist. For, as witnesseth Seint Mathewe, *Cap. v.* a citee may not be hid that is sette on a mountaine, ne men light not a lanterne, to put it under a bushell, but setten it upon a candlesticke, to lighten the men in the hous: right so shal your light lighten before men, that they mowe see your good werkes, and glorifie your Fader that is in heven.

Now as for to speke of bodily peine, it stont in praiers, in waking, in fasting, and in vertuous teching. Of orisons ye shul understand, that orisons or prayers, is to say, a pitous will of herte, that setteth it in God, and expresseth it by word outward, to remeve harmes, and to have thinges spirituel and perdurable, and sometime temporel thinges. Of which orisons, certes in the orison of the *Paternoster* hath Jesu Crist enclosed most thinges. Certes it is privileged of three thinges in his dignitee, for whiche it is more digne than any other prayer: for that Jesu Crist himself made it: and it is short, for it shuld be coude the more lightly, and to hold it the more esie in herte, and helpe himself the ofter with this orison, and for a man shuld be the lesse wery to say it, and for a man may not excuse him to lerne it, it is so shorte and so esie: and for it comprehendeth in himself all good prayers. The exposition of this holy prayer, that is so excellent and so digne, I betake to the maisters of theologie, save thus moche wol I say, that whan thou prayest, that God shuld foryeve thee thy giltes as thou foryevest hem that have agilted thee, be wel ware that thou be not out of charitee. This holy orison amenuseth eke venial sinne, and therefore it apperteineth specially to penitence.

This prayer must be trewely sayd, and in perfect feith, and that men prayen to God ordonatly, discretely, and

<sup>1</sup> Readily.

devoutly: and alway a man shal put his will to be subgette to the will of God. This orison must eke be sayd with gret humblesse and ful pure, and honestly, and not to the annoyance of any man or woman. It must eke be continued with werkes of charitee. It availeth eke ayenat the vices of the soule: for, as sayth Seint Jerome, by fasting ben saved the vices of the flesh, and by prayer the vices of the soule.

After this thou shalt understonde, that bodily peine stont in waking. For Jesu Crist sayth: wake ye and pray ye, that ye ne enter into wicked temptation. Ye shul understond also, that fasting stont in three thinges: in forbering of bodily mete and drinke, in forbering of worldly jolitee, and in forbering of dedly sin: this is to say, that a man shall kepe him fro dedly sinne with all his might.

And thou shalt understonde also, that God ordeined fasting, and to fasting apperteineth foure thinges. Largenesse to poure folk: gladnesse of herte spirituel: not to be angry ne annoied, ne grutch for he fasteth: and also reasonable houre for to ete by mesure, that is to say, a man shal not ete in untime, ne sit the longer at the table, for he fasteth.

Than shalt thou understonde, that bodily peine stont in discipline, or teching, by word, or by writing, or by example. Also in wering of here or of stamin,<sup>1</sup> or of habergeons on hir naked flesh for Cristes sake; but ware thes wel that swiche maner penances ne make not thin herte bitter or angry, ne annoied of thyself; for better is to cast away thin here than to cast away the swetenesse of our Lord Jesu Crist. And therefore saith Seint Poule: clothe you, as they that ben chosen of God in herte, of misericorde, debonairtee, suffrance, and swiche maner of clothing, of whiche Jesu Crist is more plesed than with the heres or habergeons.

Than is discipline eke, in knocking of thy brest, in scourging with yerdes, in kneling, in tribulation, in suffring patiently wronges that ben don to thee, and eke in patient suffring of maladies, or lesing of worldly catel, or wif, or child, or other frendes.

Than shalt thou understond, which thinges distourben penance, and this is in foure maners; that is drede, shame, hope, and wanhope, that is, desperation. And for to speke first of drede, for which he weneth that he may suffre no

<sup>1</sup> *Estamine*, a kind of woollen cloth.

penance, ther ayenst is remedie for to thinke, that bodily penance is but short and litel at regard of the peine of helle, that is so cruel and so longe, that it lasteth withouten ende.

Now ayenst the shame that a man hath to shrive him, and namely thise Ipocrites, that wold be holden so parfit, that they have no nede to shrive hem, ayenst that shame shuld a man thinke, that by way of reson, he that hath not ben ashamed to do foule thinges, certes him ought not be ashamed to do faire thinges, and that is confessions. A man shuld also thinke, that God seeth and knoweth al his thoughtes, and al his werkes, and to him may nothing be hid ne covered. Men shuld eke remembre hem of the shame that is to come at the day of dome, to hem that ben not penitent in this present lif: for all the creatures in heven, and in erthe, and in helle, shul see apertly all that they hiden in this world.

Now for to speke of the hope of hem, that ben so negligent and slowe to shrive hem: that stondeth in two maners. That on is, that he hopeth for to live long, and for to purchase moche richesse for his delit, and than he wol shrive him: and, as he sayeth, he may, as him semeth, than timely ynough come to shrift: another is, the surquedrie<sup>1</sup> that he hath in Cristes mercie. Ayenst the first vice, he shal thinke that our lif is in no sikernesse, and eke that all the richesse in this world ben in aventure, and passen as a shadowe on a wall; and, as sayth Seint Gregorie, that it apperteineth to the gret rightwisnesse of God, that never shal the peine stinte of hem, that never wold withdrawe hem from sinne, hir thankes,<sup>2</sup> but ever continue in sinne: for thilke perpetuel will to don sinne shall they have perpetuel peine.

Wanhope is in two maners. The first wanhope is, in the mercie of God: that other is, that they think that they ne might not long persever in goodnesse. The first wanhope cometh of that, he demeth that he hath sinned so gretly and so oft, and so long lyen in sinne, that he shal not be saved. Certes ayenst that cursed wanhope shulde he thinke, that the passion of Jesu Crist is more stronge for to unbinde, than sinne is strong for to binde. Ayenst the second wanhope he shal thinke, that as often as he falleth, he may arisen again by penitence: and though he never so longe hath lyen

<sup>1</sup> Conceit, too great confidence.

<sup>2</sup> By their free will.

in sinne, the mercie of Crist is alway ready to receive him to mercie. Ayeint that way hope that he demeth he shal not longe persever in goodnesse, he shal think, that the feblenesse of the devil may nothing do, but if men wil suffre him, and eke he shal have strength of the helpe of Jesu Crist, and of all his chirche, and of the protection of angels, if him list.

Than shul men understonde, what is the fruit of penance; and after the wordes of Jesu Crist, it is an endles blisse of heven, ther joye hath no contrariouthe of wo ne grievance, ther all harmes ben passed of this present lif; ther as is sikernes from the peines of helle; ther as is the blisful compaignie, that rejoycen hem ever moore ex rich of others joye; ther as the body of man, that whilom was foule and derke, is more clere than the sonne; ther as the body that whilom was sike and freke, feble and mortal, is immortal, and so strong and so hole, that ther ne may nothing appeure it: ther as is neither hunger, no thirst, ne colde, but every soule replenished with the sight of the parfyt knowing of God. This blisful regne now men purchase by povertie spirituel, and the glorie by lowlinesse the plentee of joye by hunger and thirst, and the reste by travaile, and the lif by deth and mortification of sinne to which life he us bring, that bought us with his precio blood. Amen.

Now preye I to hem alle that herken this litel tretise reden it, that if ther be any thing in it that liketh hem that therof they thanken our Lord Jesu Crist, of whi procedeth all witte and all godenesse; and if ther be thing that displeseth hem, I preye hem also that arrette<sup>1</sup> it to the defaute of myn unkonning, and in my wille, that wold fayne have seyde better if I hadde konning; for our boke seyth, all that is writen is v for oure doctrine, and that is myn entente. Wher beseke you mekely for the mercie of God that ye for me, that Crist have mercie of me, and foryeve myn giltes, [and namely of myn translations and endatir worldly vanitees, the which I revoke in my Retra as the boke of Troilus, the boke also of Fame, the the five and twenty ladies, the boke of the Duchesse boke of Seint Valentines day of the Parlement of

<sup>1</sup> Impute.

the tales of Canterbury, thilke that sonnen unto sinne, the boke of the Leon,<sup>1</sup> and many an other boke, if they were in my remembraunce, and many a song and many a lecherous lay, Crist of his grete mercie foryeve me the sinne. But of the translation of Boes of consolation, and other bokes of legendes of Seintes, and of Omelies, and moralite, and devotion, that thanke I oure Lord Jesu Crist, and his blisful mother, and alle the Seintes in heven, beseking hem that they fro hensforth unto my lyves ende sende me grace to bewaile my giltes, and to stodien to the savation of my soule,] and graunte me grace of verray penance, confession and satisfaction to don in this present lif, thorgh the benigne grace of him, that is king of kinges and preste of alle prestes, that bought us with the precious blode of his herte, so that I mote ben on of hem atte the laste day of dome that shullen be saved; *qui cum Deo patre et Spiritu sancto vivis et regnas Deus per omnia secula. Amen.*

### THE END OF THE CANTERBURY TALES.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> This has never been discovered in any MS.

<sup>2</sup> On the last paragraph, beginning "Now preye I," &c., Tyrwhitt has the following observations, which we present in a condensed form:

"What follows being found, with some small variations, in all complete MSS. (I believe) of the Canterbury Tales, and in both Caxton's editions, which were undoubtedly printed from MSS., there was no pretence to leave it out in this edition, however difficult it may be to give any satisfactory account of it.

"I must first take notice, that this passage in MS. Ask. 1. is introduced by these words—'Here taketh the maker his leve,' and is concluded by 'Here endeth the Persones Tale.' In Edit. Ca. 2, it is clearly separated from the Persones Tale, and entitled 'The Prayer.' In the MSS., in which it is also separated from the Persones Tale, I do not remember to have seen it distinguished by any title, either of *Prayer*, or *Revocation*; or *Retraction*, as it is called in the Preface to Ed. Urry. If we believe what is said in p. 582, line 39, Chaucer had written a distinct piece entitled *his Retractions*, in which he had revoked his blameable compositions.

"The just inference from these variations in the MSS. is, perhaps, that none of them are to be at all relied on; that different copyists have

given this passage the title that pleased them best, and have attributed it to the Personæ or to Chaucer, as the matter seemed to them to be most suitable to the one or the other.

"Mr Hearn, whose greatest weakness was not his incredulity, has declared his suspicion, 'that the Revocation, meaning this whole passage, is not genuine, but that it was made by the Monks.' App. to E. G. p. 402. I cannot go quite so far. I think, if the Monks had set about making a Revocation for Chaucer to be annexed to the Canterbury Tales, they would have made one more in form. The same objection lies to the supposal, that it was made by himself.

"The most probable hypothesis which has occurred to me for the solution of these difficulties, is to suppose that the beginning of this passage, except the words *or reden it* in p. 387, line 28, and the end make together the genuine conclusion of the Personæ tale, and that the middle part, which I have inclosed between hooks, is an interpolation.

"It must be allowed, I think, as I have observed before in the Discourse, &c.; § xlii. that the appellation of 'litel tretise' suits better with the Personæ tale taken singly, than with the whole work. The doubt expressed in line 30, 'if there be anything that displeaseth,' &c., is very agreeable to the manner in which the Personæ speaks in his Prologue, ver. 17386. The mention of 'verray penance confession and satisfaction' in p. 383, line 12, seems to refer pointedly to the subject of the speaker's preceding discourse, and the title given to Christ in p. 383, line 15, 'Preste of all Prestes,' seems peculiarly proper in the mouth of a priest.

"So much for those parts which may be supposed to have originally belonged to the Personæ. With respect to the middle part, I think it not improbable that Chaucer might be persuaded, by the Religious who attended him in his last illness, to revoke, or retract, certain of his works, or at least that they might give out, that he had made such retractions as they thought proper. In either case, it is possible that the same zeal might think it expedient to join the substance of these retractions to the Canterbury Tales, the antidote to the poison; and might accordingly procure the present interpolation to be made in the Epilogue to the Personæ tale, taking care at the same time, by the insertion of the words '*or reden it*' in line 28, to convert that Epilogue from an address of the Personæ to his hearers into an address of Chaucer to his readers.

"The mention of 'the hoke of five and twenty ladies;' the reading of all the MSS., if genuine, affords a strong proof that this enumeration of Chaucer's works was not drawn up by himself; as there is no ground for believing that the *Legende of Good Women* ever contained, or was intended to contain, the histories of *five and twenty Ladies*. See note on ver. 4481. It is possible, however, that xxv. may have been put by mistake for xix.

"As to what is said of 'the tales of Canterbury,' &c., if we suppose that this passage was written by Chaucer himself, to make part of the conclusion of his Canterbury Tales, it must appear rather extraordinary that he should mention those tales in this general manner, and in the midst of his other works. It would have been more natural to have placed them either at the beginning or at the end of his catalogue. However, whatever we suppose this list of Chaucer's exceptional works to have

been drawn up by himself or by any other person, it is unaccountable that his translation of the *Roman de la Rose* should be omitted. If he translated the whole of that very extraordinary composition, as is most probable, he could scarce avoid being guilty of a much greater licentiousness, in sentiment as well as diction, than we find in any of his other writings. His translation, as we have it, breaks off at ver. 5870 of the original (ver. 5810. Ed. Urr.) and beginning again at ver. 11253, ends imperfect at ver. 13105. In the latter part we have a strong proof of the negligence of the first editor, who did not perceive that two leaves in his MS. were misplaced. The passage from ver. 7013 to ver. 7062 incl., and the passage from ver. 7257 to ver. 7304 incl., should be inserted after ver. 7160. The later Editors have all copied this, as well as many other blunders of less consequence, which they must have discovered, if they had consulted the French original."

## ADDENDA.

P 9, note 6. Sir Harris Nicholas, *Notes*, p. 142, observes: however, he doubted whether Chaucer did not mean that she speak French at all, for it seems that, in the reign of Queen the expression, 'French of Stratford at Bow,' was a colloquial for English."

P 17, line 178 The word seems sometimes to have been written, for Saunders, in his scandalous account of Anne Bol "She was ill-shaped and ugly, had six fingers, a *gap-tooth*, and under her chin." "Gap-toothed," would seem to indicate a tooth at a little distance from each other; but the meaning of "tooth" has not been ascertained.—*Sir Harris Nicholas, Notes* p. 144.

P 28, line 888, Large field to ear. Mr Hipposley (Chapter English Literature) appends to this word the note, "To plough, from *aro*, and Mr Cowden Clarke says, "To till, to plough is it not much more likely that to *ear*, means to bring to ear—i Elsewhere the Knight says, he lists not to speak of the chaff straw, but of the corn of his subject.—*Saunders' Canterbury T*

P 35, line 1531. The "yellow golde" are the yellow flow Turned.—*Saunders*.

P 63, line 2292 This appears to refer to the species called Turkey oak, one of the most graceful of all the known kinds, is very common all over the south-east of Europe The oak was to Diana, so Emily wears "the green oak, *cerial*."—*Saunders*.

P 102, line 6990. Cotgrave explains the warivangle to be wood-pecker, black and white of colour, and but half as ordinary green one. Speght, however, supposes it to refer to the bird.—*Saunders*, v. i p. 167.

P 287, line 10361. The eight days in each month, known Romans as the Ides, were reckoned backwards, from the 13th in the months of March, May, July, and October, when the was from the 15th. The 15th of March was therefore *Cambusca* day.—*Saunders*, v. ii p. 8.

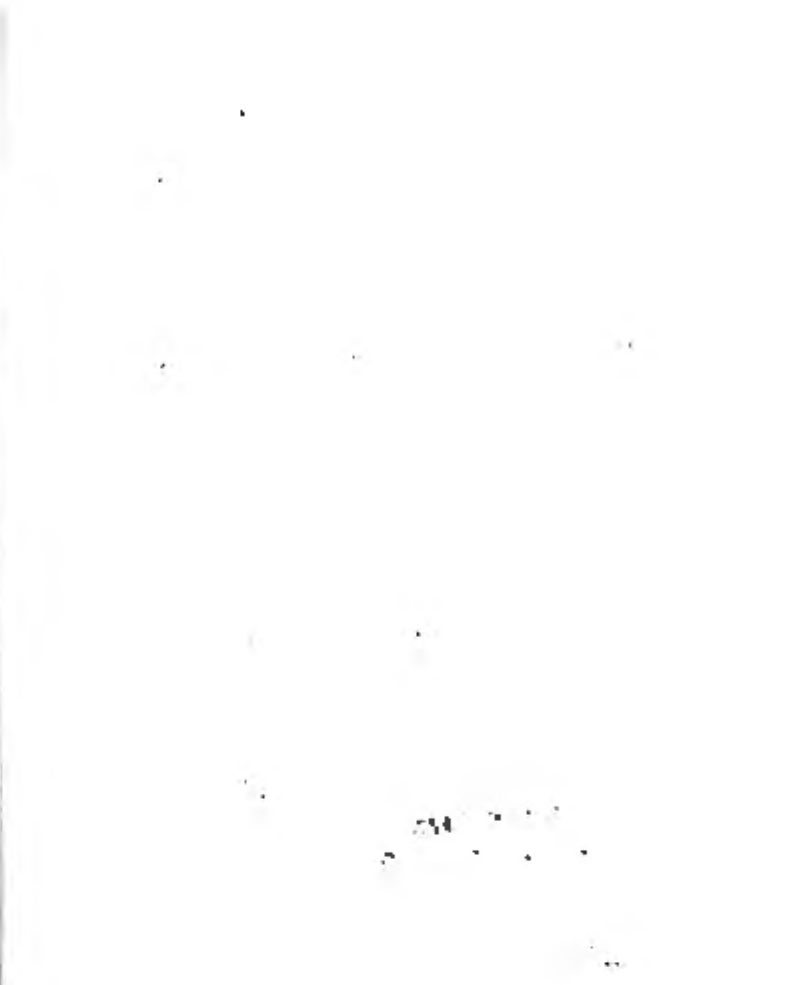
P 334, line 12310,—*blakeberied* "The meaning of these words, *Saunders*, (v. ii p. 79) "is said to be unknown, beyond the general expression of the recklessness of the Pardoner as to the welfare of those whom he professes to be so anxious about. But to us the passage, their souls go *burned in black*, is a powerful figure for souls lost in the blackness of final guilt and perdition.

THE END.











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